

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

February 23, 1955

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUTUMN
FASHION
ISSUE



The difference
between this...
and this...



is often
this...
Best for Baby... Best for You

Johnson's
BABY PRODUCTS
POWDER—SOAP—OIL—CREAM

Enjoy radiant health,
live well!



Living well means eating well
Digesting what you eat
Absorbing what you need
Regularly eliminating the rest.

Yes the gentle laxative action of Beecham's Pills keeps you regular and removes impurities without causing digestive upsets or depriving your body of food containing valuable vitamins and minerals. Don't let constipation, the cause of sick headaches and stomach upsets make your life a misery. Take Beecham's Pills — and enjoy radiant good health.

BUY THE LARGE SIZE FOR ECONOMY

TAKE
Beecham's Pills
TONIGHT
You'll feel better tomorrow!

BPS/11, 02

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 163 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4028WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 138A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

FEBRUARY 23, 1955

Vol. 22, No. 39

CASH AND THE UNIVERSITIES

THE 1955 academic year is about to begin and 28,000 students are preparing to take up their studies at one or other of Australia's eight universities.

Australia has good cause to be proud of her universities. Academically they are of world standard.

The present system of Commonwealth grants and scholarships makes it possible for any bright youngster, whatever his or her family fortunes, to attend a university.

That the bright youngsters are taking advantage of this is shown by enrolment figures. In the past 20 years undergraduates have almost trebled in numbers.

This is all very good to Australia, to whom the students in the main will eventually devote their training and their talents.

But it all takes money. And therein lies the permanent headache of all Australian universities. They're all starved for money.

Because of the shortage of cash for expansion, every university finds its buildings inadequate, its staffs depleted, and its research work restricted.

It's the restriction of research which causes major heartburnings to university authorities, because their fundamental object is research and scholarship.

It is from that research and scholarship that great national benefits stem. University discoveries in all fields from mineralogy to medicine play a big part in increasing the health, wealth, and happiness of the community as a whole.

That is why the universities and their welfare are the concern of every citizen. When the universities are restricted and impoverished everybody suffers.

A general realisation of this would lead to a public interest in, and a public conscience about, the universities and their financial worries.

Our cover:

● Tangerine is the new color featured in all the recent Paris collections. The French model on our cover who wears it with such elegance makes an appropriate introduction to our autumn fashion issue.

This week:

● Australian Joy Turnley, who wrote "The One In The Window," one of our featured short stories this week, is a Victorian, and lives with her husband, Cole Turnley, a journalist and publisher, and three little daughters, Beris, Shane, and Merren, "in a nice old house with a cat called Violet." She started her career as a writer at the age of seven when she won a competition in a magazine.

● The entry form for our Road Safety Contest is published this week, so you can begin now to select the eight road safety suggestions you think will be the winners. There is also a special announcement about the contest.

Next week:

● A beautiful and unusual Canberra home, built by Mr. T. Inglis Moore, will be shown in pictures in our homemaker section. One of the features of this home is a rear lawn shaped like the map of Australia. Mr. Inglis Moore, who is Senior Lecturer in Pacific Studies at the Canberra University College, is also a well-known poet and critic. Last year he conducted an experimental course in Australian literature which was the first complete course in the subject to be given in Australia.

● Needlewomen will be delighted with the five beautiful and original transfers designed by our artist Rene for use as appliques or as embroidery on table linen or underwear. A nightdress, pantees, and slip, on which the transfers have been used as decorations, are illustrated in color. The transfer and patterns for the three pieces of underwear will be available to our readers.

● You'll enjoy our new serial, "An Alligator Named Daisy," beginning next week. It is by Charles Terrot, author of "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," which we published last year as one of our lift-out novel supplements. Incidentally, Australian Diane Cilento plays the part of the angel in the British film made from that book, soon to be released in Australia.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- It does not tell you how old is the minister but where he lives (8).
- Wise man in a herb (4).
- ... that maketh glad the heart of man (Psalms 104: 15.) (4).
- Mice bite (Anagr. 8 — it's rather stupid).
- Expresses clearly a famous gallery in a steamer (6).
- Sister if agitated could oppose (6).
- Each and Handel composed many such concertos (8).
- Nomad and I find room in this estate (6).
- Certify at trial (6).
- Coin about the middle (6).
- Stir a pot (Anagr. 8).
- Fashion which may do me (4).
- King Lear uses it as a measuring unit for a sovereign (4).
- Father's British colony a city in California (6).



Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Even if I do it it's still a nit-wit (5).
- Later this could be a warning call (5).
- A young lady is not up to the mark (5).
- Love coal (5).
- Diamonds in bags (5).
- Such storms could serve as leg (5).
- High up with a flock of pigeons (5).
- TEENS (5).
- Run away in a genteel opera (6).
- Mixed up paint could become unfit (5).
- Break in, not necessarily by a burglar (5).
- We live on it and by it (5).
- Company turns to weak tea (5).
- What you pay (5).
- Wandering, but not demented (5).
- Creator of the Burghers of Calais (5).

AVOID HARSH DETERGENTS IN SHAMPOOS



"The best way to shampoo your hair," says glamorous model Michelle Safargy, "is with Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo." It contains no harsh detergents whatever. Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo is a pure, positively neutral, saponified but quite greaseless liquid. One or two teaspoonsful is plenty to create a big quantity of rich, creamy, heavy lather. It cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily, leaving the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining... carries off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff.

Insist on
COLINATED
Coconut Oil
FOAM SHAMPOO

NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beans and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found." How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arrid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself — keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arrid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arrid kills odor instantly — keeps you showerbath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin — safe for fabrics. Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Arrid — and be sure!

I'm ASHAMED OF MY NAILS

So many women say this — but there is no excuse for ugly, untidy or unsightly, painful hangnails caused by repeated cutting with scissors or sharp instrument. With CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover, you can safely remove unsightly cuticle in just half the time — and prevent painful hangnails. Apply Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover around sides and base of nails with manicure stick and cotton wool supplied with every bottle. Simply wipe away loosened cuticle leaving a smooth trim outline to your nails.

CUTEX
OILY CUTICLE
REMOVER

GOLDEN VICTORY

Emily was the unwilling heir to a great fortune—an unusual story

BY BENTZ
PLAGEMANN

IT was almost dusk when Emily Bolton arrived at Briarcliff, the house of her Grandmother Lancing. She paid the village taxi driver and crossed the flagstone terrace, walking quickly between the stone balustrades and the urns from Italy filled with trailing vines.

Above the constraint caused by the purpose of her visit she felt again the same confusion which always assailed her when she came to her grandmother's house, and in her mind she began to rehearse what she wanted to say. "Will you leave the money to someone else, grandmother?" she would ask, plunging into the heart of the matter. "Will you free me to lead my own life?"

But would she have the courage to say this, now that she had arrived at the great house and the world it represented—the world from which her poor, tragic mother had fled so long ago? In the past, Emily had often been sent here, in the crowded, unhappy years of marriage and divorce before her mother died.

Her childhood had been spent between the two extremes of personal freedom and rigid Victorian morality, so that sometimes she did not know where her life was centred, but always she was forced to come here in times of crisis. The thought chilled her. Perhaps she would never be free.

"Mrs. Lancing is in her sitting-room upstairs, Miss Emily," Torrey, the faithful butler of forty years, said at the door.

Emily hurried across the hall and up the long stairs, pausing for a moment before the long glass on the landing. Her simple dress of black velvet was cut like a pinafore, worn over a white silk blouse, and at the last moment she had drawn her blond hair back tightly and pinned a golden sunburst at her throat, but the glass was not deceived by these sophistries. In spite of her twenty-one years she still looked like a child.

She went on, holding to what courage remained, through the familiar upstairs hall, and knocked gently on the panelled door which led into her grandmother's room. The brisk voice summoned her in.

"Emily, my dear child," her grandmother said, rising from her chair near the fireplace, where coals glowed even on this late afternoon in summer. She took Emily in her arms. "It seems like such a long time."

Emily kissed her and smiled and allowed her hands to be held, meanwhile resolving to remember her self-counsel. She must hold to her point, she must not be swayed, she must remember that the aged practised their own forms of tyranny—so effectively, perhaps, because they were unaware of them, not meaning to do harm.

"Do sit down, dear," Mrs. Lancing said, placing a veined hand on the back of a brocaded slipper chair which she pulled close to her own. "Are you certain you won't stay the night?"

Mrs. Lancing went on, as Emily sat down. "Dinner is such a small favor to your grandmother. I told Stella this morning—Stella is my new cook; you know, and a perfectly good cook even if she is rather limited mentally—I told Stella that if I could persuade you to spend the night, then she must produce pancakes in the morning. But I talk too much, my dear; I know that. One does as one grows older. What secret brings you here, and why couldn't you tell me about it on the telephone?"

Emily took a deep breath and hoped that when she spoke her voice would not tremble and give her away. If only she were stronger and

To page 35

"Now," said Mrs. Lancing when Emily came into the room, "you will listen carefully to what I have to say."



Illustrated by

He hated the face I put on...



...now he's in love with my 'three flowers'

natural look



Fragrant with the perfume of the Rose, Violet and Lily of the Valley.

Because it's so finely textured, Three Flowers face powder goes on so evenly it blends perfectly with your skin tones. It subtly conceals every tiny imperfection, yet retains the natural, fresh appearance of your skin—even close up. Use Three Flowers face powder for that natural look tonight, and every night. Seven fashion-right shades . . . 3/9.

three flowers FACE POWDER

Creation of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

TE42-102

Cream away UGLY HAIR

from under-arms and legs in 3 minutes!



Lovely Maureen O'Neil, 21-year-old Beauty Queen, says Veet hair-removing cream is a beauty 'must.'

At Chemists & Stores

Want to be the belle of the beach and ballroom? Then never let superfluous hair spoil your charm. Remove this glamour-killer with wonderful Veet cream. Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash off. There's not a trace of hair left. No cuts or scratches. Coarse re-growth is retarded.

Large Economy (Double Size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/-
Nipples more in white roulet districts

VEET hair-removing cream

THE FEMALE CITY

By Paul I. Wellman.

The strange story of Theodora, who in sixth century Constantinople started off as a child clown and travelled many hazardous roads to become Justinian's Empress.

Paul Wellman has made a vivid reconstruction of that colorful period, of its queens and kings, of its heroes and villains—and of Theodora, courtesan and Empress.

Price 18/9, from all Booksellers.

Page 4

Concluding our intriguing mystery serial

MURDER and Poor Jenny

By MARGOT NEVILLE

ELLIE arrived back into her own flat, after her talk with Jenny, to find Mick in a high state of irritation. This, to her surprise, had nothing to do with his behaviour of last night, but was centred wholly on her and Vernon Walsh.

Her and Vernon. He wanted to know just one or two things, he said, standing before the bathroom mirror yanking at the tie he was putting on as though his throat were an enemy's. He wanted to know just how much she had played down the warmth of her feelings for Vernon! And Vernon's for her! He wasn't suggesting for a moment anything—

"That's enormously good of you," she was stung to retort.

"But there must have been a sight more sitting about in the twilight and pouring out your sorrows to each other than you've ever given me to understand. It's clear the police think so. Anyone would think so. A girl that rushed to hand out two hundred quid to a man for no reason but she was sorry for him! For 'poor Vernon.'"

Standing behind him, their eyes clashing in the glass, she said: "Just the way you made a fool of Kane and crept about in the dark last night—like a criminal—in gloves!—because you were sorry for her. For 'poor Jenny.'"

"Jenny's a friend."

"So was Vernon."

"Obviously!"

"How can you waste your time standing there talking such twaddle when you may be in real danger . . ."

"Danger?"

"Of arrest."

"If they think that, they're bigger fools than I think they are." He was slapping at his hair with his brushes.

"You little know," she began, "that they now think—" but stopped, and, with head held high, walked out of the bathroom. She was in no mood at this moment to ask his calm consideration of her suspicion of Jenny; to ask him to think coolly about it, so that she could hear him say that she had been mistaken, that she had imagined it all, that it wasn't true.

She went into the kitchen and started to prepare lunch.

Mick came stamping in after her. "I'm not eating here," he announced.

"Aren't you? I am." Her tone was chill.

"I told you I had to meet a man in town. I'm late now."

"Well, go, I'm not stopping you."

He crossed the kitchen at one stride. "Ellie! This is nice! We must be mad."

"We?"

"Me. It was just an exhibition of mean, low, green-eyed jealousy. I ought to be shot. Come on, darling, smile at me. I give you leave to brain me with the frying-pan. Meet me in town in an hour and we'll lunch together."

When he had gone, Ellie went into her bedroom to change. She moved about blindly, stood in front of the open wardrobe, not knowing and not caring what dress she was going to take down and put on. The soft breeze blowing in had no charm for her, even the thought of meeting and lunching with Mick—still so new—couldn't woo her from her heavy mood.

Could anything be more disastrous than to be caught up in a tangle of crime? Fear brought out the worst in everyone, even in the innocent, could produce a positive stampede, with everyone trying

to save himself at the expense of no matter who. And here they were, she and Mick, snapping at each other, when really she'd gladly be cut into little pieces for him. And she accusing Jenny of something so outrageous that—

But all at once, again there flashed before her eyes that movement that Jenny had made at the cabinet, that sudden opening of the door, that quick glance inside. The expression on her face, too, when Mick had started to tell his story, that blank look . . .

Could she be wrong? Ellie asked herself.

Could she be right?

Dressed, she opened a drawer and took out a hat, the first that came to hand. She hardly noticed that it was the green one that had been bestowed on her so flatteringly yesterday.

Too early yet to go and meet Mick. She'd take her bedside radio down to the shop and get them to fix it. She picked it up and went downstairs.

Passing through the hall below, she saw through the Bembergs' open door the detectives standing round engaged, apparently, in one of their endless confabulations, and she hurried out the glass doors and ran down the steps into the street of white sun and green shade, of a faint salt breeze and the scent of gardens. Perhaps she was dreaming, she reassured herself, and they hadn't thought what she'd thought at all.

But, alas, for the sense of safety based on no better reason than the glorious uplift of a summer morning!

At that moment Manning was saying: "Look, it's my belief Fenton never knew a thing about this bit of jade being put back till she heard Anderson tell us just now. She let him say she was in it to shield him and that wife of his. It sticks out a mile. They've exploited her. Naturally! She's not their class. She came up the hard way, like she said, earned her own living, while this other kid was running around spending Dad's money."

"That what you reckon, Les?" Grogan was leaning against the Bembergs' tall, carved oak chest, goddesses in bulbous high relief flanking him on either side.

The flat was full of C.I.B. men, but Mrs. Kane's body had been borne away an hour ago down the steps to the mortuary van. It seemed unlikely that anything further would emerge from the autopsy. Gladys Kane had died by strangulation, and a little seven stone-nothing woman couldn't have put up much of a fight whoever her assailant had been.

Her cousin Vernon's funeral was to be tomorrow. She and Kane had argued once or twice about her following him to the grave, Kane maintaining that women weren't seemly at funerals. So now it was settled and Mrs. Kane would go to no funeral but her own.

Manning said disgustedly: "I don't know what you're waiting for. It's plain enough to me. Don't know why you don't get Anderson up to Headquarters and see what else we can get out of him."

He posed a question: "Did he come and inform us of the happenings he'd been a witness of during the night?" and answered it himself: "No, he did not. 'Course when we faced him with it he told a very slick story, but it's my belief there wasn't another person in here last night but him and herself. She heard

the door banging to and fro and came out to see what the noise was. She followed him in here and accused him of some crook dealings about that toy animal, and he did her in to stop it all coming out."

"What coming out,

Les?" the inspector inquired mildly.

"The whole of this affair of his wife and Walsh. She's little more than a kid. She's left alone—too much money and not enough to do—and she helps this spiv steal the jade. Just for excitement, to get a kick out of it. That's the way half these juvenile delinquents start off. That red-headed guy must've been pleased when he landed home and found out what they'd been up to. Two hundred quid, eh, because she was sorry for 'poor Vernon'? Two hundred quid to shut up his mouth! Anderson's alibi Thursday afternoon. Running around town calling on old friends. Huh! What was to stop him coming in and finding this feller ratting his place and hearing all about his wife's part in the show, and doing his block with Mr. Vernon Walsh?"

Grogan shouldered himself off the chest, strolled to the bedroom door, glanced in, and came back.

"Look," he said, "if this bloke Anderson is such a half-wit as to murder this woman in here last night when he knew her husband would tell us he'd got that key off him a few hours earlier—well, I don't reckon he'd be holding down a good position in one of the biggest mining and engineering concerns in the State."

Manning said morosely: "If murderers didn't slip up sometimes, where'd we be?"

"You could always go into politics, Les, and I know where I'd be. I'd have a cosy little pub with a nice little after-hours trade. Having myself a bit o' peace, for a change, and a sight more cash than I've got now!"

Carrying the little radio under her arm, Ellie went down the road and turned in at the electrical shop.

Brian was behind the counter. He came forward. "Hullo, Mrs. Anderson."

"Hullo, Brian. What's wrong with this thing?" She plunked it down on the counter.

"Gone phut, has it?"

"Seems so."

He peered into the back of the radio,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 23, 1955

ILLUSTRATED
BY DALGLEISH



Ask him in or ask him what he wants? Ellie questioned herself silently, finding the inspector at her front door.

his round, youthful face pleased with the job and Ellie's visit. She and Brian were old friends. He had put in extra power plugs for her when she had moved into Arlington Court, had done various odd jobs for her since, and she had found a place for his young brother in her uncle's firm.

She asked: "Will it take long, Brian?"

"Oh, no. I'll fix it up this morning and run it up for you." He put it to one side, then said, staring at her with popping eyes: "My word, nice doings up at your place!"

She didn't want to talk about it, but he so obviously did that she hadn't the heart to cut him short and walk out of the shop. This, for him, was just a case read about in the papers—rather more interesting than that because closer at hand—while for her it was something dreadfully much more.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" she said with masterly understatement, and leant on the counter among the shining radios and chromium toasters.

They beat the subject threadbare; who, and why, and whether. And now Mrs. Kane, and what on earth that poor woman could possibly have done to get herself killed, and what

Brian thought and what Ellie thought, and what the newspapers had said.

Then Brian announced: "One of those detectives was in here yesterday."

This didn't seem particularly surprising to her. "Was he?" she said. "What about?"

He answered with another question: "You didn't see me up the ladder in the hall?"

"No. When?"

"At a quarter-past three the day this fellow was killed. I got back to the shop at twenty-past. The inspector heard I'd been in the downstairs hall that afternoon putting in a new drop cord, and he wanted to know if I'd seen anyone coming in or going out that might give them any kind of a clue. Funny how they question you. Did I know Walsh? No, I said, didn't know him from Adam, never seen him. All I could tell him was that I saw you come in and go upstairs."

She stared. "That's odd. I didn't see you."

"No. You were walking quickly and I suppose you were thinking of something else. As a matter of fact, I didn't know it was you at the time. I told the inspector I couldn't see who it was, could just see the top

of her head. He said, 'A woman, was it? What was she like?' 'I didn't see her face,' I said. 'I was up the ladder.' 'Young or old?' he asked. 'Oh, lord, don't ask me,' I said. 'As I said, I was up the ladder. I'd just finished the job and was coming down, just glanced over my shoulder as I heard the step across the hall.' 'Now, look,' he said, 'up a ladder or down a mine you can tell if a woman's young or old!' 'Well,' I said, 'I suppose she was young, now I come to think of it, but all I could really see was that she had on a bright green hat with ribbon all down the back of it.' 'Oh,' he said, 'that'd be young Mrs. Anderson. She told me she came in shortly after three. She had on that green hat a few minutes ago,' he said."

Ellie's eyes flew wide. She put up a hand and touched the folds of ribbon over her hair. "The—the day Vernon was killed?" she stammered. "Me? . . . In a green hat?"

"Yes, that's right. The one you've got on now. Don't say I'm color-blind!" he said indignantly.

"No . . . no."

"I hope not. And me an electrician."

She tried to recover her calm under his

astonished gaze, but she could see he was worried and wondering what he'd said to disturb her.

He fiddled with the things on the counter and glanced at her uneasily. "I hope I didn't say anything I shouldn't? You never know where you are with the police."

"Of course not, Brian. Oh, no! Nothing at all! They know exactly what I was doing and all that."

"Yes, but I was just wondering if it wouldn't be better to keep your mouth shut and not say a thing when they come nosing round. The way they can twist things!"

"Well, you needn't worry about this, anyhow," and she managed to turn on him a smile that made Brian happy again and set his mind at rest.

She left the shop and walked along the road in a sort of daze. At the corner she stopped under the shade of a camphor laurel with its whispering leaves above her. Whispering . . . whispering . . .

A woman coming into Arlington Court and going up the stairs at a quarter-past three

To page 46

as popular as a Puppet Show



AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE
FRUIT JUICE CORDIAL



Kia-ora Topping makes every sweet a treat—
obtainable in your favourite flavours.

* KIA-ORA MEANS GOOD HEALTH

THE ONE IN THE WINDOW

By JEAN TURNLEY

THE thought came to me at breakfast after Bill had gone and I was sitting chewing meditatively on a second piece of toast. It crept up on me guiltily. If I could just finish that jumper . . . ? I would be entitled then to buy the jacket.

I had seen the jacket when we were out driving on Sunday. You would never expect to see in the little one-horse main street of an outer suburb a darling love of a shortie jacket, the kind you'd had in mind for ages but never seemed to find. The right color, the right material, the right size, even the right price!

We had stopped the car to buy ice-cream and we were strolling back eating them when I suddenly spotted the jacket in the tiny window and pulled up dead, pointing the ice-cream cone at it dramatically. "Look! Isn't that a dream of a jacket!"

It was Sunday with the shops closed, so Bill felt safe to admire it. "H'mmm . . . not at all bad! That would suit you."

It was red. Not a loud red, just warm and rich. "It would be wonderful," I breathed, "with my new check skirt. That gorgeous collar."

I saw that high, gallant collar, as it would look against the coil of my hair. I wear my hair in a bun. When one is born a fluffy blonde it is very difficult to get dignified treatment from anyone, and I have a secret yearning for dignified treatment. I want to be austere and elegant, commanding deference.

Bill smiled at the jacket appreciatively and said in a musing, superior way, "Yes. You could wear that."

I put my nose against the glass. "And it's so cheap!" I darted a look at him. "I could put a note under the door, and ask the woman to keep it for me!"

"Oh, no you don't!" Bill took a firm grip of my arm. "You don't need a jacket, you've got a couple already. We can't afford it, and anyway, the next money that's going to be spent in this family will be on me!"

"What do you want?" I pouted. Bill looked at me sternly. "I am badly in need of a jumper!"

"Oh," I said, and meekly dropped my eyes. I started knitting a jumper for Bill when we were first engaged. I suppose in that first, fine, careless rapture I had not realised what miles of dull brown knitting I had let myself in for. We had been married for two years now and it was still not finished.

I had occasional spasms of doing it, when the first fires were lit for winter and other people began to knit, but everybody else would be knitting themselves something chic in the latest gay novelty yarn and I would get bored with the great, brown, hulking thing and thrust it away in favor of something like gloves for myself in apple-green angora.

Besides, after I'd done about 500 feet of the ridiculous pattern I'd chosen (and Heaven knows why I chose it), I felt a definite nausea every time I looked at it.

It was true I did not need that jacket, but I kept on hankering after it. I brooded as we sat by the fire after we got back and knitted pink fuzzy-wuzzy shorties for my little niece.

Our finances were not too good. We were paying off the house and the car and Bill had recently changed jobs for one with better chances, but less pay. "If you could lend me the money," I said, "I would save it out of the housekeeping and pay you back."

Bill looked up at me over the paper. "You're not still harping about that jacket we saw?"

"I was just thinking you could give me a cheque to send—"

"Look here! You've got to learn you can't have everything you see. We can't afford to buy a jumper for me and a jacket for you as well. You . . . can't . . . have . . . it. That is your lord and master's final word!"

He kissed me to soften the blow and pulled my knitting needles out of my hair. He often declares I grew my hair long for just that purpose. I am always parking the spare needles in my hair, and Bill is always pulling them out. "You look like a Zulu!" he said fondly. "Zulus are not blondes," I said coldly, and I went on brooding.

Now, at breakfast, it had suddenly occurred to me that mother had had a go at Bill's jumper when she was staying. I had never bothered to find out how much she'd done.

I jumped up from the table, dashed into the spare room and dragged the lumpy bundle out from the back of the wardrobe. As I smoothed out the pieces, excitement seized me. There was not such a tremendous lot to do.

It was just after eight o'clock. At four o'clock a bus left from Northwich, two stations down our line, out to the country suburbs. I could get there and back by six . . . with any luck, before Bill got home!

I tore around the housework, pulling up the bedclothes, thrusting things away, rinsing the dishes under the tap. Then I locked the front and back doors, took the telephone off the hook, and settled down to knit.

At two-thirty I had it all finished but for the neckband. I would do that in the bus. I had a bad five minutes while I searched for the right needles, but finally got four, ill-assorted but the right size.

I pushed it all into my shopping bag, hurriedly changed into the new check skirt and a sweater (I planned to wear the coat coming home), seized the housekeeping purse, plump with the week's money, locked up the house and fled down the hill to the station and caught the connecting train by the skin of my teeth.

I knitted in the bus, juggling with that Dead Sea mass of brown wool and the four silly needles for the neck, muttering to myself as we jolted along. Let it still be there!

I got out of the bus feeling as if I was going to the dentist's. On shaky legs I passed the spot where we had parked . . . the ice-cream

shop . . . and now the little narrow window . . .

It was not in the window!

The shop door with the Enter Please sign stuck as I barged through and I almost fell upon the refined fawn carpet.

A plump lady in a grey cardigan came unhurriedly forward.

"The red jacket?" I gasped.

She widened her blue eyes vaguely. "A red jacket? You mean the one in the window?"

"It's gone!" I accused her.

"Has it?" She moved across to the window to check up. "So it has," she said, mildly surprised.

"Now I wonder . . ."

"I particularly wanted it," I cried out in a strange, loud voice. In some peculiar way I felt as though I had all the money in the world. In another moment I would have been offering any price for her to get the jacket back.

"Did you?" She looked at me, idly astonished. "Now, I don't think anyone's been in . . ." She moved over to a small staircase and called musically up it. "Myrtle!"

From the upper regions a ghostly but unpleasant voice demanded, "Whaddera want?"

"The red jacket!" the grey cardigan lady called. "The . . . one . . . in the . . . window?"

"Bindtharabakathressingowns!"

"Oh," said the plump lady, "I remember now. So it is. Here it is!" she said coming forth rather flushed from behind a rack of dressing-gowns. She held the jacket up and gave it a little shake.

At the sight of it my heart leapt up, like Wordsworth. It was even nicer than I had remembered. It had such an air of quality. It was not just a smart, cheeky little thing. It had cut and style. It was distinguished.

"It's a pretty color isn't it?" She looked at me doubtfully. "Would you like to try it on?"

I held out my arms. It went on like a dream. I drew the collar close about my throat, and turning to a narrow, gilt mirror, saw myself, chin lifted, wearing the red jacket and an air of indefinable hauteur.

"I'll take it," I announced on an arrogant note. It was all the effect of the coat.

She smiled for the first time since I had entered the shop. "You've made an excellent choice," she said. "It suits you beautifully, Madam." She hadn't called me "Madam" before I wore the jacket. She reached towards my shoulders.

"I'll wear it," I said brusquely. "I haven't my coat with me at the moment," giving the impression my mink was in the car.

My fingers trembled with nervousness as I counted out the precious housekeeping money and had a momentary qualm about what Bill would say as I put the sadly shrunken purse back into my bag.

"Good-bye, Madam," said the saleswoman, hastening to open the door for me. I swept out in my coat and couldn't have felt any more glamorous if I had been leaving



At two-thirty the jumper was almost finished, so I quickly decided to take it with me in the bus.

from a corner seat. Little giggly things. I smiled serenely down at their frank envy. Poise . . . style . . .

Down the train I noticed one of Bill's office seniors strap-hanging. He smiled genially and raised his hat. I had always considered him rather sour and disapproving.

I arrived home to find the house open and sounds of Bill from the kitchen. I darted into the living-room and spread out the jumper on the table, dodged back behind the door and called to him.

As I heard him come in I said, "Look on the table!"

"Blow me down!" he cried, highly gratified. "What do you know, eh? You finally made it!"

"Of course it needs a press," I explained from behind the door. "I just finished it this minute, on the way home . . ."

"Well, that's fine! That'll save me buying one. Thanks, darling . . ." With the jumper in his hands he turned towards my voice. "Where are you? Why are you hiding?"

I came out and revealed myself. Bill stared for a second, then started to laugh.

I was glad he was not angry, but I had rather hoped for something in the nature of a spontaneous cry of admiration.

"Isn't it lovely?" I prodded him. "Bill!" I told him eagerly. "Everyone in the train was admiring me. Even that sour Mr. Brokenshire!"

"Did you come home in the train," Bill asked, nodding towards me, "like that?"

"Yes, I wore it home. It's really super, isn't it? Bill? Doesn't it do something for me? Don't I look . . . distinguished?"

Bill came over to me. He was smiling broadly. He bent to kiss me. "You look like a Zulu," he said, and took four large assorted knitting needles out of my hair.

(Copyright)

Launch that dreamboat

MR. J. ZACHARIAS WARD, President of the National Shipbuilding Corporation, scowled at the two men seated across the desk from him in his office in New York. J.Z.—known in the organisation as Old Ramrod—was a self-made man whose iron-grey hair matched his attitude towards life. Now his eyes under shaggy brows were cold as stones.

"Our bid to build the new ship for the Adams Line was no higher than the winning bid," he said icily, "yet we lost out. Do I have to tell you why? Recently we hired a new publicity man." He paused to glare at the younger of the two men. "You, Summerfield, were recommended highly. But"—he began to breathe heavily as his anger mounted—"what kind of publicity is it that gives us the reputation for building bad-luck ships—doomed ships!"

Howard Summerfield cleared his throat nervously. "There was no way to foresee the things that happened," he said, knowing his words were inadequate. Old Ramrod despised excuses.

Howard was a very unhappy man. At thirty-four he considered himself fairly intelligent, on his toes, and interested in his work. It had been a real prize to land this job, doing publicity for National Shipbuilding. Until five minutes ago he had thought of it as his future. He shifted his long legs uneasily under J.Z.'s hawk eyes and tried again:

"You know how it is at a ship launching—always big names to draw newspaper reporters. Which is what we want, of course, only this smart aleck from the 'Daily Times' dug up a lot of stuff about bad luck when the person doesn't break the champagne bottle against the ship. He made the front page, probably got himself a raise."

"Bah!" J. Z. sputtered. "Superstition, old wives' tales—who believes such twaddle?"

"Nothing to it, of course," George Proctor, who was more or less secure in his job as manager of the Baltimore shipyards, was not alarmed. "Lots of ships run into trouble, no matter how they were launched. We can prove it by making a survey of all ships built in this country during the past five years."

J. Z. shook his head irritably. "Not the point at all! Who would bother to print stuff like that? We have to get closer to home. We're losing business because the last three ships we launched were not successfully christened, and some fool thing happened to every one of those ships. I want to get at the root of the trouble, find out what went wrong at the launchings, and then see that it never happens again. . . . Summerfield, I'd like your explanation. You organise launchings."

Howard Summerfield wriggled in his chair. The trouble was simply women. Women always christen ships. And anyone knows that women are strictly for the birds when it comes to following simple instructions.

J. Z. was waiting, so Howard coughed and began: "Well, the first ship we launched that ran into trouble was sponsored by that woman doctor who discovered some new vitamin. The Chairman thought she would make good publicity."

His mouth twisted bitterly as he remembered that day. "She was so busy talking about the health of the workers she missed my signal. She was still talking when the ship hit the water—unchristened." He paused and looked embarrassed. "As a matter of fact, that was the ship that collided with a tanker on her maiden voyage. But the ship was okay—we just had bad luck."

"Bad luck!" J. Z. burst out angrily. "Bad publicity when you let that reporter get started on that 'doomed ship' angle."

Howard decided to get on with the story before J. Z. blew a fuse: "The next ship we built was for that South American country, so naturally we asked

"Hey," yelled George, sheltering quickly behind the frame, "don't aim at my head."

Illustrated by

John Mills

A lighthearted short story by DOROTHY KARR

the Ambassador's wife to christen it. Very nice woman, but it turned out she didn't speak a word of English."

He removed a carefully folded handkerchief from his coat pocket and blotted his forehead. "No one told us, so we didn't have an interpreter. You know how, once the last block is knocked out, there are thirty seconds before the ship starts to move, and George here counts backward from thirty to one."

"When he says 'one' that is the time to smash the bottle, and the only time. Well, this lady, of course, couldn't count, so I gave her a poke to indicate the time had come, and swung my arms wildly to show her. She finally got the idea, whirled around, and accidentally smashed the bottle against the railing of the platform. The ship was already out of reach. Not a drop even splashed on her. It was terrible."

George nodded. "That ship piled up on the rocks off Chile on her first voyage. Peculiar thing. It wasn't our fault, of course. Good ship, just bad luck."

J. Z. ignored George. He put his hands flat on the desk and bent forward to stare at Howard. "Were you ever a Boy Scout?" J. Z. asked him gently.

"Well, yes," Howard was puzzled. "Most boys are scouts."

J. Z. nodded. "They have a motto," he said. "I wonder if you remember it?"

"Never forget that," Howard said confidently. "Two words is all. 'Be—'" He gagged on the second word. "Be Prepared," it is," he finally managed to say.

"And you were not prepared." J. Z.'s voice was cold and hard. "A South American ambassador's wife probably would not speak English. Where were your brains?"

Howard coughed nervously. Put that way it looked bad, but it wasn't exactly his fault. Some men get the breaks, some don't. Tomorrow he would be job-hunting.

"And the third ship?" J. Z. prodded.

Howard sighed hopelessly. Women, he thought again bitterly. Behind every man's downfall you will find a woman.

"The third ship was built for the Navy, and we had this debutante to christen it, as you know. Pretty and photogenic, gorgeous long legs—" Howard paused to recall with enthusiasm how gorgeous those legs had been, but was chilled back to the point by J. Z.'s eyes.

"Well, so we took pictures of her all over the place, and then I tried to explain the procedure. But did she have eyes or ears for me? All she saw was boys in uniform! The Navy was all around us. When George gave the signal she just threw the bottle away, never even swung. She gave a lovely girlish ripple of laughter, rolled her eyes to make sure everyone was watching her, and heaved it. Never came near the ship."

George Proctor said sadly, "Up to now

that ship hasn't sailed—couldn't get a crew to sign on her. She's sitting idle at her dock because that idiot from the 'Daily Times' inquired in front-page headlines if what happened twice would happen three times."

The silence thickened until Howard couldn't sit still any longer. He unfolded his long legs, got up, and began to prow. In two weeks another ship was due to be launched. If only he could think of something brilliant, something sure, maybe he could talk J. Z. into keeping him on the job.

Women, he groaned to himself, were as unpredictable and dangerous as a bushfire. Good job he hadn't let one of them trap him into marriage. Look at this one, this picture on the mantelpiece. Didn't she look sweet and innocent? Cloud of fair hair, big velvet pansy eyes, a gorgeous pair of square shoulders, but not a brain in her head probably. Funny to be so beautiful and have athletic shoulders like that—perhaps—

"Hey!" He snatched up the picture and spun around, alive and excited. "Who is this girl?"

J. Z. smiled. "That 'girl' happens to be my daughter Linda."

"I say, sir," Howard said, "I have a terrific idea. Why not have your daughter christen this next ship? Play up the family angle, write up your career in building the company, harp on the long history of success. And here's the best part: You can explain the whole thing to your daughter, and then I can coach her. Since she's your daughter she would listen, wouldn't she?"

J. Z. considered. Howard almost said a prayer. This was a great idea. An athletic girl like that would know all about timing, would do the job right. It was too good to be true. Would J. Z. give him this chance?

"Yes," J. Z. finally nodded. "Linda is a sensible girl, very smart. She would pay attention. Excellent idea, Howard, good build-up, too. I think I'll give you one more chance. What do you say, George?"

George was enthusiastic, cheerful, hopeful. "Fine," he said. "Linda and Howard had better go to Baltimore on Wednesday evening, so they'll have Thursday and Friday to see the shipyard, get an idea of the procedure, make sure she understands. I'm sure Linda will do a fine job."

So it was settled. Howard was full of bounce when he met Linda Ward in J. Z.'s office that Wednesday. Even though he had seen her picture, he was stunned when she walked into the room. Somehow he had expected a resemblance to J. Z., a coldness, an overconfident, stiff manner. But this

To page 39

QUICK-EZE

FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



Dear Sirs,

I often suffered from indigestion and stomach upsets, especially if in a hurry at meal times.

A friend suggested that I try Quick-Eze. The result was marvellous. I received instant relief and now, never go anywhere without one or two packets of Quick-Eze in my handbag.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) Mrs. G. HIGGOTT.

(Original on file)

NO FUSS, NO MIXING—EAT LIKE SWEETS

"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

Thousands throughout Australia can now testify to their amazing efficacy in the treatment of digestive disorders.

Keep a packet with you, always, in pocket or purse—take one or two tablets after every meal and forget, for all time, those knife-thrust chest pains of indigestion and the breath-catching burn of acidity.

Eat what you like—drink what you like—and complete your enjoyment with a refreshing, peppermint flavoured "Quick-Eze" antacid tablet.



THE SOLDIER

By Kari Ludwig Opitz.

This brilliantly successful German novel gives us the picture of war in Africa, and later in France, through the eyes of a private soldier of Rome's army.

From embarkation en route for Africa to the last desperate days in France, the story maintains a high dramatic level of tension and realism.

Price 13/6. From all Booksellers.

STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down — that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood — lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Doan's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

A COMMON and puzzling complaint today is against young people. They do not work hard enough; they are not like the young folk of Grandma's day, is the cry. If the decriers would think before they condemn, they would realise this is a machine age and far in advance of the days of manual labor. Facts and figures prove today's youth is as good as the youth of the past century. Another complaint is that there is too much leisure. But that is an advantage if the leisure is spent wisely. As a grandmother, I have no hesitation in declaring the youth of today as good as in any age, if not a little better.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Allen, Brunswick, Vic.

I BELIEVE the housing shortage is the biggest problem of our time. Recently on a radio quiz programme I heard a young married woman say she was "only reasonably happy." When the compere asked why, she replied with bitterness in her voice that she and her husband, after six years of marriage, were still unable to find a home. Why can't some of the country's politicians and other leading citizens devise some scheme that will enable young married couples to gain their desire for a home?

10/6 to Mrs. A. Rylands, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

AS soon as my husband and I have finished our evening meal he goes off to the lounge to read a book and I am left to my own devices and my own company. Certainly I can find plenty of knitting or mending to occupy my time, but should I, in the course of the evening, interrupt my husband's reading with "chatter," as he calls it, I am not very popular. Am I being selfish or is this the companionship one should expect from marriage?

10/6 to "Solitary Confinement" (name supplied), Homebush, N.S.W.

MANY modern brides, to their own delight and the envy of their friends, have built-in furniture in their homes. Fixed furniture is man's idea, and in the home where it is installed he is not called on to help move heavy furniture round the rooms. So now woman will miss one of her greatest pleasures—the rearrangement of her furniture occasionally. Woman usually gets her own way in home affairs, but man has outwitted her in this.

10/6 to A. L. Ellis, Gawler West, S.A.

MANY valuable books I have lent to friends have never been returned. My lost books were vividly brought to mind recently when my grandchildren borrowed books and did not return them. When I inquired about the books, the grandchildren could not find them. Everyone felt uncomfortable and unhappy. If children were trained at an early age to respect and value books lent to them, and to be conscientious in returning them, we would have no hesitation in lending them.

10/6 to E. Walker, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

SOME parents converse too much in the hearing of their young children and, what is even worse, allow them to take part in adults' conversation. Recently I heard a parent repeating in the presence of his school-age child the nicknames he had given in his youth to his teachers and residents of his district. This parent was also praising his child for copying this bad habit. Children should be trained always to respect their seniors, otherwise they may grow precocious and insolent.

10/6 to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Mullawa, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

School holidays

MRS. A.B. says the Christmas school holidays are too long (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/2/55). With three school-children of my own, I can truly state that I think the holidays are all too short. This is because the children and I do everything as a team. If we plan a day out, we must all work towards it, and I have three willing helpers with washing, ironing, and bed-making. But we also enjoy holidays at home, because each member of the family has learnt to respect his fellow member's pet hobby by taking an interest in it. Saturday night teas, shared with small friends, are gay affairs because the children assist in the simple preparations. Family games on the back lawn can be real fun, too.

10/6 to J.C.M. (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

AS the mother of two schoolchildren, I realise how long the school holidays must seem to Mrs. A.B. But has she ever thought of the teacher who looks after our children from 9 a.m. until mid-afternoon every day? Few envy the stress and strain of a teacher's life. They belong to an overworked, underpaid, and noble profession. I do not begrudge them a holiday break.

10/6 to E.W. (name supplied), St. James Park, S.A.

IN reply to Mrs. A.B., I would like to point out that in homes where children have been trained to be considerate from infancy, to help themselves as far as possible and to tidy up as they go, mothers find it a pleasure to have them at home during the school holidays. Children who have genuine interests to occupy them do not become bored. The mothers who declare they will go insane if their children are in the home for a few weeks are the bad housekeepers and those who have indulged their children unduly.

10/6 to "Rabow" (name supplied), Sydney.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WITH a family of "steps and stairs" children to clothe, I had to overcome their prejudice against wearing despised handed-down garments. I solved the problem by making a family treasure chest from an old tin trunk, gaily painted and decorated with cut-outs.

Outgrown garments of good quality are thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and altered when necessary. Then, unknown to the children, I work a transformation with dyeing, new buttons, binding, appliques, a little embroidery or rick-rack braid. The garment is then attractively parcelled, labelled with the name of the child for whom it is intended, and put in the trunk. A note is made on the calendar to indicate when it should be opened. Opening the treasure chest has become a family thrill.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Steel's Creek, Vic.



Regular Habits

Ensure that baby has regular habits by using Steedman's famous powders. Even during the difficult teething period, baby can be happy and contented. Steedman's safely and gently cool the bloodstream—from teething time up to 14 years of age.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 17572, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers".

Give

STEEDMAN'S POWDERS for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.

Ever since grandma was a girl...



... she's known the value of genuine

PHILIPS



HOUSEWORK



USE THE ONE AND ONLY SAFE EFFECTIVE



Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd

SKIN ITCH Stops in 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



CALOUNDRA (above) is a holiday resort 73 miles by road from Brisbane. On the skyline can be seen some of the famous Glasshouse Mountains. Picture by Mr. R. Davie, of Maitland, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

EGG ROCK (below), photographed at a height of 2589 feet by Mr. R. Wilkins, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., during a holiday visit. Egg Rock rises from the Numinbah Valley in Lamington National Park.





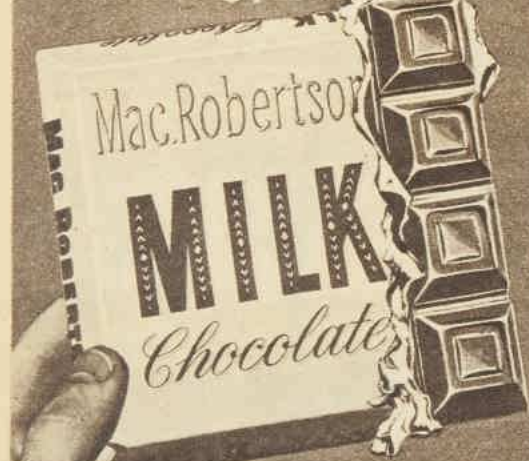
Here



there

EVERYWHERE
people are saying—

"it tastes milkiest
of all"



Here's why . . .

Every day, pure, fresh milk is brought from Australia's richest pastures to make this new MacRobertson Milk Chocolate. And this fresh, pure milk is blended with the finest-quality cocoa beans and painstakingly refined to develop the full flavour of both milk and chocolate.

In 1/4-lb. and smaller size blocks everywhere.

Made by **MacRobertson**

The Great Name in Confectionery.

MCS

CHASES DIRT!



Cleans Woodwork
Baths & Sinks

Old DUTCH
CLEANSER

SAVE Get the big 14-oz. economy tin
of FASTER-WORKING OLD DUTCH 10-day!

FOR TOILETS, WOODWORK, WINDOWS, LINO.

Page 12



ABOVE: Jennifer Staley, of Melbourne, who is one of the four young tennis players selected to tour abroad as an Australian women's team. The girls are thrilled by their trip.



RIGHT: Beryl Penrose (left) and Mary Carter, two young Sydney players, are other members of the team. They pose in party frocks as a change from tennis attire.

Tennis team excited at world trip

Four girls who have been chosen as Australia's women's tennis team to leave on a world tour on March 23 are thrilled by their selection.

THE girls are Beryl Penrose, 24, of Sydney, Fay Muller, 21, of Brisbane, Jennifer Staley, 21, of Melbourne, Mary Carter, 20, of Sydney.

"I can hardly believe I'm lucky enough to be chosen," said shy, dark-eyed Mary Carter, the "baby" of the team.

"It will be a wonderful experience and I think it will improve our tennis."

The team is the first Australian women's team to be sent round the world since 1938, when Nell Hopman, Nancye Bolton (then Nancye Wynne), Thelma Long, and Dorothy Stevenson played in Britain, America, and on the Continent.

Since that trip women on the L.T.A.A. council have repeatedly advocated sending another team abroad, but the request has always been refused.

Last year L.T.A.A. president, Sir Norman Brookes, gave a casting vote against a trip because "we have no worthwhile players."

But shortly afterwards Jennifer Staley and Mary Carter drew public interest towards junior players when they played at Kooyong before the Queen against visiting South African women.

Jennifer defeated South Africa's number one player, Mrs. H. Redick-Smith, and Mary outclassed the second player, Mrs. Julie Wipplinger, in the first round.

The L.T.A.A. council relented and later voted for a six months' trip this year.

Mrs. Florence Conway, a member of the council of the Lawn Tennis Association of New South Wales, said:

"We are very pleased that the girls are going. I have advocated it strongly for a

long time. They are all fine players, and they will be even better after overseas experience."

"When American players like Maureen Connolly and Louise Brough came out here they showed us that our girls have a lot to learn that can only be acquired by playing against top tennis stars overseas."

Beryl Penrose, who became Australia's number one woman player when she defeated Mrs. Thelma Long in the Australian women's singles championship last month, previously won the New South Wales singles title.

Junior players

A tall, grey-eyed blonde with long, muscular legs, she is the only member of the team who has overseas experience. During a world tour with her parents in 1951, she played unofficially at Wimbledon and Queen's.

The following year she was chosen to go to South Africa with Nancye Bolton, Don Candy, and Ian Ayre to play for the Anza Cup, a trophy presented by the Australian High Commissioner in South Africa, to be competed for every two years.

"We were defeated in South Africa, but it was well worth making the trip," said Beryl. "It was also a good background for the world trip this year."

A comptometrist with a leading sports-goods firm, Beryl spends most of her spare time on the tennis court, and throughout last winter she had regular coaching from Adrian Quist.

Mary Carter, whose serious, "dead-pan" expression on the courts earned her the nickname of "Poker-face," began to show her tennis form while she was at school at the Brigidine Convent, Randwick.

She won the under 13 and



FAY MULLER, the fourth member of the team, is a stenographer with a sports firm in Brisbane, her home town.

under 15 State titles and took the New South Wales junior championship in 1952, defeating experienced players Mrs. Mary Hawton and Mrs. Dawn Fogarty.

Mary works in a gift shop at Randwick, but, like Beryl Penrose, she tries to get some tennis practice every day.

Neither of the girls wears shorts on the court except for practice on windy days. They both favor brief, plainly tailored white dresses, preferably sharkskin.

Tall, slender, with merry brown eyes and boyishly short golden-brown hair setting off her deep suntan, the Victorian member of the team, Jennifer Staley, is as unaffected as she is attractive.

Jennie's rise to prominence in lawn tennis circles has interrupted a fashion-designing career.

A year of studying art and fashion drawing after she left Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School has made her as keen to see the Paris fashion houses as she is to see Wimbledon.

"Tennis has to come first now because it has to be played when you are young—but I would love to return to fashion designing later," she said.

She makes a lot of her own clothes, building her wardrobe around separates and gay-colored cotton dresses for travelling.

Jennie, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Harold

Staley, of Hawthorn, Melbourne, was too busy with other sports to take up tennis until she was about 12 years old.

Her success as a schoolgirl player won her State honors. She was runner-up to Beryl Penrose in the semi-finals of the Australian women's singles championship in January. With Lew Hoad, who is one of her best friends, Jennie was recently runner-up in the Australian mixed doubles.

"One of my life's ambitions will be achieved when I play at Wimbledon," said fair-haired Fay Muller, who will be Queensland's representative in the four-woman tennis team.

Her other ambition is to be Australian champion.

Fay, who is 21, first brought honor to the Queensland tennis world at the age of 17 when with Mary Schultz she won the Wilson Cup in Sydney.

State honors

It was the first time Queensland had won the cup. The following year, in 1952, she and Mary repeated their success.

Fay first began playing tennis when she was 11. She then lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Muller, at Mooloolah, about 65 miles north of Brisbane.

Her parents, now retired, live at Wynnum, and are thrilled about their daughter's success. Fay has two sisters and one brother.

OUR ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

Start work on your entry now

This week we are printing the entry form and final coupon in our outstanding Road Safety Contest, which has attracted such widespread interest.

INTENDING competitors can now get busy selecting the eight suggestions they think will be the right answers, and the ones that will win for them one of the eight Hillman Minx cars and extra sets of Olympic Tyres being offered as prizes.

While entrants are making their choice, our distinguished panel of judges will be helping to decide the eight winning suggestions.

They will be listing the suggestions in the order they think will most effectively reduce the toll of the road.

These seven judges have been closely associated with the work of road safety for many years, and each is an expert in a different aspect of it.

As already announced, the chairman of the judging panel is Mr. T. G.

Paterson, Executive Chairman of the Australian Road Safety Council.

The members of the panel are:

New South Wales:

Mr. C. J. Delaney, N.S.W. Police Commissioner.

Western Australia:

Sir Thomas Meagher, President of the National Safety Council of Western Australia.

South Australia:

Councillor C. F. Page, President of the National Safety Council of South Australia.

Queensland:

Mr. S. E. Solomon, Queensland Government Statistician.

Victoria:

Mr. R. M. Harvey, Senior Vice-President of the National Safety Council of Australia.

Tasmania:

Mr. H. M. Blackwood, Secretary of the Road Safety Council of Tasmania.

Each of these judges will send his individual selection in a sealed envelope.

After the closing date for entries — March 23, 1955 — their answers will be computed on the same basis as the preferential voting system.

If any of their suggestions tie, the casting vote will be made by Mr. Paterson.

ENTRY FORM

ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

In submitting this entry, I agree to abide by the Contest Rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly of January 5, 1955.

Name
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

State

HOW TO MARK YOUR ENTRY

First select from the 32 drawn suggestions the eight you think the best. Then place the number of the best suggestion at the top of Column 2, and so on, in order of merit, from 1st to 8th.

Important. A complete set of eight coupons containing the 32 drawn suggestions must be attached to this entry form.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY (POSTAGE 3½d.) TO "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY. IT MUST REACH US NO LATER THAN MARCH 23, 1955.

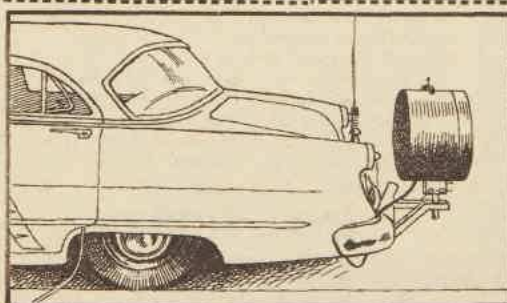
(Col. 1) (Col. 2)

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

HOW TO ENTER

• By now you should have eight coupons (including the one below) containing 32 suggestions (numbered 1 to 32) for ways of improving road safety. Choose the eight — any eight of the 32 — you consider the most effective and list them in their order of merit, from 1st to 8th, on the entry form above. To this form must be attached a complete set of eight coupons.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON



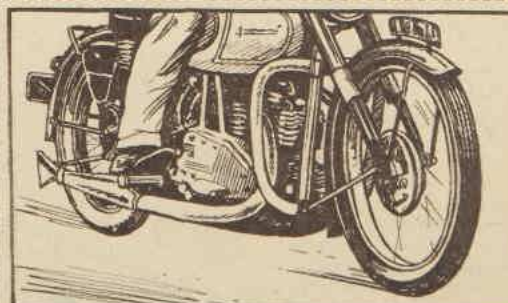
29. Gradual addition to police cars of radar equipment for detecting speed offences.



30. More use of Press, radio, and films in teaching how to use the roads safely.



31. Incorporation in vehicles of safety features, such as rubber dashboards, safety belts, etc.



32. Better protection for motor cyclists by providing built-in safety bars, etc.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

• Next week we will print another entry form and reproduce the 32 road safety suggestions to give you an opportunity to send another entry for our Road Safety Contest.

In addition to the eight suggestions you have chosen to mark on the entry form printed above, you may have an alternative choice you would like to send in.

The entry form, which will be printed in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, will give you an opportunity to strengthen your chances of winning one of the eight Hillman Minx cars and extra sets of Olympic tyres.



Have
WHITER teeth
in 10 days!

**American
Formula!**



*Kiddies
love it!*

NEW TOOTHPASTE SAFELY REMOVES DULLING FILM

Here's an entirely new toothpaste that cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before! American-formula Nyal Toothpaste is different. In place of soap, it contains a highly-activated dental detergent which foams instantly and safely removes dulling film and stains from the teeth. This new smooth-textured white toothpaste whitens and brightens the teeth as you never thought possible. The clean, refreshing flavour of new Nyal Toothpaste comes from the special blend of genuine American Peppermint Oil with mild flavouring oils. Children like it, too! See for yourself how new Nyal Toothpaste really cleans your teeth. Try it! Get new Nyal Toothpaste from your chemist to-day! Large Tube— 2/7



Prevent "Wind" Pains

After each feeding, Nyal Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Smooth, even pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes— 2/6, 4/3.



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



Soothing Relief for sore inflamed eyes!

NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper. 4/9.

NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Soothing Relief from skin irritations

The new, modern formula of Nyal Calamine-Lanolin Cream quickly gives comforting relief from diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Contains Calamine to help soothe pain and discomfort; Benzocaine to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching; Lanolin to make the skin soft and supple. Large tube— 2/3.



NYAL CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

Gentle Natural Laxative



Thousands of mothers prefer Nyal Figsen above all other laxatives because Figsen is gentle yet thorough in action; easy to take; pleasant tasting. Figsen acts naturally and won't upset even sensitive stomachs. Two strengths—Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; Double strength, for adults who find that they need more positive laxative action. Regular, Double strength, 2/3; 3/6.

NYAL FIGSEN

Nyal

Novel Gift Pink for Girls Pack



Here's a grand present for baby at any time—"Nikko," the Nyal Baby Powder Bear, made in the new polyethylene pliable plastic. When squeezed, produces a fine mist of silky smooth Nyal Baby Powder. When empty, "Nikko" becomes a durable nursery or bath toy. There's no waste when you use "Nikko"—the powder can't spill.

**Blue
for Boys**



Moisture-Resistant!

Nyal Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. In tins— 2/-, 4/1. "Nikko"— 9/6.

"NIKKO" the NYAL BABY POWDER BEAR

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

NYAL Antacid Powder 3/6, 6/-
NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets 2/-, 3/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3
NYAL Corn Remover 2/3
NYAL Creophos 3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin 4/6
NYAL Esterin Tablets 3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion
(with Plastic Eye Bath) 3/9

NYAL Milk of Magnesia Tablets 4/6
NYAL Prickly Heat Powder 3/-
NYAL Santonettes (Worm Tablets) 3/6
NYAL Soothing Syrup 2/6
NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic, 6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic 5/9
NYAL Worm Syrup 3/9
NYAL Zinc Cream (jars or tubes) 2/3
NYAL Holdrite Dental Plate
Powder 3/-, 4/3

NYAL Kleenrite Dental Plate Paste 2/7
NYAL Baby Oil 3/-
NYAL Camphor Ice 2/-
NYAL Kwik Tan Cream 2/6, 3/11
NYAL Kwik Tan Oil 3/11
NYAL White Lip Salve 2/3
NYAL Sunburn Cream 3/-
NYAL Antiseptic Healing Cream 2/9
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough
Elixir 3/6, 5/6
NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir, 5/6, 9/6

b

BANDBOX IS HERE!
AUSTRALIA'S FIRST
ALMOND CREME OIL SHAMPOO

a

BANDBOX BRINGS YOU
9 ENTIRELY NEW,
GLAMOURISING INGREDIENTS

n

3 NEW INGREDIENTS
WHIRL UP A TUMULTUOUS,
CLEANSING LATHER

d

4 MORE INGREDIENTS
GIVE YOUR HAIR
NEW YOUTH AND BRIGHTNESS

b

2 FINAL INGREDIENTS
ENSURE EXCITING,
EYE-CATCHING HIGHLIGHTS

O

B-A-N-D-B-O-X SPELLS
ENTRANCING HEALTH
AND BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

X

ALMOND CREME
OIL SHAMPOO

At your beauty counter now!
Economy prices: 2/9, 5/11
Also Liquid Shampoo: 2/3, 4/3



WARMLY CLAD against the raw day, the Royal party talks with Major Robert Hoare, master of the hounds (on horse). From the left are the Queen, the Princess Royal, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, the Queen Mother, and Major E. O'F. Wilson.

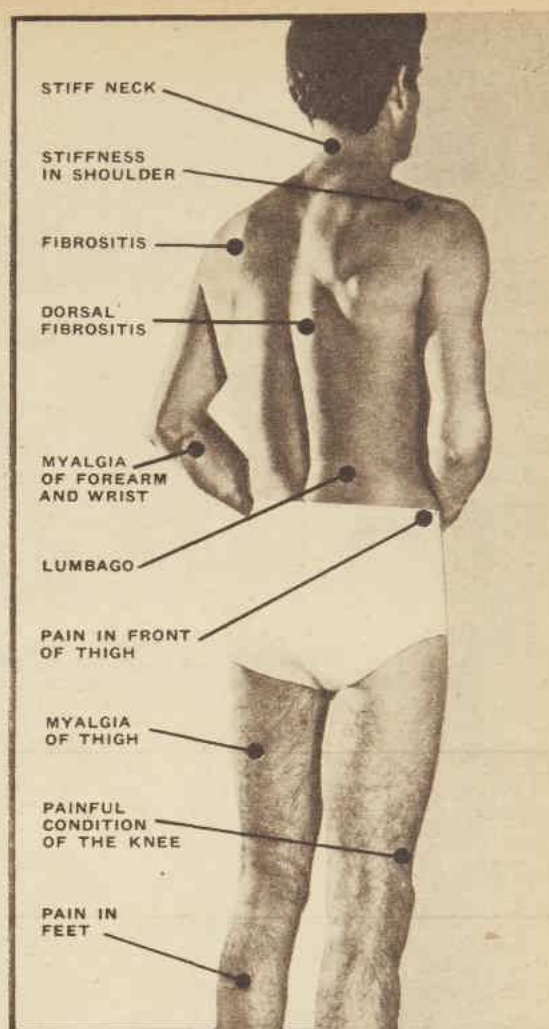
ROYAL HUNT



PRINCESS ANNE examines a hunting horn, proffered her by Major Hoare, master of the hunt. The Princess was quite content to examine the hunting horn from a distance.



PUFFING HIS CHEEKS, Prince Charles tries his best to sound the hunting horn, but without much success, while Major Hoare laughs heartily. The Royal children are being given plenty of opportunities to become used to animals.



Where Rheumatism strikes and how to detect it . . .

Malgic Home-Treatment Chart enables every Rheumatic Sufferer to trace the REAL source of pain . . . and to apply Malgic so that relief is gained in an amazingly short time.

Medical science has established that the actual source of rheumatic pain is not always where the sufferer feels it most. The pain originates from what are now known as "trigger" spots. A muscle becomes rheumatic because certain parts of it get into a state of constriction—a state of "cramp." These muscle knots "trigger" off much of the pain called rheumatism. That is why they are called Trigger Spots. The diagram shown in this advertisement is intended as a general guide as to where various trigger spots are located; but it is not a complete guide. With every jar of Malgic Adrenalin Cream, how-

ever, is a fully detailed "trigger" spot chart covering virtually every form of rheumatic pain and stiffness. This chart makes it perfectly easy for you, in your own home, to locate the actual source of the pain you are suffering and to apply Malgic accordingly. Malgic enables the knotted muscles to relax. It penetrates to the root of the pain and carries adrenalin to the cramped fibres. Swiftly, surely the pain and stiffness cease. Malgic Adrenalin Cream is sold only by chemists. Get your jar right away. Study the chart . . . start the treatment . . . and quickly you'll be free from pain.

MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM



for the safe, speedy relief of rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, fibrositis and kindred rheumatic pains.

Manufactured and distributed by World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

HOW TO TREAT PAINFUL HAEMORRHOIDS (PILES)

For fast, blessed relief from sore, fiery, itching Haemorrhoids, get CHINAROID from your chemist. See how fast it usually soothes away pain, soreness, itching, nervousness. See how it cools fiery burning and helps shrink and heal swollen tissues. Wonder-soothing CHINAROID must prove a blessing to you or money back is guaranteed.

SIR ROGUE

By
Leslie Turner White.

Restless, reckless, witty Sir Guy Spangler, bored favorite at the Court of Elizabeth the First, looked around for adventure.

He found it, and danger, romance, and wealth, too, in an audacious expedition to Russia, where by a trick and great gallantry in battle he achieved even more than he looked for.

Price 15/6

From all Booksellers.

SEE New Zealand

in the Golden season
come this Autumn

GOLDEN
AUTUMN
TOURS

In all the world there's no place like nearby New Zealand—and there's no time like golden Autumn to see it.

Come this Autumn and enjoy the unforgettable thrills of the world-famous thermal region. Let colourful Maori guides escort you through the wonders of its steaming cauldrons and boiling mud pools. Be enchanted by their native songs, dances and spectacular hakas.

See the magic of the glow-worm caverns—unique in all the world. Thrill to the breathtaking beauty of the snow-capped Alps, the great glaciers, the fjords and the placid lakes in their setting of green forests tinged with Autumn gold.

It's a whole world tour in miniature . . . make up your mind to see it in the Golden Season . . . this very Autumn.



YOUR NEAREST OVERSEAS HOLIDAY

Close enough for even a short holiday. Compact enough to see *all* its attractions without the strain of long distance travel. Hotel accommodation is good and plentiful. Enquire now

at your Travel Agency, the New Zealand Tourist Bureau at Sydney or Melbourne, or any office of Qantas, Union Steamship Co. of N.Z. Ltd., Huddart Parker Ltd., or Shaw Savill Line.

mail this coupon

N.Z. Government Tourist Bureau,
14 Martin Place, SYDNEY, or
428 Collins Street, MELBOURNE, C.A.

Please send me, without obligation, your free wallet of literature on New Zealand holidays.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

Sponsored by: N.Z. Government Tourist Bureau, Union Steam Ship Co. of N.Z. Ltd., Huddart Parker Ltd., Tasman Empire Airways Limited, N.Z. Railways, N.Z. National Airways Corporation, Shaw Savill & Albion Co., Ltd., Newman Bros. Ltd., Mt. Cook and Southern Lakes Tourist Co., Ltd., Billy Higgs & Son Ltd., Johnston Blue Motors Ltd., Consolidated Hotels Ltd.

NEW TRIUMPHS FOR THE RITCHARDS

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● Well-known Australian actor Cyril Ritchard and his famous actress wife, Madge Elliott, can be said to be sitting on top of the world in their New York penthouse.

NOT many months ago Madge was gravely ill and doctors told Cyril they could do nothing for her.

At this time Cyril had the offer to play the coveted role of Captain Hook in the new Broadway musical production of "Peter Pan," with America's top musical comedy star, Mary Martin.

It seemed that Cyril's greatest theatrical triumph would be marred by tragedy. But while his Captain Hook went on delighting children with sheer nonsense no one in the audience was aware of his personal anxiety.

"My main idea was to get Madge well," said Ritchard. "I would not believe the doctor's verdict."

On the coast, where the play was having a 12-week try-out before the New York opening, Ritchard got up every morning in Los Angeles to rush to church and pray, come home to cook breakfast for his wife, and then dash off for morning rehearsals.

When the show went to San Francisco Madge moved into hospital in Los Angeles. At week-ends Cyril flew to Los Angeles, where Walter Pidgeon, an old friend, met him at the airport and drove him to Madge's hospital.

By the time "Peter Pan" moved to New York, Madge was well enough to travel. Cyril calls her recovery a miracle.

Now Madge and Cyril have decided to make New York their home and are comfortably settled in a penthouse suite in a fashionable Manhattan hotel. From there Cyril dashes off early and late to the TV

studios, to the Winter Garden, and to lectures he gives to young drama students.

"America seems to be the market for me," Cyril said. "When I close in 'Peter Pan' here next May or June, Madge and I hope to get back to our cottage in Kent for the summer. Then in the autumn we'll sell up, settle our affairs in England and return to this country."

In the past two years Ritchard has found himself in great demand as both actor and director on Broadway.

The Americans recently "discovered" the distinguished actor, whose polished wit and dancing turns with Madge have delighted Australian audiences for more than a quarter of a century.

He has done Restoration comedy, worked before and behind the television cameras, and has even staged a memorable "Barber of Seville" for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

But unquestionably Ritchard's greatest triumph here is his current role as Captain Hook in as charming and elaborate a "Peter Pan" as the world has seen. Unlike most earlier interpreters of the role (notably Boris Karloff and Charles Laughton), Ritchard's bumbling pirate captain is about as terrifying as Mickey Mouse, and, to the tiny tots at the matinees, just as lovable.

In the evenings, too, adult audiences marvel at the make-believe and roar at the delightful satire.

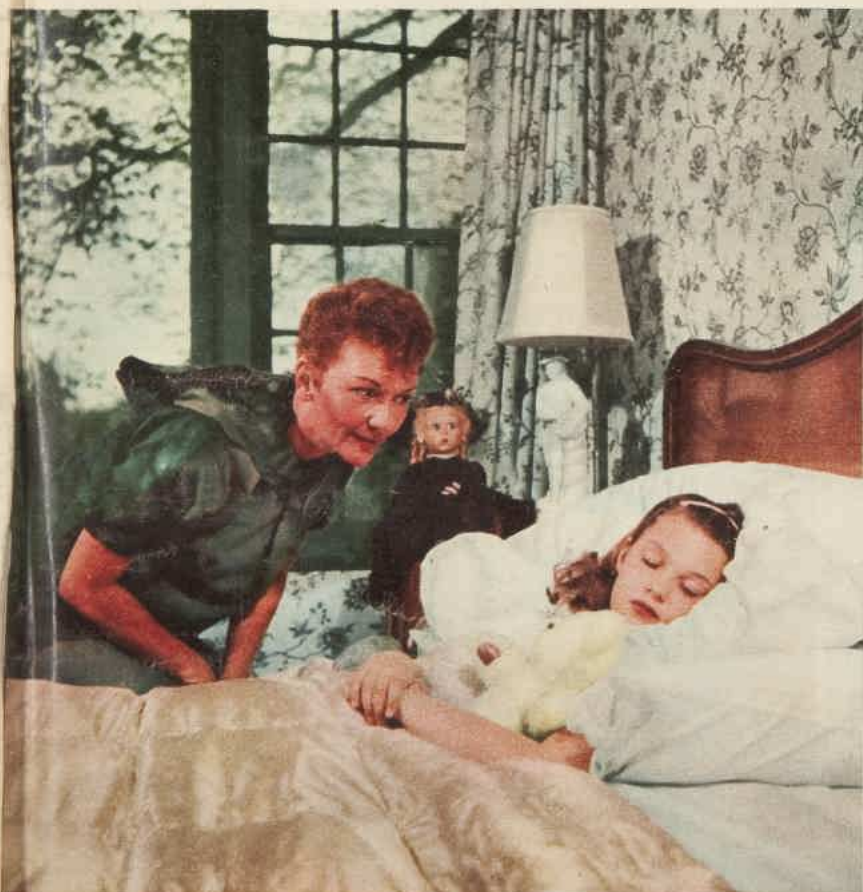
This movement back to the nursery has even infected New York's drama critics.

Not one of these usually hard-boiled critics found it possible to pan "Peter Pan," and all found equal praise for Ritchard and Mary Martin.

THE RITCHARDS, as winning a couple as ever trod the Australian, English, and American boards, photographed in their New York penthouse apartment. Madge has recently recovered from a serious and protracted illness.



AUSTRALIAN ACTOR Cyril Ritchard as he appears in the role of Captain Hook in the new musical version of "Peter Pan," which has taken Broadway by storm. Cyril plays the role of Hook broadly and with satire as he is sure J. M. Barrie intended. Photographs of the Ritchards by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.



PETER PAN, played by Mary Martin, looks down at the sleeping Wendy (above), who in real life is Miss Martin's young daughter Neller. Right: Peter Pan with Wendy's Little House which Peter built for her in the Never-Land. The play has 17 musical numbers in it, including several hit tunes. These pictures by Zinn Arthur.





ENGAGED. Jennifer Chapman, daughter of Mr. G. Chapman, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. Chapman, has announced her engagement to Sam Walder, of Point Piper.



BRIDE AND GROOM. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Single leave for the reception at the Bellevue Hill home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Halliday, after their wedding at St. James', King Street. Gordon is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Single, of Mudgee.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Boyd after their wedding. The bride was Cynthia Powell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Powell, of Hunter's Hill and Henty.

AN Indian sari of fine cream silk, narrowly bordered in gold, will fashion the gown worn by Jane Casey, daughter of the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, and Mrs. Casey, when she marries Murray Macgowan, of Sydney.

Jane has chosen the tiny, picturesque church at Berwick, Victoria, for the wedding on March 12, and a reception at "Edrington," her parents' home in Berwick, will follow the ceremony.

The bridesmaids, who will wear dresses of turquoise organza, are Clare Cornish and Elizabeth Jones, with Murray's small nieces, Susan and Diana Dodds, of Gundagai.

After their honeymoon Murray and Jane will live in Sydney.

A ROUND-CUT ruby-and-diamond ring is being worn by Margaret Youngman, who has recently announced her engagement to Boy Thompson, of Burren Junction. Margaret is the daughter of Mrs. A. Youngman, of "Taabinga," Kingaroy, Queensland, and the late Mr. Arthur Youngman. She was staying with her fiancé's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Thompson, when the engagement was announced.

LIFE is well filled these days for Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, of Pymble, who are busy with all preparations necessary for a tour abroad. And before they leave—on April 7 in the Oronsay—they're planning to hold a party to welcome home Lady Spender, wife of the Australian Ambassador in America, Sir Percy Spender, who is visiting Australia.

THAT'S a practical idea of Mrs. Alan Copeland's—she attaches her glasses on to a slender gold chain round her neck. "I put it on first thing in the morning," she says, "and it's a great thing for my family . . . now they never have to drop everything to help me find my glasses."

THE Table-Setting Exhibition at David Jones' Art Gallery, in aid of the Kuringal Karitane Mobile Clinic, will open with a private preview on March 7, and will continue till March 11.



LEAVING ST. THOMAS', North Sydney, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews, with matron-of-honor Mrs. Bill Borthwick. The bride was Judy Lewington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Lewington, of Killara.

A COLLECTION of paintings from various overseas countries will bring back memories of her trip for just returned Dorothy MacMahon, of Darling Point. Dorothy travelled with Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Manion, of Vaucluse. The trio were away for nearly a year.

MR. and Mrs. Noel Howes, of Vaucluse, are eagerly awaiting the arrival in Australia of a tape recording. It's a very special one—the recording of the wedding in Canada of their daughter, Joan, and Geoffrey Armstrong. Joan and Geoffrey were married in his home town, Toronto, last month, and they will make their home there.

GOING-AWAY dress of dramatic-rose organza, with grey accessories, was the choice of one of last week's brides, Mrs. Ian Russell. The Russells are honeymooning at Lorne, in Victoria, and will return to New South Wales, where they will live in the country, at "Wally's Plains," Quirindi. Mrs. Russell is the former Jean McVane.

BRIEFLY . . . I hear it was quite a disappointment for Mrs. Noel Vincent at the opening night of the Franquin Show when she wasn't among those chosen on stage from audience volunteers to be hypnotised . . . Bourke—where they originally met—will be the home of newlyweds Jimmy and Alfreda James.

Anna



WATCHING the parade of Henriette Lamotte's autumn and winter collection are Mrs. Ray Coogan (left) and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone. The parade was held to aid the Royal Blind Society.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Murray Boyd-Law, of "Pinegrove," Wylie Creek, and his bride, formerly Zoe Hughes, at their wedding reception held at "Lilburn," Glen Innes, home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. St. Clair Hughes.



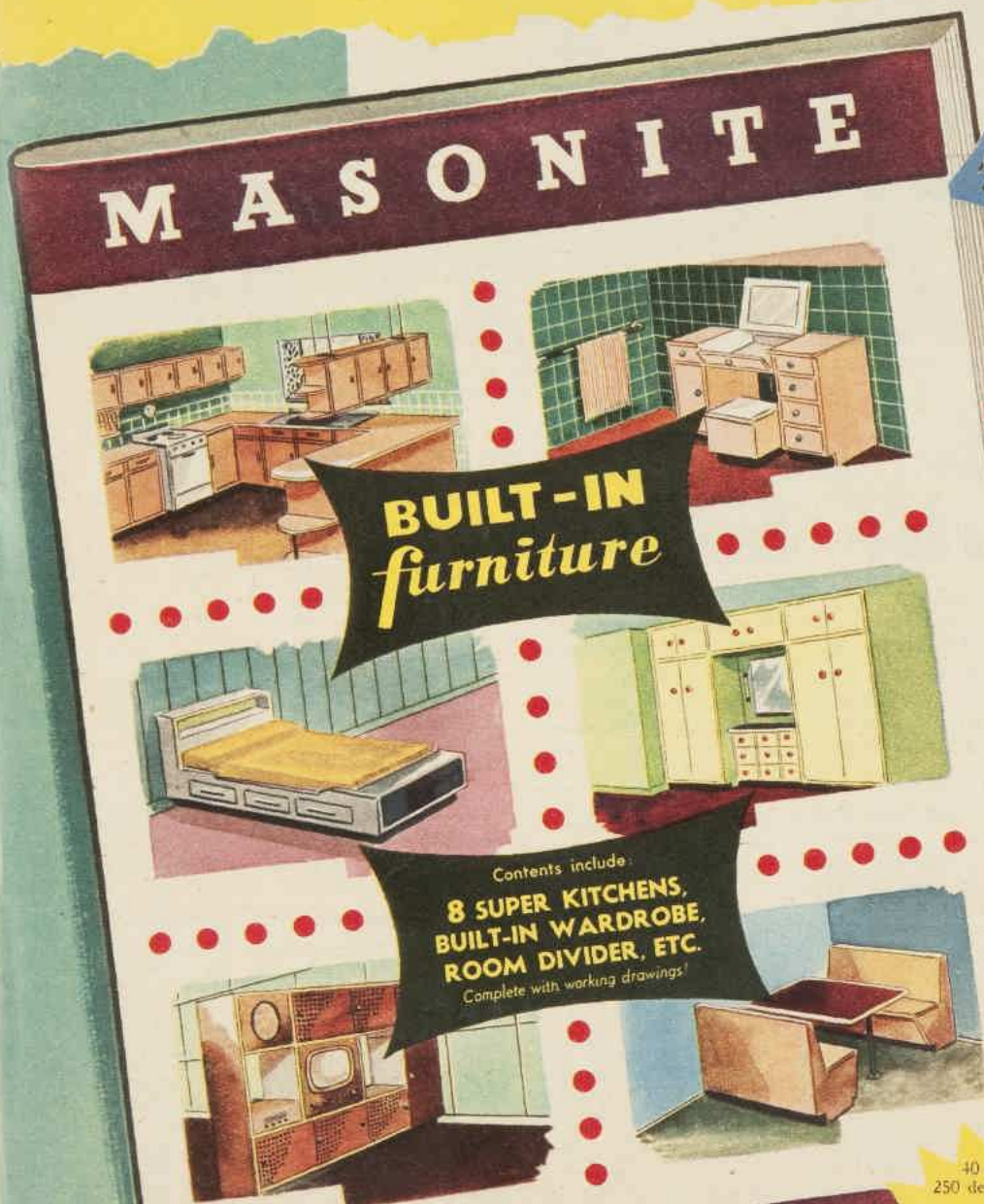
ENTERING THE CAR after their wedding at St. Andrew's Cathedral are Dr. John Roberts, of Newcastle, and his bride, formerly Pam Elliott, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mervyn Elliott, of Bellingen. John is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Alan Roberts, of Newcastle.

Now available!

The book that will solve all your built-in furniture problems



Contains plans for 8 kitchens
Masonite's book of built-in furniture shows you eight different ways to make a kitchen lovelier to look at, easier to work in. No matter what the shape or size of your kitchen, one of these plans, or a combination of more than one, will suit you admirably.



MASONITE

**BUILT-IN
furniture**

Contents include:
**8 SUPER KITCHENS,
BUILT-IN WARDROBE,
ROOM DIVIDER, ETC.**
Complete with working drawings!

40 pages, over
250 detailed drawings

THREE SHILLINGS

**40 close-packed pages of
details for home craftsmen**

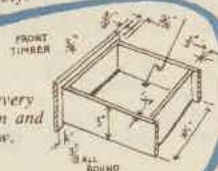
Every home and every housewife needs built-in furniture—for appearance sake, to save precious space and for sheer convenience. With the aid of this new Masonite book your handyman can build-in furniture for you. It contains everything he'll need to know to do the job in a thoroughly professional fashion—using, of course, the famous Masonite Presdwoods to provide a fine, flawless finish. Make the first move yourself: send the coupon and three shillings for your copy of Masonite's "Built-in Furniture."



MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED 333 COLLINS ST., MELB.; 349 PITT ST., SYDNEY; 282 QUEEN ST., BRISB.; 31 CHESSER ST., ADELAIDE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 23, 1955

Complete details of every section are clearly shown and easy to follow.



... A built-in Wardrobe for the bedroom, with shelf areas, drawers and ample hanging space.



A modern, highly attractive Room Divider with shelf and cupboard space—room, too, for your radio and the TV set of the future.



Every woman's wish: a Powder Bar with a fold-up mirror top, a cupboard and plenty of drawers.



... A Combination Bed with built-in drawers and a modern head piece.



3!

**Mail this Coupon
for your copy TODAY!**

Please send me, by return mail, a copy of your new publication, "Built-in Furniture." I enclose a postal note for 3/- in full payment.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

(Please print clearly)

for **EVERY**
kind of hair

for
EVERY
style of
perm



Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

will give *your* hair lovely
natural-looking curls

Whether your hair is easy to wave or hard to wave, one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want; easily, surely . . . both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse incorporated.

For **NORMAL and EASY-TO-WAVE** Hair



. . . soft, natural curls

This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz, never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

For **NORMAL and HARD-TO-WAVE** Hair



extra quick . . . firmer curls

NEW! This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm recently introduced. Look for it in the GREEN box. This special-formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

At all chemists and selected department stores . . . **12/-**



Richard Hudnut
egg creme
SHAMPOO
for naturally soft, shiny hair!

It's soapless . . . but its real secret is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become. 4-oz. bottle, 4/11; 8-oz. bottle, 8/9.

It's **CONCENTRATED**—32 shampoos from each 8-oz. bottle

H.P.77.122

BEAUTY IS A DUTY!

The Manufacturers of

"BIODERMA"

the new, quick, easy way to a perfect complexion, can now accept for **FREE TRAINING** as exclusive Operator-Demonstrators a further **SIX SMART, REFINED WOMEN** (over 21) wishing to enter the remunerative profession of Beauty Specialist. Extremely advantageous terms, full or part-time as desired. **EARN WHILE YOU LEARN** by participating profitably in the nation-wide distribution of this wonder-working skin discovery. A full three weeks' Course will be sent for P.N. 5/6. **APPLY NOW**, mentioning previous business experience—

"BIODERMA LABORATORIES"

G.P.O. Box 1476V, BRISBANE, Q'land.



KEITH SMITH, whose unique radio session, "A Word From Children," celebrates its fourth birthday on February 18, takes his microphone to interview a group of children in a Sydney suburb.

He is radio's King of the Kids

By
AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter

Children do not object to being alone, are surprisingly health-conscious, enjoy a sort of reflected glory when they wear hand-me-downs from brothers and sisters, and have a universal love for roast potatoes, according to Keith Smith, who has interviewed 10,000 of them.

SMITH is the creator of the Australian Broadcasting Commission's radio programme called "A Word from Children," rated in America as "one of today's two completely original radio programmes."

The programme celebrates its fourth birthday on February 18. The next day its birthday edition, made up of excerpts from past programmes, will be broadcast.

"A Word from Children" is a programme in which anonymous children from 7 to 12 years old make frank comments on such diverse topics as parents, parental responsibility, religion, saving versus spending, and their mother's cooking.

Inspiration

It began in 1949, when Keith Smith was doing freelance interviews for the A.B.C.

He was invited to take his tape-recorder to the Manly Public School and interview outback children holidaying at the seaside under the Far West Children's Scheme.

The comments he recorded that day gave him the inspiration for a programme.

To enable him to secure the particular brand of spontane-

ous and unself-conscious comment that has always distinguished the programme, Smith has developed a special lone-wolf technique.

He will allow no adult near when he is recording, and moves among the children trailing a hand microphone.

Eighty per cent. of the material recorded is useable.

Smith is 37, is married, and lives in a Sydney suburb.

Children respond so easily to his friendly questioning that many listeners cannot believe they are not previously rehearsed.

"No child has ever been rehearsed for the programme," Keith Smith says. "Neither have answers been provided for him. If they were, it would be obvious at once."

"Sometimes, though, they think slowly, and this makes them speak in a stilted way which might suggest that they're reading."

People all over Australia, as well as in Canada and the United States, to which the session goes on short wave, have been gladdened by such glimpses of the child mind as these:

On playing: "I've got an old bath and some motor tyres in the backyard. I pretend it's a racing car. It's very fast and I've never lost a race yet."

On homes: "Our bathroom at home is no good. It

only holds three people." "I'm not afraid of the dark. It's what's in it." "Our house is overcrowded. We keep three racing dogs and their kennels in the bathroom."

It has been virtually impossible to find out what sort of people and what age groups comprise the bulk of the huge "A Word from Children" listening audience.

Response

DURING a recent broadcast from Redfern, Sydney, Smith announced that a local school needed a film projector. In the next week listeners from all parts of Australia had subscribed the necessary money, and the new projector has already been christened with ginger beer, with Keith Smith as a special guest.

After a broadcast from a poor city area a N.S.W. farmer wrote and said: "The broadcast made me realise how much my two boys have, compared with the children I heard in your programme. My wife and I have a farm with everything a child needs—good weather, good food, and a home atmosphere. I am enclosing references. If you can recommend a child who needs a good home, I'll take him."

Smith contacted the Sydney Child Welfare Department, and a week later the officer-in-charge reported that an investigating officer had visited the farm and that a boy would most likely be placed with the farmer and his wife in the near future.

Smith's conclusions about

children are many and varied, but he is careful to point out that he is no child psychologist. "I have never read a book on the subject," he says. "All I know is what I've learned from the children themselves."

He feels that children are more charitable and tolerant than adults.

"The three things they value most in parents are a sense of justice, a sense of humor, and love—in that order of importance."

"However, if a parent is occasionally bad-tempered, thoughtless, and hard, the child thinks nothing of it. Unless the treatment is consistent and sustained over a long period, the child accepts it as a natural adult weakness and makes allowances."

"Relying more on instinct than do adults, children are remarkably quick to detect phony affection."

Asked the secret of his successful approach to children, Smith will say, "No pockets full of sweets, no condescension. I approach them as equals, with my mind full of questions."

He claims he can always tell a child who comes from a broken home. "If parents from such homes could talk with children as I do, I believe they'd be more willing to stick together for the children's sakes."

"Something very precious is created when a family lives happily together. Once that thing is gone through continued disharmony, children face all kinds of psychological troubles."

"Mainly it seems to affect their speech and the smoothness of thought processes. Such children are nervous and inclined to be distrustful."

Breaks snob barrier



PRINCESS MARGARET waves to schoolchildren at a rally at an oval in Trinidad. The second Test match between Australia and the West Indies will be played on the oval.

Princess mixing freely on tour

There have been criticisms in the overseas Press that Princess Margaret is meeting only a selected few, and not the less privileged, on her Caribbean tour. However, this story by Anne Matheson reveals that the Princess is moving freely among all the people of the Caribbean regardless of class or color.

PRINCESS MARGARET on her Caribbean tour has proved to be a Royal Family trump card. Her disregard of social barriers and her ability to break through the "stuffed shirt" front of the "little England" island of Barbados, which is full of monocled colonels and brigadiers, has delighted everyone. "I'm out here to meet everyone," she told one Governor who was over-anxious about the effect of the heat. "Ask them to come forward," said Princess Margaret at a garden party at Government House, Tobago, when the islanders hung back beneath the shade of the trees. They had brought their produce to the party and arranged it on long trestles. The Princess had to walk over rough buffalo grass to the exhibits, and the sun was scorching, but she looked at every exhibit from bananas to dried mangoes as carefully as though she were judging at a country show.

In a special paper brought out in Tobago for her visit to the island that day, the headlines were, "When you marry we go dance at your wedding. We welcome you with open arms Princess Margaret."

The girl who was rumored to be unpredictable, often bored, and invariably mocking authority seems very remote from this young Princess who does nothing more unpredictable than "break ranks" when there are people she wants to talk to beyond the group of hand-picked presentees.

When she arrived in Barbados, the Princess saw a group of schoolchildren behind barricades.

Without a word to members of the official welcoming party she broke away and walked over to talk to the starry-eyed youngsters.

"She spoke wid me, man. I jes can't believe I see, speak wid dat Princess gal," said one dark-faced islander whom the Princess had asked to be presented to her.

"I go write anoder calypso about her. She real, man. She real," said the Mighty Panther, the Calypso King of Port of Spain, Trinidad, after Princess Margaret had spoken to him at a private calypso party at Government House.

Watching her talking animatedly to each civic dignitary or official, I wondered where she got the inspiration. She's never lost for words.

Then I remembered what the Queen said about Margaret when she could not be coaxed to a Command Performance at Windsor Castle, but stayed on chatting to the pianist. "Oh, Margaret can talk," she said.

Margaret can talk, but it's all to the point. She likes people. She has her mother's inquiring mind, and that makes everyone interesting.

Margaret is the idol of every schoolgirl in the Caribbean.

"She's just like us," screamed schoolchildren in



EMPRESS JOSEPHINE hairstyle was worn by Princess Margaret at a State dinner in Trinidad. Her white organza ball gown is embroidered with satin flowers and leaves.

Trinidad. "She sits down just like us—real comfortable."

"She remembers when she was a Brownie," was a serious comment from two tightly pig-tailed little girls from a Dominican convent.

To the teenagers of the West Indies, who have picked up some Americanisms, Princess Margaret, or "Margritt" as she is called in some parts of the Caribbean, is simply "absolutely div" (divine).

Princess Margaret's wardrobe for her Caribbean tour is perfect, and the Empress

Josephine hairstyle she has adopted for evenings is being head-lined in the local papers.

Her hair-style has particularly delighted and flattered the people of the Caribbean, because the Empress Josephine came from Martinique, one of the French islands in the West Indies.

Princess Margaret, who recently came third on the list of the ten best-dressed women in the world and who aims to head the list, met Mrs. William S. Paley, the American woman who did win the title, when she visited the island of Barbados.

The Princess met Mrs. Paley when she spent an afternoon and evening at the home of old friends of the Royal Family, Ronald Tree and his sons Jeremy and Michael. The Paleys are house guests of the Trees.

When the two fashion leaders met, Princess Margaret

was wearing an "off the peg" strapless sun dress of yellow polished cotton and a small white jacket, and Mrs. Paley was wearing a ready-made pink cotton sundress.

Over lunch, the two said that "off the peg" clothes were just the thing for leisure hours in the tropics.

They laughingly agreed that for the occasion of their meeting neither had given "more than a second thought to clothes."

Princess Margaret so far on the tour has not worn the same dress twice.

Her wardrobe sponsors the long-torso look. Every dress has a long, figure-moulding bodice with a full skirt flaring or flouncing from a low hip-line.

She has not chosen the H-line bodice top.

Her necklines are either well-scooped-out or V-shaped. Few of her dresses have more than a slight extension of the shoulder-line.

Princess Margaret had her first underwater swim when she visited the Trees.

All wearing snorkels and flippers, four men and one woman went into the warm surf with the Princess, who wore a steel-grey form-fitting bathing suit.

The sea was too heavy for her to swim out far, and she had to content herself with doing the breaststroke and what she laughingly called "The Margate bob."

At Margate beach in England there is no surf, and bathers just bob up and down in the water.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE CAN BRING YOU

a lovelier complexion

IN 14 DAYS

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. And in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.



NOT JUST A PROMISE BUT A PROVED BEAUTY PLAN

Here's all you do. Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry.

REGULAR — BATH SIZE — SUPERBATH



YOU TOO can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion
- ♥ Less oiliness
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes — blackheads
- ♥ Complexion clearer — more radiant

MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN USE PALMOLIVE—THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA!

Nervous
Tension
safely
relieved
with

RELAXA-TABS

They Relax Your Nerves

You'll be amazed how the calming of your nervous system and the promotion of healthy, natural sleep will refresh you. RELAXA-TABS have no after-effects and are completely non-habit forming. Ask your chemist to-day for . . .

RELAXA-TABS

Endorsed by The Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia

30 TABLETS FOR 5/6

At All Chemists

WR59.12WW.

Honours for fine styling, workmanship and value go to these three section winners in the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955. Chosen from hundreds of entries in this big annual contest for Australian fashion manufacturers, they prove that **WOOL MAKES THE FASHION!** No other fabric can compare with Wool for your all-occasion wardrobe. Wool holds its shape—tailors superbly—drapes with such ease. Wool is the keynote of fine Australian fashion.



SECTION 14, GROUP 1
(KNITTED JERSEY)

Leroy Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Melbourne, won their section with this versatile grey wool jersey dress. The new Middy line falls to a pretty skirt of unpressed pleats—the front yoke edged with smart black braid and brilliants.

Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1955

SECTION 13, GROUP 1
(MATRONS' WEAR)

Papillon Frock Manufacturing Co., Sydney, won first place for this graceful Matrons' Dress in Orchid Pink lightweight Wool.

The gored skirt gives a slimming line, the bodice features a smart v neckline, highlighted with embroidery.



SECTION 6, GROUP 1
(TOPCOATS)

First place awarded to Standard Fashions Pty. Ltd., Sydney, for this round-the-clock topcoat in shadow-striped grey wool. New fashion notes are the peaked collar and cuffs—three big shining buttons.




WOOL MAKES THE FASHION

Every winning garment in the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955 will carry this special tag! Watch for it when you're shopping for the top fashions of the season—it's your assurance of fine styling, finish and value!

See next week's Australian Women's Weekly for further winning fashions in the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955.

Report on

Autumn Fashions



THE most talked-about silhouette for autumn is labelled "Ligne H" in Paris, "H line" in London, and "Long Torso" in America. It appears from day to evening and is composed of a long moulded but flexible torso top with either a pencil-slim or stiffened cupola skirt mounted at hip level. The bosom is lifted and rounded — not flattened as first reported.

Simple sleeves are mounted high on the shoulder line to help accentuate a narrow look for the top part of the body. This narrow top gives even the slimmest sheath a slightly hippy look. The hip line is further magnified and exaggerated by a self drape or belt marking the line joining the skirt to top. Daytime skirts average 14in. from the ground.

In its more exaggerated form the H line invites a sinuous back-tilted stance. The word "slinky," an adjective much used in the '20's, is again current.

In Paris, corsets—a marvel of subtle shaping (to help achieve the new figure of fashion)—are designed with small high bra cups and a long smooth torso.

Materials, too, are not without their new look. There are tweeds of course, in every weight from one with a pebbly surface to a texture fine as crepe; wonderful wools woven with a puffy surface; ribbed jerseys, and the finest stocking wool ever to come off the production line; lots of metal, wool shot with gold threads, brocades (no shine this season), lame, satin, and velvets with an incredible bloom.

It will be a fabulous color season. There is a riot of red and every one lush and full of character—coral, ruby, cardinal, rouge, and a bright orangy shade. Tangerine and apricot are established, so are purple and chinese-blue. Browns are rich and blackish.

Dior uses less color than most designers; he likes black (often with white), then brown, especially the grey brown of marrons glaces. White fur is a Paris love.

Hats have more allure than any seen in an age. Givenchy's tiny evening hats are good enough to eat, and none can touch them for prettiness and fun.

The most glamorous and exciting hat in Paris is Balenciaga's giant puff of white fox, decorated with one pale rose.

The news about accessories has never been newswier. Color in this field is used in a bold and contemporary manner. It is no longer chic to scatter your colors; far better to concentrate on one color and use it in different shades from head to toes—in one good splurge.

Don't overlook the new daytime shoes with slender "bobbed" heels exactly 2½in. in height, the sport shoe flat-heeled and brass-buckled, the new shoe leather in all colors (gilded snakeskin for night); and the wonderful evening sandals with towering heels.

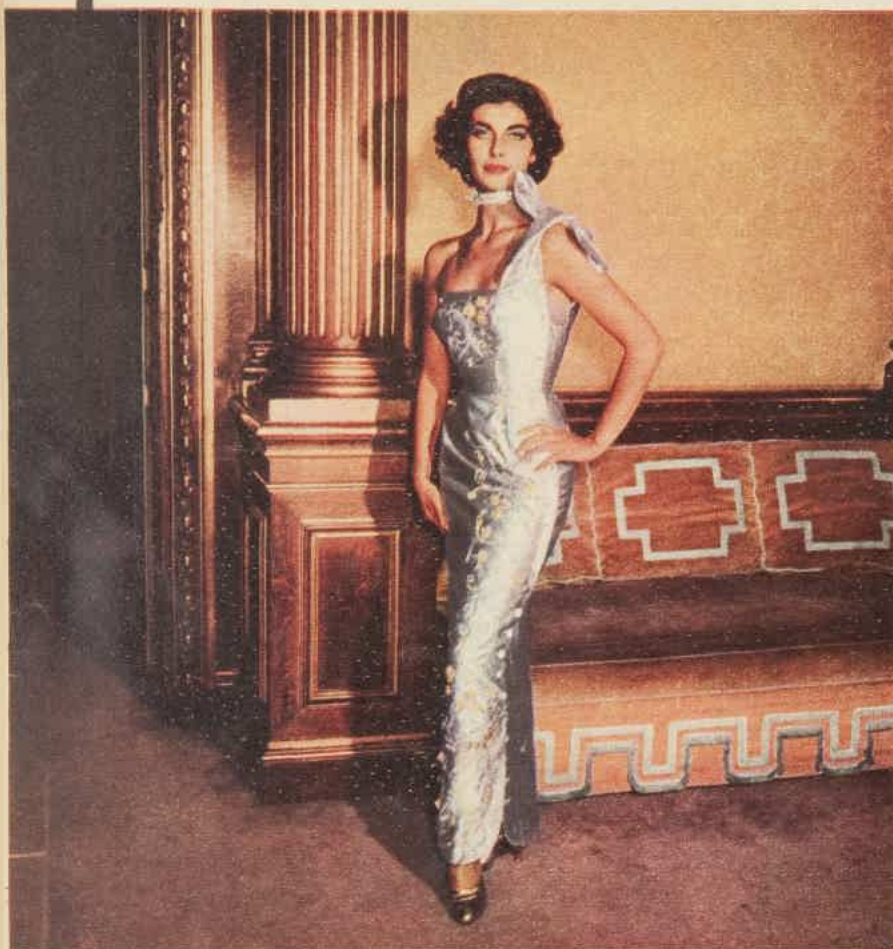
Diamante jewels are in — waterfall earrings (called chandelier last season), collars, sprays, and bibs; beads in an electric mixture of colors are worn in long ropes (very Chanel) or in tight chokers. Handbags are often elongated.

Uncle Sam gives fresh shirt news—a brocade one for late day—toothpick-slim pants, loose, 3ft. long sports coat, and for long or short hair an Alice-in-Wonderland hair-band made in fake diamonds.

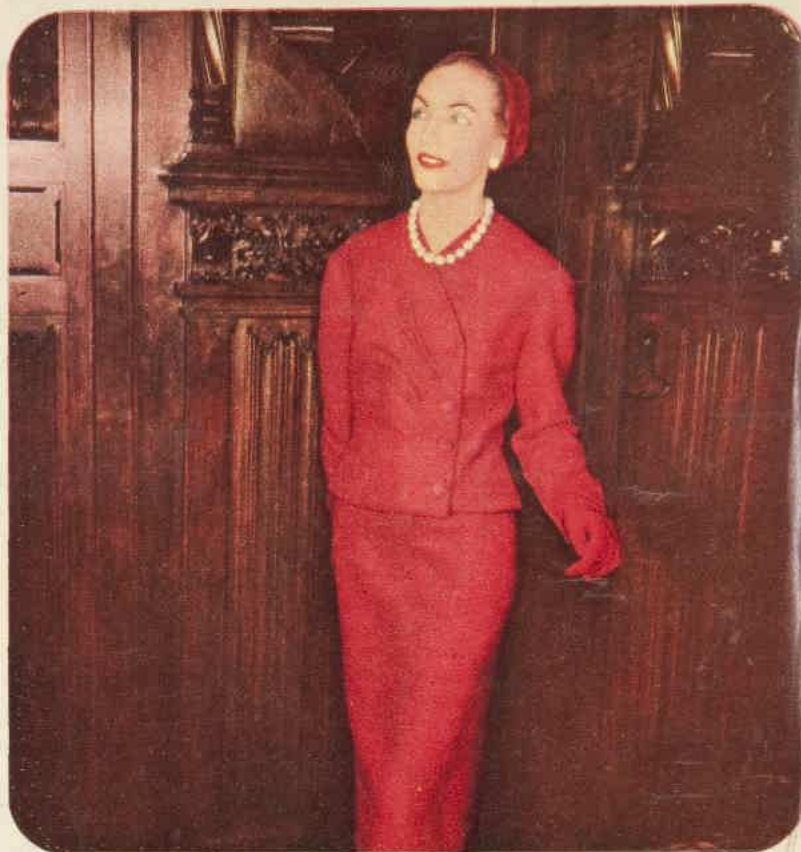
by
Betty Keep



NEW GLOWING COLORS FROM PARIS



● Maggy Rouff's slender-line evening dress with its proportions carefully balanced and perfected. The bosom is rounded and the dress is tied on one shoulder. Side-buttoning further emphasises the new, long, narrow look.



● Givenchy's two-piece is made in one of the new shades of pink-red this house is featuring. The suit outlines the figure without being close-fitting. The closely fitted bonnet-shaped hat, a Givenchy special, is matched to the suit, gloves, and shoes.

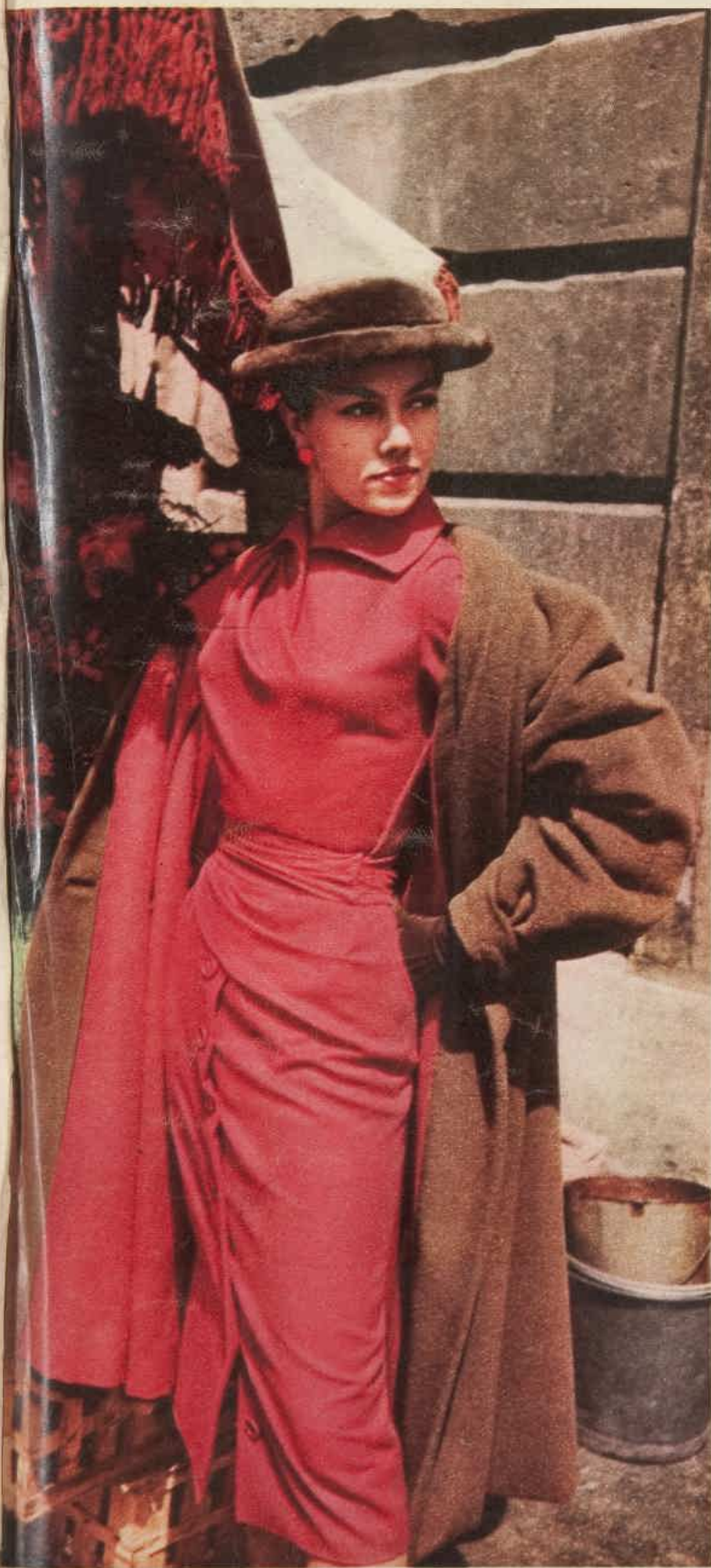


● Givenchy uses most novel fabrics for many of his top-coats. This one is deep flame-blue; the material is a cable-stitch jersey worsted. The coat is street-length, has straight-cut lines, and is finished with a large, round, flat collar.



● Pierre Balmain uses one of the loveliest materials of the season, pink gardenias embossed on white satin, for this evening dress. The dress has a slightly flattened bosom line and a waistline swathed with green taffeta that ties in a bow at the back.

● *Color has inundated autumn fashion. Brilliantly handled by Paris, it dominates the day and evening scene. A splurge of one color, including shoes, gloves, and hat, has fresh chic. So has a vivid colored dress matched to a coat lining. The exception to all this color is the dramatic look of pure white or jet black—worn singly or mingled elegantly together.*



● Above: Jacques Heim has glamorized sturdy beaver lamb and lamb's wool and has launched these hard-wearing pelts in jewel colors and high-fashion styling for evening wear.

● Left: Jean Patou's beaver-colored coat is lined with coral-red to match the dress. The fur hat is beaver. When the coat is fastened the effect is one splurge of rich dark brown.

● Right: Dior's flat-bosomed evening dress in blue duvetyn has very narrow shoulder-straps. The long line of the dress is slightly seamed. The stole and gloves match in color.



For a really wonderful selection of new-season knitting patterns, see the new VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS, now on display at all good stores. And while you're about it, just feel the extra quality of these Villawool four-star knitting wools, see the delightful new Villawool colours for '55. Then work out how much Villawool will save you on every garment you knit this year. And remember, Villawool washes perfectly - over and over again.

Star Patterns for '55!...



- ★ HORIZON CROCHET
- ★ STARLITE CREPE
- ★ AURORA 4-PLY
- ★ FAERIE BABY WOOL

Villawool Textile Company, 17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney

They'll whisper about you!



Body odours
do offend

Play safe-use
MUM

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing - nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



People will whisper... and take care to avoid you... if you don't take care with your personal freshness!

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

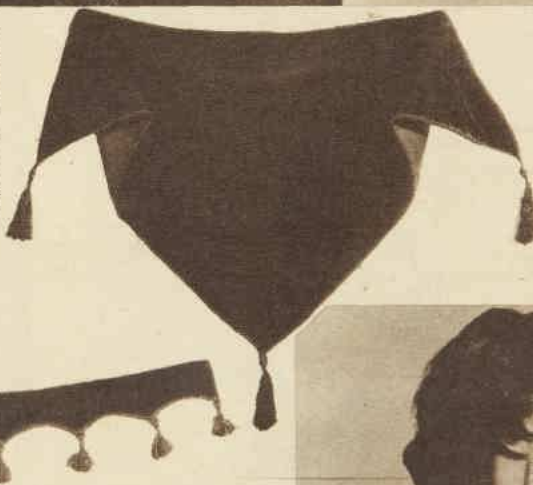
MAKE A SHAWL AND MATCHING BELT

By RENE, our fashion artist

● Chic accessories for a brief-topped dress, illustrated here in black velvet and jersey.



ABOVE: Shawl and tasselled belt made in black velvet and jersey edged with silk cord. AT RIGHT: Close-up of the shawl showing the triangular shape. BELOW: Belt illustrating the cording on the scalloped edge, and the decorative tassels.



TO MAKE BELT

FIRST cut a pattern out for the belt—the length of your waist and slightly curved as shown above, and about 3½ in. wide.

Fold pattern over six times evenly and cut out shallow inverted scallops on the rounded edge. Place this out on buckram or stiff interlining and cut out. Lay this interlining on one thickness of velvet (on the straight of material) and one of jersey.

Arrange the three as follows: Interlining, velvet (face up), and jersey (wrong side up). Tack all firmly together with interlining between the jersey and the velvet, and stitch by machine round the scalloped edge ½ in. in.

Now take out tacking. Cut velvet and jersey away to within ½ in. of machine stitching. Cut top belt and ends, leaving ½ in. seam allowance all round.

Turn belt, tack scalloping evenly. Turn in, tack and top-sew top and ends of belt. Now stitch the cording round lower scalloped edge of belt (as described above for shawl), making little loops on each point for the tassel cord.

Thread ¼ in. of the heavier cord through these, and instead of knotting as described for the shawl tassels, just pull through loop and bind, making much smaller tassels when the cording is teased out.

Sew three strong hooks and eyes to either end of belt to fasten.



BACK VIEW of the triangular shawl. With the belt it makes a glamorous accessory for a straight-cut, brief-topped dress. Instructions for making are given above.

Materials required for shawl and belt: 1 yd. black velvet, 1 yd. black wool jersey, 6 yds. of two-strand ¼ in.-wide silk cording, 2 yds. of heavier silk cording (multiply strand for making the tassels), ½ yd. of buckram or stiffening for belt, ¼ skein black 4-ply knitting wool or ball of thick darning wool.

TO MAKE SHAWL

FOLD velvet in halves crosswise and cut along centre bias line. Take one triangle and cut another the same in jersey for lining. Seam these two together (right sides facing in, of course), leaving 6 in. open on one of the straight sides so it can be turned inside out.

Cut edges to ¼ in. all round. When turned, close the 6 in. opening with fine top stitching. Tack edges round evenly then sew the two-strand cord to the edge with a fairly heavy darning needle threaded with wool and used double.

Make large stitches the width of the twist in the cord and taking them through each twist. This makes a very firm, even, corded edge. At the corners make a small loop through which the heavier cord can be threaded.

To make the tassels, thread 12 in. of the heavier silk cord through this loop, make a half-knot, binding around tightly below the knot. Now tease out the free and dangling cording into a fluffy tassel.



TWIN BEAUTY SENSATION

by *L'Oréal*

makes pretty girls into
PERFECT PEACHES

ALL AT ONCE YOU'RE LOVELIER . . . so simply and easily . . . with the soft pat of a puff and a stroke of a lipstick!

First discover L'Oréal's new INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY TOUCH . . . the magical, minute-fast Two-in-One Make-up. Here's the superfine, silky smoothness of L'Oréal Face Powder delicately blended with its own make-up base! No wonder Beauty Touch gives your skin the glowing smoothness of a peach! And nothing could be easier to use! You simply smooth on Beauty Touch with its own luxurious puff. Immediately, small imperfections vanish—your skin looks like natural velvet—and this flawless finish stays perfect, hour after hour, thanks to its special "cling" ingredient. Beauty Touch is non-drying, too, and it never cakes, clogs, or streaks.

Here's all you need for complexion perfection . . . contained in one slim, elegant Compact, complete with luxury puff and mirror. Four exquisite shades in this newest Two-in-One Make-up! Choose the one most flattering to you, from Blonde Beauty, Peach Beauty, Golden Beauty and Tawny Beauty.

And now, to complete the picture, wear PINK CORAL, the new exciting L'Oréal Lipstick. Pink Coral is a blithe and brilliant pink. It does the most delightful things for every type of skin colouring. See the special "dewy sheen" Pink Coral lends your lips, and use the harmonising Rouge for a lovely, natural bloom.

Yes, you'll look a "perfect peach" when you wear L'Oréal's TWIN BEAUTY SENSATION.

Beauty Touch Compact . 12/-
Refill . . . 8/-
L'Oréal Lipstick . . . 7/1
Refill . . . 4/2
L'Oréal Rouge . . . 4/6



NEW
PINK CORAL
LIPSTICK

For vivid, new beauty . . . a blithe, brilliant pink



NEW
BEAUTY TOUCH

Two-in-One Make-up . . . puffs on like powder, clings like a powder-base

Double your charm with

L'Oréal



L'Oréal Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of Leading Department Stores.

Hear the Lux girls sing this ditty
Hands and undies all so pretty...



Lux
is so safe

The charm of pure silk... real lace... handsewn seams. Exquisite undies—but no lovelier than the lady's heavenly hands! Only Lux is good enough for trousseau treasures. For Lux whisks out perspiration before it can do harm... keeps undies posy-sweet... freesia-fresh! Best of all, Lux keeps undies new looking three times longer. It's true... tests prove it.

P.S. Dishes... dishes... dishes?

Never mind! Hot water and creamy Lux suds will do them—whooosh—just like that. Far, far better than old-fashioned bar soaps. And busy hands keep so lovely with Lux.



So safe...you'll want to use it always

U.409.122g

THIS IS ON ME

By Bob Hope.

An autobiography that is different, because of the writer's unusually varied career and because his clever, candid and sincere personality dominates the story.

A confident book—and one that any reader may purchase confidently.

Price 15/-.

From all Booksellers.



Make Baby's Hair
GROW CURLY
4 Weeks' Treatment
3/6 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

SNOWFALL WHITE

● Black broadcloth dinner suit from the House of Fath has a long mink collar tied with satin ribbon.



● White fur is not all in the luxury bracket. Selling in London is the white fur fabric set (above) called "White Winter." The chic little cap worn back from the forehead is matched to a cravat and barrel muff.



● Cresting the snowfall of mink on the London scene is this fabulous cape designed for formal evenings. The cape is made in fur bands stranded with white chenille and finished with a long matching silk fringe.

...ON JET BLACK

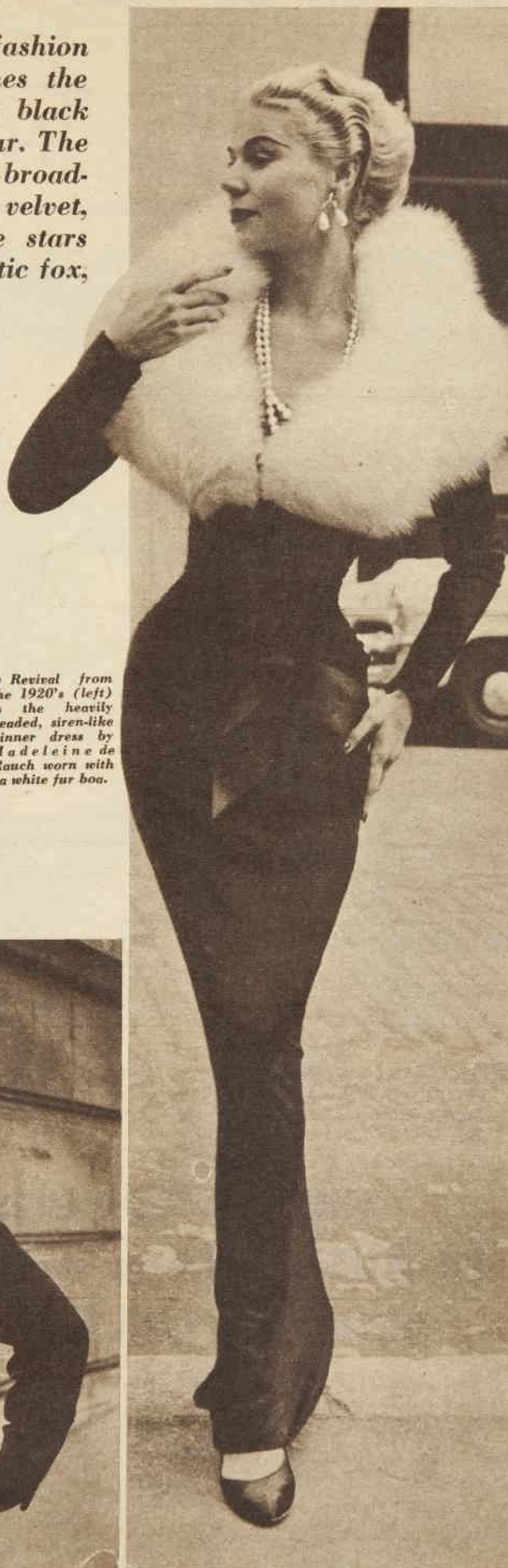
● Straight from the fashion fronts of the world comes the new look of elegant black punctuated with snowy fur. The blacks are marvellous—broadcloth, satin, thick fleece, velvet, and sheer wools. The stars among white furs are arctic fox, mink, and ermine.



● Revival from the 1920's (left) is the heavily beaded, siren-like dinner dress by Madeleine de Rauch worn with a white fur boa.



● Manguin design for a superbly tailored dinner suit made in black velvet. The jacket has a slightly relaxed waistline and is worn with a perfectly straight skirt. The round choir-boy collar and matching cap are both in white mink.



● From the House of Fath is this narrow streak of black satin finished with one of the new low torso drapes of self material. The furry whiteness of the fox cape collar and a long necklace of pearls add glamor.



OSMAN towels

just hug you dry!

The rich, soft-rough texture of an OSMAN towel just hugs you dry and leaves you stimulated and glowing all over. Through years of wear and washing, Osman towels never lose their absorbent quality, their clear, clean colours.

OSMAN BARLOW & JONES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Check Perspiration! Stop odour 24 hours!

WITH COLGATE'S NEW

Tact

DEODORANT

There's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact and, what's more, tests prove that, for 9 out of 10 people, Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Get Tact to-day!



Large jar, 3/3d.

Handy tube, 2/1½d.

Miriam Hopkins' skin is smooth and glowing—
yours can be too!

that's the promise of Lux Toilet Soap

Miriam Hopkins uses Lux Toilet Soap every time she washes her face or takes a bath. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a real beauty soap. It leaves skin so satiny smooth, dewy fresh." Use Lux Toilet Soap and only Lux Toilet Soap, and you, too, can have a movie star skin.

AS LUX TOILET SOAP

**CLEANSSES — IT SOFTENS AND
SMOOTHS SKIN**

To glow on the outside, skin must be clean and fresh, *deep-down* — completely free from impurities. That's why Miriam Hopkins (and 9 out of every 10 film stars) insist on the soap that *thoroughly cleanses* skin . . . pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Toilet Soap cleanses skin gently because it is absolutely pure. Its whiteness is the visible proof of its purity. This absolute purity ensures that your skin will take on new smoothness, new loveliness.



Broadway and Hollywood star, MIRIAM HOPKINS, now in Australia to star exclusively in the Lux Radio Theatre, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too! It gives you a quick pick-up, leaves you so refreshed." You can be Lux-lovely, too!



*9 out of every 10 film stars
use pure white Lux Toilet Soap*

**MIRIAM HOPKINS ARRIVES
IN AUSTRALIA to star in the first play
of the new LUX RADIO THEATRE**

The makers of Lux Toilet Soap flew Miss Hopkins by Pan American World Airways direct from Hollywood to appear exclusively in the Lux Radio Theatre. The first broadcast is on Sunday, February 20th, at 8 p.m. All Australia will hear Miss Hopkins starring in the tense, dramatic play, "Sorry Wrong Number." All Australia will hear

her tell of the famous Lux beauties she has worked with in Hollywood and why they all depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep them lovely. You can hear the Lux Radio Theatre over these stations: 2UE, 2GZ, 2KO, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK-IP, 5AD-PI-MU-SE, 6PR-TZ-CI, 7EX, 7HT and leading country stations.

Famous movie star
flies from Hollywood
to star in
first play of
**LUX RADIO
THEATRE!**



the star?

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Famous in Hollywood and Broadway for roles in Paramount's "The Heiress," "Carrie," was flown out by Pan American World Airways for exclusive Sydney appearance.

the play?

"Sorry, wrong number"

A tense, dramatic play by Lucille Fletcher.

the station?

2UE and

2GZ, 2KO, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK-IP, 5AD-PI-MU-SE, and leading country stations.

the time?

8 p.m.

Sunday, February 20th.

**Don't miss this great
night! 8 p.m. Feb 20th.**

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The silhouette of each dress sketched on this page is inspired by a couturier original. Both designs feature autumn's slim-torso line, modified to suit the average woman's figure.

This week, because my mail is full of queries about the H line, I have chosen two dresses to illustrate just how pretty and feminine the silhouette can be.

PAPER PATTERNS for both designs, which include an easy-to-follow, step-by-step instruction chart, are available in stock sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. See under the sketches for details and how to order.

And here are some further queries about autumn fashion problems and my replies.

"I WANT to have a good suit made for winter, and though I follow fashion I am not in a position to alter my clothes for every season. What would you advise?"

My advice is a wool suit in a bright color, perhaps a deep red or vivid blue. Bright, lively colors are in fashion, and personally I do not think

you tire of a vivid shade any more quickly than of a dark one. If you are not of this school of thought, choose one of the brown shades—caramel or a darker tone. For the design I suggest an easy, hip-length jacket, plus a straight, slim skirt. By "easy" I mean the waistline defined but not nipped. Wear the suit with a jersey over-blouse in the same color as the suit material, but in a slightly deeper tone. Complete the ensemble with shoes, gloves, bag, and hat in a varying shade of the color chosen for your suit.

"WHAT sort of material could I use for a ballerina party frock to wear for the coming season? I am 24 and S.S.W. fitting."

There is nothing newer for autumn than brocade (it can be cotton brocade), both for cocktails and dinner or the theatre and parties. The design must be simple to be chic. For instance, you could have a sheath with the new high-cut bodice finished with tiny sleeves and over it a

middy, straight jacket just to hip-bone length. Have the jacket finished with long, set-in cuffed sleeves, and finished high to the neckline with a small round collar.

"IS it true that white fox fur is returning to fashion to wear over evening gowns?"

White fox fur in the form of a cape or boa is one of the season's most scintillating and becoming evening furs. In any opinion there is nothing like it for flattery and glamor.

"I AM to be an autumn bridesmaid and would like a suggestion for a headdress to wear with a ballerina-length satin frock in apple-green. The frock is finished with a square neckline and tiny sleeves. I would like something new and unusual."

In Paris, the ribbon-band headdress, often flower

trimmed, is being worn constantly with ballerina-length evening dresses. I do not think you could have anything newer or prettier than this fashion to wear with your satin bridesmaid dress. The "band" is made from a length of ribbon (yours could be apple-green), approximately 2in. wide. The ribbon is tied

under the hair at the back with streamer ends falling to shoulder length. A flower, or flowers, is pinned to the band centre front. N.B. The band is worn well back from the hair-line.

"AS I am not what you might call slim, I wondered what would be the best type of corset to wear under a sheath frock with a low waistline."

A one-piece foundation. But don't forget for the new autumn silhouette the bust is raised and also smoothed out into less pointed contours, and separation of the bosom is eliminated.

"I READ that fur is a fashionable trim for the coming winter and would like some advice about same. I want a coat to wear mainly for the afternoon, and as I have some good black Persian lamb I would like a suggestion about a coat style, and how to use my fur. What material would you suggest?"

My suggestion for the coat material is black-and-white herringbone tweed, the coat shaped closely but not fitted to the waist, with a single-breasted fastening. Use the Persian lamb for a rounded collar, and if there is enough fur have a small matching toque.

"WOULD you please advise me if there is another fashion for cocktail wear other than the frock with a long beltless top?"

Yes, there is. New York

DS127.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

fashion designers have introduced a late-day dress, made on shirt-frock lines. The material, which is colored satin, makes it formal. The dress has a shirt top finished with set-in, slightly full, cuffed sleeves. The skirt is bell-shaped. The design is belted at the natural waistline with a 3in. self-material belt. To make the ensemble really current fashion, choose ruby-red, flame-blue, or beige-grey for its color. Wear it with matching-colored satin shoes.

"WHAT style of evening frocks will be new this winter? The other day I read that the floor-length evening dress is out."

The floor-length evening dress is still being worn. Most women choose full length for a big ball. Actually an above-ankle-length skirt is really newer. Short or long, the smartest silhouette for this year's big parties is without question the new close-bodied line with a quite high décolletage and no sleeves. White, yellow, blue, and pink satin are Paris loves for the evening. With a shorter skirt, pretty shoes are essential. If the dress is satin have the shoes dyed to match.



DS128.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material.

Kary Horder's

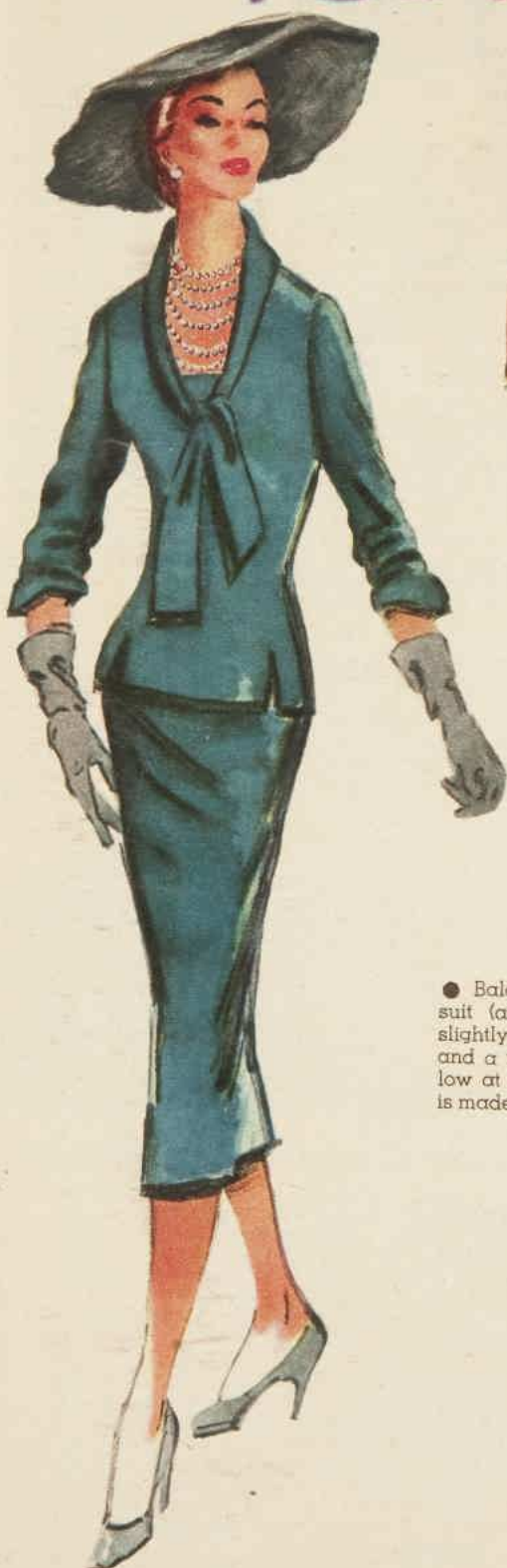
● In Paris every designer is striving towards a slim, elongated silhouette. It is achieved by lifting the bust, only slightly, marking the waist, and flowing over the hips. The body retains its natural curve, but is slenderised and becomes even more feminine. The shoulder-line is narrow and neat; sleeves are set in. Head-hugging hats in matching colors play their part in this elongation, as do shoes and bags, matching or in neutral grey.

● Dior's long jacket suit (left), typifying the narrow shoulder-line and set-in sleeves. The jacket is worn over the success of the season—the sweater of white satin (above left). The sweater has a gentle, flowing bodyline, only possible if the bust is pushed high as illustrated by the sketched corset.

● Orange-red is used for the suit (right), which has the same fluid line but a shorter jacket. The neckline is draped, and the long waist, with slightly flaring basque and low-set flap pockets, contributes to the new longer flowing silhouette.



Paris Notes



● The slim silhouette (above), but with a short basque, which gives the suit almost a sweater-dress look. The suit is Chinese-blue. Note the long pearls.



● Balenciaga's easy-line suit (above) with jacket slightly curved in front and a martingale belt set low at the back. The suit is made in mustard yellow.



● From the house of Fath the blouse-jacket top (right) is a firm favorite. The basque becomes a shaped belt fastened with a large square buckle.

● Deference will be paid to the new longer-line jacket (right). These long jackets, which vary from three-quarter to seven-eighths length, have become a Paris rage and are worn to complement numbers of frocks and suits.



Dorothea Johnston



Are you in
the know?

There's a new improved KOTEX with EXTRA ABSORBENCY

Now more than ever the new Kotex is far and away
the most absorbent sanitary napkin you can buy.

Kotex has always given you the most absorbency—and you have always been able to use either side of the napkin. NOW there is a new improved Kotex which is more absorbent than ever. This will be self evident to regular users of Kotex Sanitary Napkins. If you've used other napkins in the past, switch to the new Kotex. Its far greater absorbency will give you long-lasting comfort and confidence.



Choose a Kotex belt when you buy your Kotex napkins. Five types—choose whichever suits you best.

For extra convenience buy the
new Double Pack

TWICE AS MANY NAPKINS FOR

5/5

You only need to remember to buy sanitary napkins half as often, now that you can buy 24 napkins in the one larger pack. Easy to carry—easier on the purse, and easiest of all on the memory.

ONE DOZEN
PACK
STILL ONLY

2/9
everywhere

KOS-2



Of course the new Double Pack contains
the new improved Kotex
that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.

Worth Reporting

UNTIL we met Mr. James McCarthy we had imagined all inventors to be eccentric, absent-minded characters. Mr. McCarthy soon set us right. He is an inventor whose feet are firmly on the ground, and whose main concern in life is for "the little people, the poor, tired housewives, the working girls with the hot, tired, aching feet."

Mr. McCarthy is an alert, enthusiastic 65-year-old whose latest invention is a liquid soap, perfected at last after seven years of tests and experimenting.

"This soap," he told us, producing a bottle of white substance from his suitcase, "is good for practically everything. It's good for washing all synthetics as well as wool and silk."

"It will cut boiling time in halves—you have only to boil the clothes for 10 minutes."

"You can wash your hair with it. I do. This soap cuts down the housewife's toil."

James McCarthy lives in Linden, in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., where he has invented many useful things.

Among them is a gadget for saving wastage of that final stub of lipstick left in the bottom of the tube, and fruit and vegetable preservatives.

Since perfecting his liquid soap, Mr. McCarthy has been engaged in experiments in hair dyes. While we were talking to him he kept his hat on, and as he was leaving he explained why.

"I was just fiddling around with this dye," he said, "and I happened to run my fingers through my hair. NOW look at me!"

He took his hat off and showed us a mop of carrot-colored hair.

"Not even my soap will take it out."



"Frankly, the sofa cost more than we could afford, but it's paid for itself in loose change."

They catch them young

A FORMER staff reporter, Audrey Budd, now overseas, got the lowdown on Greek marriage customs during a recent trip to Greece.

She found that most Greek girls married young and their husbands were usually ten or more years older. Men didn't think of "settling down" until they were between 35 and 40.

When she asked four young girls if perhaps they wouldn't prefer someone nearer their own age for a husband, one of them replied: "Oh, no. He's finished playing around with other women at 40 and then we don't have to worry."

"I suggested," writes Audrey, "that they might like to 'play around' themselves for a few years, but they said they all wanted to get married SOON. They were all still at school."

When Audrey asked about dowries, she was told that before marriage the girl's fiancé asked her father what he "had for him."

The bigger the dowry the more attractive a girl was.

Audrey writes that when she asked, "But what about LOVE?" the fifteen-year-olds collapsed into giggles and said "they didn't know about that!"

Musical relic of the past

HALF a century ago, Mrs. Fanny Cochrane Smith, snowy-haired, of mixed Tasmanian aboriginal and white blood, dressed herself in her best bonnet and bombazine frock, and sat down to record "Songs and war chants of the extinct Tasmanian aborigines" on a phonogram.

Hobart resident Mr. Horace Watson had persuaded her to make the recording and he spoke the introduction to it on an old-type cylinder.

Today these songs and chants (now transferred on to gramophone records) are the last links, musically and verbally, with the Tasmanian aboriginal race. Truganini, the last of the aborigines, died in 1876, but a few half-castes lived on into the 20th century.

We heard the record played when we visited the Hobart home of pianist Jessie Wakefield, who also showed us the old photograph of Fanny Cochrane Smith.

Jessie Wakefield explained that Fanny, growing old, had tried to keep up the spirits of the dwindling descendants of the aborigines by singing the old songs. There is no translation for the words.

The music is derived from a five-tone scale, and the rhythm at times resembles an Irish jig.

* * *

SPRAYS of wattle, dyed a surprising mauve, were scattered over the full skirt of a white tulle ball gown shown by Victor Steibel in his new spring collection.

Most London fashion designers are very fond of wattle as trimming for their spring hats and dance frocks, but this is the first time it has changed color.

Book News

By Helen Frisell

PRESENTED under the title "From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf" is a book which turns out to be the funniest piece of literary spoofing published in years.

Chapter One is entitled "The Wolf At The Door" and has a sub-title "Who's afraid of the big Beowulf?"

Mr. Robert Manson Myers, M.A. (Oxon)—NOT Oxon—informs us that:

- Henry VIII proclaimed himself Offender of the Faith.
- Shakespeare is famous today chiefly for his plays, most of which unfortunately have been dramatised.

- In London the Wilde 'Nineties officially commenced with the composition of "The Merry Widow Waltz."

The book has classical illustrations, and some (worthless) information about the author—who

only tells us that he was "born some 30 years ago near Little Snoring, Beds., and is a grand-nephew of the late Professor Dewberry Oldberry of the Newberry Library."

On the lines of "1066 and all that," this "unauthorised history of English Literature" is just the thing to give your schoolgirl daughter sitting for her exams—if you want her to fail.

Published by Werner Laurie. Copy from the publishers.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

FANCY LETTING YOUR WIFE THINK YOU WERE WELL OFF BEFORE YOUR MARRIAGE



WHEN ALL THE TIME YOU WERE SYDNEY BROKE!



YES BUT NOW I FIND I WAS REALLY WELL OFF!!



BY RUD

less dependent! If she did not have such a deep need of the security of love, then she would not have to subject herself to this ordeal.

"It's about the money, grandmother," she said, speaking quickly before her resolution was blunted and lost by the flow of her grandmother's words. "I want to ask if you will leave it to someone else in your will. I don't want the money to ruin my life as it ruined my mother's life."

"And to whom should I leave this . . . this money?" her grandmother said, her voice suddenly cold with outrage. "To whom should I leave this bauble, the Lancing fortune?"

Emily drew her shoulders together, and now her voice did tremble when she spoke. "To charity," she said.

"To charity!" Mrs. Lancing spoke explosively, but then she stopped and seemed to reconsider. She was silent for a moment, and then she reached out and held Emily's two cold, clasped hands.

"Tell me what he is like, my dear," she said in a kinder tone. "Tell me all about him."

Emily had known Douglas MacIver for almost three weeks before he asked her to marry him, and that had been a very happy time indeed; but perhaps the greatest happiness of her life had been distilled into the precious minutes after they first met when he did not know who she was.

They met at a cocktail party—a very large cocktail party where they were not introduced—and he had come to her by the window as she stood there wondering if she could slip away so soon without offending her hostess.

She had been abroad for so long that she knew no one in the room, and she had forgotten, if she ever knew, how to carry on the light conversation of a cocktail party.

Continuing . . . Golden Victory

from page 3

And then he came over to her, smiling, a glass in his hand, his healthy face flushed, his eyes carefree and outrageously admiring. "Hey!" he said. "My lucky day. Who are you hiding from?"

She blushed and smiled, painfully. Painfully, because her experience told her that now she must be alert; she must not allow herself to be trapped and hurt as she had been hurt so often in the past. "I was hiding from you," she said.

But it didn't come out right. It didn't have the light, mocking tone it should have had, and as he went on talking to her she thought, with despair, that she had never behaved so idiotically before. Was she to make a fool of herself with every handsome man who came along, blushing at his compliments, unable to meet his eyes, her voice shaking.

He stood close to her and looked down at her, making love to her with his eyes in the casual, predatory way that very young men have, but this was merely a flirtation. She should not be so easily affected. Was she to be like her mother,

a victim of men, punished for her need of love?

"I don't get it," Douglas finally said, pulling at one ear reflectively. "You act like no man ever looked at you before. You act like you just got out of a convent."

"Perhaps I have," she said, laughing a little, thinking quickly in her heart how wonderful it must be to be strong enough to go into a convent. Never again to suffer this response, this helpless going out to a man's desire.

"Hasn't any man ever told you how pretty you are?" he asked.

"Oh, lots of times," she said, smiling.

"And did you believe them?" he asked gravely.

"Sometimes," she said. "Would you believe me now," he went on, "if I said that I thought you were just about the prettiest girl I have ever seen?"

"Oh, yes," she said, laughing more naturally now. "Especially with that 'about' in there."

And then it happened. Everything changed. "Maybe I

could be more convincing if I knew your name," he said. "I'm Douglas MacIver."

"I am Emily Bolton," she said.

His head shot up and their eyes met, his blank with astonishment, hers filled with an involuntary humility and pleading.

"Wow!" he said. "I heard you were going to be here, but I guess it didn't register."

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said with a little laugh. "I just never talked with so many millions before."

She turned to leave him, but he put out his hand and held her. "I understand you better now," he said. "You don't trust people, do you?"

"I can't," she said simply.

He held her with his eyes, and after a moment he smiled again. "Let's start over," he said. "Let's go back to the place we were before I asked you your name. Will you have dinner with me, Emily?"

"I think I'd like that."

"Of course," he added, "you'll have to go to a place I can afford."

"There you are," she said helplessly. "You see?"

"Well, then let's pretend you're somebody else. Let's give you another name. You're not Emily Bolton. How about Emily Jones?"

"All right," she said. "Emily Jones accepts with pleasure Mr. MacIver's invitation to dinner."

"Douglas," he corrected. "And Emily will go where Douglas takes her," he said with mock severity.

"Yes," Emily said quietly.

He picked a most improbable place to ask her to marry him. They were sitting together at the bar of a restaurant called The Roast Memorable, or something like that; the French name was too idiomatic to be translated literally. He put his hand over hers and whispered "Will you marry me?" into her ear. For a moment she couldn't speak.

"Do you really want me?" she asked miserably at last. "I'm such a poor risk."

Before Douglas could say anything else, the headwaiter came to tell them that their table was ready.

"I don't know how to persuade you," he said when they sat down. "But nobody made me ask you, did they?"

She looked up at him in the rose light of the table lamp, seeing the secret things about

him which she loved—his good square hands, the high color of his firm cheeks. "I'd better not say anything for a while," she said uncertainly.

The soup came, and they ate it in silence. How could she tell him of those experiences in her past which made her so wary? Just last year, in Paris, it had been Federico Albanez, from Argentina, who asked her to marry him. When she learned that he did not have the fortune he had allowed everyone to believe that he had, and she had asked him if her own money made any difference to him, he had looked at her with a most peculiar expression.

"You North Americans are so unrealistic, my dear Emily," he had said. "You still get your romantic notions from the novels of Sir Walter Scott." They were finishing their dinner at a table in front of the Cafe Ronde, and she had put her coffee cup down very carefully. "Of course, your money matters to me. Money is always a consideration of first importance in marriage."

She had gone back quickly to the hotel where they were living then, and she had sat all night looking out at the cold moonlight on the deserted Place de la Concorde. Mother was married to Count Igor then, and she could hear her in her room, weeping . . .

Or could she tell Douglas now even of the good men like himself that she had known—men like Burt Dawson in London, who had been so forthright and sincere? "Wouldn't you try to save the house your family had lived in for more than four hundred years?" he asked her. "Your money can do that, but I promise in return to love you always as much as I am capable of loving."

An honest statement,
To page 38

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



BABS MacKINNON
Radio and Nightclub Singer



BETTINA WELCH
N. Z. Born Actress

Who's who?

PAIR THE BABY PICTURES
WITH THESE
PEARS BEAUTIES



PAT WOODLEY
"Miss Australia 1951"



PAT GREGORY
Star of "Rose Marie On Ice"



DAWN READ
"Miss Coral Seas 1954"

Win Big Cash Prizes!

1ST PRIZE £400 • 2ND £100 • 3RD £50 • 30 PRIZES of £5 EACH
100 GIFT BOXES OF PEARS SOAP

Here's what to do: Each of these lovely Australian girls is a famous actress, model or entertainer. Each one of them relies on gentle Pears care to keep her complexion smooth and clear. At the right are photographs of the same girls as babies. Can you recognize them? Can you tell which baby grew up to be which Pears beauty? Contestants are asked to pair the photographs and then complete, in not more than 25 words, the sentence beginning "I LIKE PEARS SOAP BECAUSE . . ." There are a dozen reasons for liking Pears! Perhaps your favourite reason is because Pears is so pure (so pure you can see deep into the heart of each amber tablet), or because Pears is so mild (mild because each cake is matured for a full 14 weeks).

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN

- Each of these lovely girls was once one of the Pears babies pictured at the right. Contestants must pair up each adult photograph with the photo of the same girl as a baby.
- When contestants have made their selection, they must put the number of the baby photograph against the name of the adult shown on right, and, on a separate sheet of paper, and in not more than 25 words, complete the sentence, "I like Pears Soap Because . . ."
- Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish. Each additional entry must be on a separate sheet of paper bearing their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by 2 Pears wrappers.*
- Post entries to "Pears Beauty Baby Contest", Box 7055 G.P.O. Sydney, to arrive not later than Friday, 25th. March.
- Entries will be judged on accuracy, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.
- Main prizewinners will be announced on "Give It A Go", April 18th, and "You're on Clover", April 22nd. All prizewinners will be notified by mail.

* Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of the State.



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

- ☐ PAT GREGORY
☐ BETTINA WELCH
☐ MARGO LEE
☐ DAWN READ
☐ BABS MacKINNON
☐ PAT WOODLEY

On a separate sheet of paper and in not more than 25 words complete the sentence "I like Pears Soap because . . ."

Use of this coupon is optional

MARGO LEE
Star of Stage & Radio

FOR TEENAGERS

KAY MELAUN
SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

● The essence of good manners is not talking in a "refained" voice or holding a cup with the little finger stuck out. Good manners is basically consideration for other people.

THE finer points need a bit of knowledge, but when you're staying as a guest in a house you won't go far wrong if you observe the basic of consideration.

These points have been raised by a teenager who asks:

1. When visiting either a close friend or a relative, is it considered correct to answer the door if the members of the family are otherwise occupied?

2. Should one take the liberty of switching on the radio or radiogram?

3. As I'm left-handed, I sometimes find it rather difficult to use the knife, forks, and spoons in the correct hands, i.e., knives and spoons right hand, forks left hand. Is this considered incorrect?

THE album notes to the LP numbered LAT.8032 read, in part, "A few years ago Gordon Jenkins created a national sensation with 'Manhattan Tower.' 'Seven Dreams' fulfils the promise of 'Manhattan Tower.'"

Well, I was one of those who snapped off the broadcast of "Manhattan Tower," so I can't say whether the new recording is an improvement. I can say, though, that it is sure to be extremely popular. Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra and a skilled cast of singers and actors re-create dreams



NEXT WET SATURDAY

- Get a friend (boy or girl) and go for a bus ride to a suburb you've never visited and almost never heard of.
- Turn in for a few hours at the local art gallery or public library.
- Make a batch of toffee and ask some of the gang over. (Promise that if they like they can eat it hot.)
- Button up and go out window shopping or just for a walk.

4. If one is stopping away from home for a brief period (four to eight days), would it be correct to suggest an outing, or should this be left to the host and/or hostess?

5. When drinking a milk shake (straw provided), should one drain the container down to the dregs or leave some of the mixture, or dispose of the

straw and just drink the remainder?

6. When being introduced to a boy, should a girl offer her hand?

Lyndall, Sydney.

1. Say something like, "There's someone at the door, would you like me to answer it?" One of the family will say, "Oh, no, it's all right,

seemed on one 10-inch micro groove, LB6044. Marie Jeanne Kreitz is the pianist, with the Belgian National Radio Orchestra.

PIANO of a different sort may be had on CFR10-495, an LP called "The Starlit Hour." It's played by Bill Snyder, who is also a composer and bandleader. Bill plays in cocktail style, with subtle instrumental accompaniment, eight tunes on a theme, such as "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Count Every Star," and "Star Eyes." —BERNARD FLETCHER.

DISC DIGEST

such as the one when you want to run but can't, the dream of flying, and, of course, some very romantic and sentimental episodes, each interrupted by the strident clang of an alarm clock.

ANY takers for Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodies," Nos. 1 and 2? I have a feeling I've heard them both 50 times too often, but if you like these brilliant showpieces you'll find them both splendidly pre-

thanks, I'll go," or "Oh, yes, would you, please?" Then you can act accordingly.

2. Ask for permission. Your hostess will probably tell you to turn it on whenever you want to. If you've got permission to do this, make sure that it's a session she likes. I mean, if you're a cricket fan, and she hates the game, don't listen in all afternoon.

3. You're in a bit of a quandary here. People will comment on your using your knife and spoon in your left hand, because it does look odd. But if this is the natural way for you, use it. They would rather see you use them skilfully in the "wrong" hands than struggle with them in the "right" hands.

But on this whole question generally, why not practise eating at home the way other people eat? Make it one of your targets for 1955. It'll be hard at first, but you'll become skilful with practice.

Otherwise, for the rest of your life you'll have to put up with people exclaiming at your left-handed action.

4. It's the usual thing to suggest an outing to your hostess.

5. This is whatever you like so long as you manage without noise. But don't leave any. Leaving it is foolish waste—a hangover from the days when there was more food in the world and it was thought "the thing" to leave a little on your plate.

6. This is entirely up to the lady. If you feel like offering your hand, do so. If you're being introduced to an older woman, it's up to her to offer her hand.

She's a race caller

● With more than 30 race commentaries to her credit, Patricia Moloney, of Wagga, N.S.W., is never nervous nowadays when she faces the mike.



PATRICIA MOLONEY

AGED 16, petite and curly-haired, with a high piping voice, and a lifelong knowledge of horses, Pat volunteered for the job in 1953 when there was no one else to describe the pacing at the local show.

"I was awfully nervous," Pat said. "I said I'd do it, thinking I knew everything. But when it came to start talking over the microphone for the first time, I felt dreadful."

Pat can recognise local racing colors at a glance.

Her father, Ernie Moloney,

a well-known breeder of pacers, owns Dallscott, and Pat is familiar with the "form" of all pacers in the Wagga district. She has ridden her pony to win 40 "first" ribbons in six years.

This year Pat is taking a secretarial course at Wagga Technical College, but will continue with her commenting on the side.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie makes crisp crunchy biscuits to take on picnics over the week-end.

CORNFLAKE CRISPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, cornflakes.

1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar.
2. Add well-beaten egg, mix well.
3. Add sultanas, then work in sifted flour and cinnamon.
4. Shape mixture into balls the size of a walnut; roll in cornflakes.
5. Place on greased trays.
6. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes until crisp and golden-brown.
7. Allow to cool on trays.
8. Store in airtight tins or jars.

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS
YOUR BREATH

while it CLEANS
YOUR TEETH



Your very first brushing with Colgate's each morning removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath! Yes, scientific tests prove that Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!



Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

GET THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE
AND SAVE 1/5



and stops
tooth decay **BEST!**

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually feel how smooth and clean they are. Your teeth are whiter . . . brighter . . . and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes. That's why Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream.

ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES ENZYMES THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY



"Bessie would never forgive me if I didn't bring you home. It isn't every day she can show off for an old boy-friend."



"Oh, please, would you mind getting up? You're sitting on my little boy's pet frog."

It seems to me

THE manner of Malenkov's resignation is another example of the baffling differences between the Russians and Westerners.

His abject speech saying, in effect, "I have made a muddle of everything and am no good at my job," was read for him. Very likely it was composed by his dethroners, but it follows a pattern the rest of the world has come to expect in Russia.

The object appears to be loss of face, in the Oriental manner, or, more accurately, removal of face.

Western countries are used to resignations "because of ill-health" or "promotions" to lesser jobs. The central figure in such cases is under no illusions. Neither is anyone else.

It is only a glossing of truth by tact, perhaps, but it is one of the pleasanter aspects of civilisation.

By



Dorothy Drann

THE weather men have been taking a battering in New South Wales recently, owing to making one or two notable errors in Sunday forecasts.

Errors during the week pass with comparatively little notice, but there is always a howl if the week-end predictions are astray.

I have an idea that I put in a kind word for meteorologists some time ago, but it doesn't hurt to do it again. They need it, goodness knows.

My contention is simply this: that the forecasts are often right.

Besides, I always feel sympathetic when I think what life must be like in a weather prophet's home, punctuated with tense admonitions like this:

"For goodness' sake, be quiet, children. Can't you see it's a lovely day? You know your father will be cross this morning."

TURNING with relief to something lighter — I went along the other night to the Frankie Laine show, which includes a remarkably good comedian, Leo de Lyon.

Mr. de Lyon is an example of the fact that you can always earn a living if you do something odd enough, and do it superbly well.

He can whistle and hum a tune at the same time, a remarkable feat. His piece de resistance is to whistle "Humoresque" and hum "Swanee River" at the same time (or maybe it's the other way round—I was too spellbound to remember).

In the middle of this last trick the audience began to applaud. He held up his hand and said, "Lemme finish this. I'm going to finish it if it costs me three nervous breakdowns."

From now on I think a few mothers may have nervous breakdowns, because the efforts of small boys to acquire this accomplishment will probably make the home sheer hell.

A SWAN in England is causing an immense furore, because it has never learned to fly.

Named Suzie, she was one of a family of seven. The others all flew, but not Suzie. Parents and brothers and sisters all try to teach her, but she stays anchored in the water.

An inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says that there's nothing wrong with her, but that perhaps the others were unkind to her when she was a baby.

Nonsense.

I once had 16 lessons in skating. At the 15th lesson I bought a skating skirt. At the 16th I suddenly realised that it was no good. Infants and octogenarians were flying round the ice, but it suddenly hit me like a hammer that without the instructor's hand under my elbow I was lost.

Like poor Suzie, I just lacked confidence.

WHAT sounds, at first hearing, a wonderful idea is being tried out in Britain.

Penny-in-the-slot electric fires are being installed at two railway stations' waiting-rooms, and if they're a success they will replace coal fires on all stations. A penny will produce half-an-hour's warmth.

The British are such an orderly people, given to queues and politeness, that there may be no trouble. However, I can imagine what might happen here—"Hey, who paid for this fire, you?" Or, "My little boy had his penny ready, and he's morally entitled to a front place, madam."

A travelled friend of mine thinks the English will get round to the same ill-feeling, but that the penny-providers will work more subtly. They will simply freeze off the others.

HOLLYWOOD actress Rita Gam told a reporter recently that she and her husband are trying to work out their matrimonial troubles by living apart. "I'm trying awfully hard to be adult," said Rita, "but we have been separated so much."

The awkward thing about marriage
Is having to share your house
For breakfast and luncheon and dinner
With whoever's your chosen spouse.

I once knew a lady divorcee
Who was frequently given to boast
That the reason she fled from her husband
Was the way that he chewed his toast.

It is said, though it's open to question,
That absence makes fonder the heart,
But it's true that people who quarrel
Fight less when they're living apart.

Be modern, be adult, be different!
Stay away from the one you adore,
And pay no attention to carpers
Who ask you what marriage is for.

the pantie . . . your legs can't feel!

Gossard

Line of beauty

Styled in
U.S.A.



Pantie fan or not, this vastly different new GOSSARD is for you! It combines three kinds of elastic to give complete leg freedom with fine figure control. Of nylon tissue net, satin elastic front panel, and lacy elastic finish at the legs. S-M-L white.

810

69/9 ea.

and the girdle
your legs can't
feel: with soft
wide lacy band
the cut of garment
gives complete
leg freedom and
fine figure control.

S-M-L White.

58/6 ea.

710

Gossard

- panelled so it smooths your tummy — unbelievably!
- seated low so it holds you in — beautifully!
- curved and lacy so it never, never binds your legs!

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

honestly delivered, but hiding an inner truth suddenly revealed when Emily learned about Geraldine, the daughter of the neighboring family in Sussex, whom Burt loved.

"Seventy-first Street, you know, near . . ." Douglas was saying. "Hey! You aren't listening!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Emily said, coming back to the present.

"I was saying," Douglas said patiently, "that if we looked at the plans of the new apartment building going up on Seventy-first Street we might get one of the less expensive apartments."

Emily looked at him, knowing that it didn't matter about Federico or Burt, or anyone else. For a moment her love for Douglas and his love for her was almost visible between them, stated there in its own terms—his strength, and her need of that strength.

"Let's not finish our dinner," she said impulsively, smiling at him, holding happiness behind her like a flood. "Let's walk and talk about our plans."

Continuing . . . Golden Victory

from page 35

Douglas put his fork down at once. He called the waiter and paid the bill, and they left the restaurant and began to walk east, towards the river. They knew of a small park there, with only two or three benches inside its railing, and somehow this had come to seem their own.

"I don't know how to do anything, you know," Emily said as they walked.

"Is that what you meant about being a poor risk?"

"Well, yes," Emily said.

"I get my vacation in August," Douglas said, in the brisk tone of a man of affairs. "That gives you four months. You can learn a lot in four months."

"I can?" Emily asked.

"You can enrol in a good cooking school," Douglas said.

"And you can make a list of the dishes you like, and I can learn to make them."

"Like tapioca pudding?"

"Ugh."

"And corned-beef hash."

"Horrors."

They had reached their little park now, and they went inside and walked to the far railing, hand in hand.

"Douglas," Emily said,

"Yes, Miss Jones," Douglas said, for they had preserved their little game, as ludicrous and pathetic as any lovers' game ever was.

"That's just it," Emily said.

"That was what I wanted to say. I'm not Miss Jones. I'm Emily Bolton."

"I know," Douglas said, and for another girl, less involved in her own thoughts, his tone might have been a warning. "I know that very well. Every moment of the day."

"But if I were Miss Jones . . . if I weren't Emily Bolton . . . would you have asked me to marry you anyway?"

Emily could not see it, but in the darkness the knuckles of Douglas' hand whitened as he grasped the iron railing of the park. "I asked you to marry me," he said. "I don't know what I can add to that."

"That you love me," Emily said.

"You could tell me that you love me for myself. I must know that."

"Would I have asked you to marry me if I didn't love you?" Douglas asked. "Do I look like that kind of a man?" And now the coldness of his tone was made more chilling by the bitterness which entered into it.

"Oh, I want to believe that!" Emily said. She turned to him, and when he turned towards her she took the lapels of his jacket as if to bridge all distance between them. "Tell me, Douglas," she said. "Tell me that you love me for myself."

Douglas stepped away from her. He had not reached up to touch her, and she saw with shock that his face was set in fury. "I can scarcely ask you just to take my word for that," he said. "There aren't any witnesses, and I haven't any Bible to lay my hand on."

"Oh, Douglas, please," Emily said, tears springing to her eyes, seeing too late the blow she had dealt his pride. "Please—I didn't mean it that way."

"How did you mean it?" he asked.

"But don't you see?" Emily pleaded. "I have to be sure!"

"I don't know why," Douglas said, biting off his words. "I'm a very good buy at any price. I've got all my teeth. I'm young and strong. Here—feel my muscles."

"Oh, please, Douglas, don't!" Emily said despairingly.

"You can always divorce me if I don't give satisfaction," he went on relentlessly. "Why be so beastly tragic about it? How about a thirty-day, money-back guarantee?"

And then Emily summoned what strength remained to her, and fled from the park.

It was on the following day that Emily had gone to Briarcliff, and on the day after that the summons came for Douglas, from the Plaza Hotel.

"I'm afraid it's quite hopeless, Mrs. Lancing," he said stiffly into the telephone.

"Your granddaughter and I were unable to agree on satisfactory terms."

"I am not amused by your rudeness, Mr. MacIver," Mrs. Lancing said. "And if you do not come to me, I shall come to you. My car is downstairs."

"I'll come," Douglas said.

"I shall insist upon manners," Mrs. Lancing said.

"I don't know if I can promise that," Douglas said. "I never knew how little distance lies between being a fortune hunter and a boor."

"Well, come as a boor," Mrs. Lancing said. "But a polite boor." And Douglas heard the surprising sound of her laughter, and he laughed, too.

But he was very solemn when he arrived at her suite in the Plaza, late that afternoon. He was shown into her sitting-room, where the windows looked down on the park, on the plaza, where Victory walked with General Sherman, holding the golden palm.

Mrs. Lancing did not rise. He stood in front of her, and for a moment there were no manners at all between them. They measured each other, meeting challenge for challenge, and then she stood and offered her hand. "I had you looked up," she said. "I know your grandmother well on the Loring side. We were children together at Bar Harbor. You have good blood, Mr. MacIver. What do we do now?"

Douglas did not answer at once. "I remember what my father used to say," he said at last. "He said you could eat only one meal at a time, and live in one house at a time, and wear one suit at a time."

"Did you say that to Emily?" Mrs. Lancing asked.

Douglas stood at the window looking down at the golden Victory, impersonal and remote. "No," he said. "A man can't sell himself to a girl like he can sell precision tools."

"Some men can," Mrs. Lancing said. "If you could, I wouldn't be here. Either it wouldn't be necessary or it wouldn't matter what I said." She paused. "Emily came to me last night," she went on, in a different tone, matter-of-fact. "She asked me to cut her off without a penny. Would you want me to do that?"

"I made a fool of myself the night before," Douglas said. "I said terrible things to her. I don't think it could matter what I wanted."

"Look at me, please," Mrs. MacIver, Mrs. Lancing said.

He turned to her, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets, and in the failing afternoon light she could see for a moment the dark smudge of fatigue under his young eyes.

"If I cut her off," Mrs. Lancing said, her voice softened by the compassion which only the old can feel for the very young, "the money will still be there, always between you. It would be you she gave it up for, and that would be a very hard thing for you to live with. Do you love her enough to be responsible for that? Do you love her very much?"

"Yes," he said wretchedly, "I love her very much."

Mrs. Lancing breathed deeply—a sound like a sigh of content. "You may come in now, Emily," she said.

Douglas whirled about. The door into the next room opened, and there was Emily, pale and chastened, her eyes fixed on Douglas. He was beside her in a moment.

Mrs. Lancing spoke from her chair. "I apologise for this charade, Mr. MacIver," she said. "Sometimes it seems necessary to behave disgracefully. And now, Emily, you will listen to what I have to say."

"Money," Mrs. Lancing began, in a formal tone, as if about to deliver a lecture which she had rehearsed, "is not a shameful possession. Sometimes it can do great harm, and from your fear of that, Emily, you have asked me to leave it—this money, this terrible thing—to something you call charity."

Mrs. Lancing drew herself up in her chair, and her old eyes blazed. "Do you think it lies in great stacks of bills in a vault, child? The Lancing money is in ships and railroads, and in mills and mines. Should this capital be withdrawn, and given away, and men thrown out of work, so that your own small destiny might not be disturbed by its responsibilities?"

"Go to that desk, Emily," she said, "and look at the

folder which I brought for you to see."

Emily moved to the desk as she was told, and sat down on the chair there and looked at the open file folder with its papers spread out.

"That is the budget for the new Children's Hospital," Mrs. Lancing said. "It is only one of dozens of such folders which occupy my time. Don't you know of the hospitals your grandfather endowed, the university grants, the research projects, the studies in medicine and science? What is this 'charity' you speak of?"

Mrs. Lancing stood, heavily, wearily. "Yes, you have money," she said. "You have money like a millstone around your neck. It destroyed your mother, and it can destroy you, too, if you do not understand the responsibilities it entails. Your mother never found a man to help her, but I pray that if such a man comes to you, you will have sense enough to see him for what he is."

Mrs. Lancing walked to the door of the other room, but

before she left them alone she said, "I will leave you to make your decision."

Emily sat at the desk, and Douglas stood at the window, and neither of them moved after she had left them.

Finally Douglas could hear the dry sounds of papers being gathered together, and when Emily pushed back her chair and stood up, he turned to face her. Across the darkening room he could not see the expression on her face clearly, but when she spoke her voice was clear and calm.

"I love you, Douglas," she said, holding the folder in front of her. "Please help me to do what is right."

He was with her in a moment, holding her close, kissing her mouth, her eyes, her hair. The folder slipped from her hands and fell to the floor.

In a moment they parted. Wordlessly they got down on their knees, and together they gathered the papers, the realities which were not to be lost.

(Copyright)

The exciting, entirely NEW and different cosmetic hair lightener

by Richard Hudnut

Light and Bright

NOT A DYE . . . NOT A RINSE

"Light and Bright" is a revolutionary, new, single solution . . . no mixing, timing, shampooing . . . lightens gradually a little or a lot, just as you wish, depending on the number of times you use it. Safe—contains no ammonia! Gives your hair youthful, shining, silken brightness and natural-looking, lovely colour that won't wash out.



BLONDES, BROWNETTES, REDHEADS

see lighter, brighter, naturally-becoming hair shades after only 2 applications of "Light and Bright."



DRAMATIC LIGHT STREAKS

are easy to do with "Light and Bright." Exclusive conditioning agent brings new lustre and life to dull, mousey hair.



12/6 at all chemists and selected department stores

NOTHING TO MIX OR FIX

"it's simpler than setting your hair"



1 RA. 107



The Countess de la Falaise. The Countess, who has a radiantly lovely complexion, is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. "I love the texture, the fragrance—but most of all the good it does for my skin."

You can make an amazing change in your skin—this very week!

Many women don't realise that the cause of most complexion problems is hidden dirt—dirt that works its way into pore-openings—and hardens, making your pores look large, your skin look muddy.

Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the deeper dirt that less efficient cleansings skim over. Its unique oil-and-moisture formula quickly softens and floats out this hardened, embedded dirt—leaves your skin flawlessly clean—looking clearer in colour, finer in texture.

1. Every night—briskly circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream up from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing frees embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off.

2. Now—"rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of Pond's for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

See a fascinating change come over your skin! Go today to your favourite cosmetics counter and get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Also available in handy tubes. PC44

girl made him think of the willows back home along the creek, tall, fluid, slim, and graceful. Howard felt pleased. This wasn't going to be a hard chore at all.

Polite conversation lasted them until they went to the dining-car on the train for dinner. Howard, settling Linda into a chair, patted her shoulder.

"Never saw such beautiful shoulders," he said. "Most women go downhill like a pear, you know."

Linda looked surprised. It was an odd compliment, but, then, Howard Summerfield was different from other executives she had known. He was younger, of course, but the main difference was that he seemed relaxed. He wore tweeds instead of conservative Oxford grey, his hair was unruly, his eyes conveyed a warm, cheery feeling. The whole experience of christening a ship was going to be wonderful and exciting and—well, yes, fun.

"Listen," she burst out suddenly, "is it true about the diamonds? That they give the person who christens the ship a wrist-watch or something?"

"That's right," Howard said, feeling disappointment. Women were all the same, crazy over things like diamonds. "Yes," he said. "It's the custom—orchids, champagne, diamonds, pictures in the papers. Tell me, do you play much golf?"

"A little," Linda said vaguely. "Will I have to make a speech?"

"Few words at lunch; nothing to it. Eh—play a lot of tennis?" "Some," she said. "I'm so excited you would think it would take away my appetite, but it doesn't. I'm starved."

Howard handed her a menu. "Strong, healthy girl," he approved, and smiled at her. This was going to be a cinch. This girl was uncomplicated and casual, like all good athletes. "Bet you were a wow at basketball as a kid," he said placidly.

"Hm?" Linda looked up from the menu and then laughed. "Heavens, no," she said. "I never managed to get the ball once in the net. As for golf—you asked about my golf—well, I dislocated my shoulder once trying to drive off the first tee. . . . What's the matter? Are you sick?"

She stopped, to stare at Howard, whose face had turned red and was now fading into a pale twilight-green. He clutched his hair and made peculiar noises.

"Shoulders," he gulped; "where did you get shoulders like that?"

"Oh, swimming, probably." Linda smiled. "You see, they told me at college that I ought to stick to swimming and riding. Even in tennis, big as a tennis racket is, I only hit a ball through pure luck. The gym department studied my case and said I apparently lacked co-ordination between my hands and my eyes. Funny, isn't it?"

Howard didn't laugh. "I'm so smart!" he moaned. "I don't understand," Linda said.

Howard told her, keeping the words simple. "So you see," he finished hopelessly, "I'm really on a spot. I just assumed that you were a golfer or a tennis player because you had such wonderful shoulders."

"Lots of women have square shoulders," Linda said scornfully. "Don't you ever look at women?" She watched Howard close his eyes and shudder. "But, anyhow, a ship is pretty big, isn't it?" she asked. "I mean, not like a—well, a golf ball. How could I miss if I pay attention?"

Howard shook his head. "It's moving," he said sadly. "It's big, all right, but it's moving, and it's going away from you fast. Also, the part you aim at—the bow—comes to a sharp point, see? No nice broadside, just a sharp edge. What'll I do?" He dropped his head into his hands.

Linda looked at him compassionately. Suddenly she was brisk. She put a hand on his arm. "Listen; we'll practice. We have two whole days. Can't you rig up something that I can practise hitting with empty bottles? I could learn."

Howard came out from behind his hands toying with

hope. "You want to?" he asked.

"Of course," Linda said. "I don't want you to lose your job, and I certainly don't want to make a fool of myself. Not to mention Daddy."

"Yes," Howard's voice was hollow and haunted. "Yes—Daddy."

Thursday morning Howard picked Linda up at the hotel and drove out to the Country Club. He was fairly cheerful.

"I've arranged to use the squash courts," he explained. "Borrowed you some play clothes. Wait till you see the ship model I made. I stayed up all night and put it together out of heavy cardboard and lath. Got a carton of empty bottles in back." He slid a smile at her. "You are a good sport, Linda."

Howard broke off quickly from that part of the description, the tension, the strain of waiting. He must not scare Linda so early in the game. "So, when George says 'one,' that's it," he went on calmly. "You're ready and waiting, and



Linda smiled back.

"Now I'll explain," he told Linda, who cocked her head and carefully paid attention. "This is the nose of the ship—see?—and the platform is built right around it. The tide will be high at nine-thirty Saturday morning, so the men will be working early, knocking out the blocks that hold her."

"It's all perfectly timed, down to the last second. Finally, a siren gives a warning that everything is ready, and there is only one block left holding her. George Proctor gets on the phone from the launching

platform down to the engineer and the workers.

"Now, then, when that final block is knocked out, you have thirty seconds before the ship begins to move. The man down below commences to count over the phone to George, and he counts backward from thirty to one. Don't ask me why—that's what he does. The man says thirty to George, and George repeats, slow and steady. Boy, it can get you!"

Howard broke off quickly from that part of the description, the tension, the strain of waiting. He must not scare Linda so early in the game.

"So, when George says 'one,' that's it," he went on calmly. "You're ready and waiting, and

cardboard model after handing Linda an empty ginger-ale bottle. Then he stood directly in front of her. "Now," he said, "I'm going to count backward. You get yourself ready, find an easy stance, and when I say 'one' I will start backing away from you, and you swing." "Suppose I break the thing?" Linda said uneasily. "Break the model, I mean?"

"I'd be more than pleased if you did," Howard said.

Then he began to count, drawing it out, droning the numbers the way George always did. He could feel the creepy feeling up under his hair that came with the tension when a ship was being launched, and Linda felt it, too. Her face was pale, her mouth tense.

Finally Howard shouted, "One!"

Linda swung, all right—how she swung! But Howard saw it in time and did a fast two-step to the right. The bottle zipped past the end of his nose. "Hey!" he yelled. "Not my head."

"Oh, gosh!" Linda wailed. "I wasn't aiming at your head. You see?"

So they practised. Howard gave up counting from thirty and started with ten each time. He became very agile at avoiding Linda's wild swings. They stopped at noon for a sandwich, went back to it all afternoon.

Howard had to admire Linda's spirit, her determination. Damp curls hung over her eyes, her lipstick was long since chewed off, and her nose was shiny, but she wouldn't give up. By four she was grazing the model three out of six times. She was tense and anxious and wanted to do better, tried too hard and missed by a mile.

And somewhere inside her a fuse blew. Linda whirled suddenly and hurled the bottle against a brick wall; snatched another empty bottle and smashed that before Howard could get to her.

"Here, now!" He caught her arm. "Take it easy."

She glared at him, her face

dead white, her eyes burning with fury. Slowly she relaxed as he held her arm, the fire died to embers in her eyes, and she hung her head.

"I'm sorry, Howard," she murmured. "I have the most ghastly temper. Usually I can control it, but once in a while when I get mad at myself I have to smash something."

"Forget it. You're tired."

Howard patted her arm.

"I am tired," Linda said, "and discouraged."

"Don't give up now. You're doing much better. You can do it. We'll spend a couple of hours at it tomorrow, and then in the afternoon I'll take you to the ship so everything will be familiar."

"All right, Howard. You're awfully nice. You ought to hate me."

"Hate you?" Howard stared at her. "You're crazy. I think you're wonderful."

When Linda met Howard in the lobby the next morning, he was immediately concerned by the tortured look on her face. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's awful. Both shoulders are permanently crippled, I think," Linda moaned.

Howard couldn't help it; he started to laugh. "The great athlete!" he howled. "Don't look so tragic. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll take the day off and go on a picnic down to the beach. I know a good spot. We can take sandwiches and coffee and have a fine time, my girl. So buck up and smile."

The weather was fine as they drove out of the city, and they sang as they drove. It was wonderful how it revived them. They parked the car, ate their sandwiches, and compared notes on backgrounds and education, hopes and dreams. It was curious and exciting, the interests they shared. They each wanted to get out-of-city flats and have a small farm some day.

Finally they got out of the car and walked along the beach, arguing about their favorite composers, going on to food, weather, colors, and people.

Howard suddenly stopped and stared at Linda. It almost sounded as if they were planning something, this girl and

To page 40



DANGER!

Flies carry disease . . .

Flies leave dirt and germs wherever they go. That is why Health Authorities have issued the warning that

flies should be killed as soon as they appear.

Unless you do this, a fly-polluted rattle, toy or spoon may reach your baby's mouth. Your children may eat from plates that have been contaminated by flies. Don't take these alarming risks. Keep your Mortein spray handy and use it every time flies invade your home. Mortein kills flies before they have the slightest chance to do their loathsome work. Mortein is the most wonderful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Safeguard the health of your family with Mortein.



Insist on Mortein and get SURE protection against disease-carrying flies

he. Howard mentally pulled himself together. Forcibly he reminded himself that all that women cause is trouble.

"A crisis does funny things," Linda murmured. "You could call what we're in a sort of minor crisis, couldn't you?"

Howard was surprised to find he had not thought for hours of the ship launching.

"It turns a bright light on everything," she said. "It makes everything and everyone stand out sharp." Suddenly she reached blindly for his hand. "Howard, I'm scared!"

"Silly!" he said, and put his arm around her comfortingly. "Nothing to be scared of," he whispered. "We're making too much of it. Other things are more important."

A drowning sensation swept over Howard, and then he kissed her.

When they drew shakily apart, Linda smiled a little. "Yes," she said. "Other things are more important. Like this. I never felt like this before—sort of blown about, at the mercy of something bigger and stronger than I am."

Howard nodded. He was feeling considerably lighter than air himself. "So beautiful," he said, touching her hair, her face.

Coming darkness reminded them of the time. It was Friday night. J.Z. and all the guests would be arriving for the pre-launching party. They had to rush back.

They met again at dinner in the private dining-room; the place was crowded, but they scarcely noticed the other people. Across the table they were able to share soft, dazzled smiles, and they drifted through the evening deaf to the noise, to the whispers about doomed ships, to talk of tomorrow.

J.Z., of course, adored Linda. She was an only child and cause for pride. The next day was going to be one of the biggest in his life, so he checked on Linda's state of mind.

He had to ask her four times before she heard him and said vaguely that she was fine. He stared at her bemused face, the strange smile that came and went like a shadow, and then

he turned and moved through the crowd to Howard.

"Everything all right?" he snapped.

A spasm crossed Howard's face. There was something he ought to be worrying about. "Eh—what?" he asked.

"Young man!" J.Z.'s voice boomed, and Howard jumped, recognising the crack of the whip. "Is Linda all right?" J.Z. thundered. "I ask you—is she all right? She acts as if she's in a trance, mooning around, deaf, blind."

"Oh!" Howard looked cautiously at the stern, cold face. "Yes, she's all right." He paused, trying to get control of the turmoil of his thoughts.

"I'm in love," he thought. "I'm in love with old Ramrod's daughter, and I haven't a chance in the world because by tomorrow this time I will be finished, washed up, out of a job."

J.Z. was waiting. "Everything is fine," Howard said with pretended heartiness. "Linda is just—well, she's concentrating, you see," he explained, and turned away abruptly to go and find her.

She was concentrating, all right, he saw, but not on any ship launching. She was moving in the same sweet dream from which he had just been dynamited.

Howard was suddenly so scared his knees trembled. Linda would never see the ship now; Linda wouldn't hear the signal tomorrow; Linda had as much chance to smash the bottle of champagne on the bow of that ship as a butterfly.

In a panic he said good-night to her and walked out; out of the hotel and off into the night, up one street, down another.

"I'll have to think of something," he said over and over to himself. "If I'm any good at all I'll think of something."

Only a few hours now—not enough time, not half enough time to make a plan.

But he did devise a plan. When he returned to his room there was some mail for him, an airmail letter from his

mother. He held it in his hands, and the idea came. It would mean telling an awful lie, but it would wake Linda better than a slap in the face. And it would make her just as mad.

Howard had suddenly a beautiful vision of Linda smashing the empty bottle against the wall the day before; having to smash it because she was so furious with herself. It would be risky, it would take terrific timing, but there was a chance. And then afterward, somehow, he would explain.

Howard was frantically busy the next morning, arranging the procession of black limousines, talking to the motor-cycle escort, marshalling the party. The thing to do was get everyone organised, and then, just as Linda was ready to step into the first car with her father...

She looked so beautiful his courage almost failed. Tall and slim in a black suit, a ridiculous froth of a white hat, and a smile like the rising sun for him.

Howard clutched his mother's letter and assumed a fatuous, pleased expression. "Hallo," he said, keeping his voice friendly—brotherly, he hoped. "All set?"

Linda, standing by the door of the first limousine, cocked her head. She had heard a false note, something that did not match the warm harmony of yesterday. Howard seemed suddenly far away, and he was clutching a letter. "What's that?" she asked.

"Oh—this?" he said with faked nonchalance. "I didn't realise I was still carrying it. Came this morning. Am I a lucky chap! I'm really going to celebrate."

Howard saw J.Z. approaching solemnly and heavily. He'd have to hurry. "From my girl," he told Linda. "I asked her to marry me a week ago, and finally she's said yes."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that J.Z. had stopped to confer with George Proctor. In front of him Linda stood staring, going pale with shock.

Howard took a deep breath. "I'll never be able to thank

you for the way you helped me to pass the time of waiting."

He kept his voice light and gay. "You're a dear girl, Linda. I've never had a sister"—his voice trembled—"but I'll always remember you as one."

Linda's chin jerked up then and her eyes caught fire. Timing, Howard thought wildly. How to control that fire, how to keep it burning until the right minute.

"Here," he said quickly, "in with you. Here's your father. We're off." He lifted his hand in signal, jumped into the second car, and the sirens began their wailing.

The drive seemed endless, but finally the shipyard came in view. Howard was out of his car before it stopped moving, opening the door of the first car for Linda, helping her out.

"Always used to feel as if I was in a funeral procession before on these trips," he bubbled at her cold, closed face. "But, believe me, today I feel like a triumphant parade. If only Marigold were here—"

Her eyes blazed, burned hot with fury. But not yet, Howard prayed. Don't blow a fuse yet, darling. "Everyone is watching you," he told her. "You look very nice."

That got through. Linda would hate to make a fool of herself in front of so many people. She swept by him, following her father, heading for the stairs that led up to the launching platform, where flags blew in the wind.

It was a big ship, incongruously stranded there on dry land, the sharp angle of its bow fitting into the platform and soaring up and away. It was not alive, but Howard knew how it could stir, how suddenly it could wake and move, sweeping down the ways to the blue water.

George, who was already on the phone connecting the platform with the men working down below, nodded at him.

They were ready; only the last block had to be removed. "Don't wait too long," George said nervously.

The platform was crowded. Howard motioned the newspaper photographers back. "Later," he told them. "More pictures later. We have to get on with it. The tide, you know—"

He was babbling, he realised, but he didn't care. He picked up the bottle of champagne, wrapped in bright ribbons, with a cluster of red, white, and blue ribbons caught at the neck of the bottle. He said a small prayer.

Linda was staring straight ahead of her at the ship, but not seeing it. He marched forward. "Here you are," he said as he gave her the bottle.

"Remember what we practised," he said slowly, enunciating carefully, counting on her subconscious to hear and act. "There's the warning siren. Now George is going to signal to take out the last block, and in a moment he will begin counting. And afterward we'll celebrate," he said, and saw the fire flare in her eyes.

Quickly his hands were on her shoulders, turning her towards the ship. Silence came then.

Into the stillness George's voice began to drone. "Thirty," he said, "twenty-nine—"

Slowly, inevitably, his voice droned the seconds. Around Howard tension built up, but inside him was an awful calm. "This is it," he thought. "And, Linda, darling, I love you so."

"Smack her one for me—sis," he whispered in her ear, and saw her hands clutch, her beautiful shoulders stiffen.

"One!" George yelled, his voice a pistol shot through the silence, and Linda was released. Her arms moved just as the ship began to move. Into that swing went all the fury of rejected love. The champagne bottle exploded against the ship, and a roar went up.

Howard stepped forward one

step, put his arm around Linda, and together they watched the ship sliding majestically down the ways.

Linda stood straight within Howard's arm, staring wide-eyed at her ship. Her hands were clasped tightly together and tears streamed down her face.

Then the crowd of guests broke apart, rushed at her to congratulate her. J.Z.'s face looked proud and happy, and strangely soft for Old Ramrod. He took time to shake Howard's hand and tell him he had done a fine job. Someone thrust a huge spray of crimson roses into Linda's arms.

Howard, thrust into the background, remembered to keep things moving, do his job. Once he came face to face with the "Daily Times" reporter, and enjoyed the disappointed look he wore. Finally there was a lull around Linda, and Howard wormed through the crowd to stand in front of her.

Her smile diminished, but she was no longer angry. Her face showed no pleasure in her triumph. She shook her head at Howard. "Please go away," she whispered. "I—I hate you."

Howard's face twisted. "Darling," he said anxiously, "listen to me, darling. I had to do it. Here, read the letter; look at it. Linda, it's from my mother. There isn't any other girl but you; never was. But, darling, I had to make you mad enough to do it right."

From a long way off Linda looked at him, listened. "I don't know," she said miserably. "You said—Who is Marigold?"

"Oh, she's my cocker spaniel—first name that came into my head besides yours. Believe me, I died a hundred times."

He had hold of her arm now, was shaking her gently to make her understand. "Don't you see? How could I ask J.Z. to let you marry me if we failed? And we were in a dream—we might have failed."

"But we didn't," Linda said, understanding coming into her eyes, turning them soft and velvety. "Oh, Howard!" she said. "Oh, darling!"

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . Launch that Dreamboat

[from page 39]



PANCAKE RECIPE

1 cup milk
1 egg
1 dessertspoon melted butter
1 level dessertspoon sugar
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolk and melted butter into milk. Add salt and sugar. Blend into flour, whisking until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. NOTE 1. Batter is better for standing, so make any time convenient during day. 2. Melted butter gives extra tenderness. 3. Adding egg whites separately gives extra fluffiness. Frying. Grease pan very lightly between each pouring of batter. Lift pan occasionally so that it does not get overhot.

★ For a special filling for cakes or cream puffs, whip a spoonful of thick jam into the fresh or mock cream.



Quick sweet for to-night JAM Pancakes

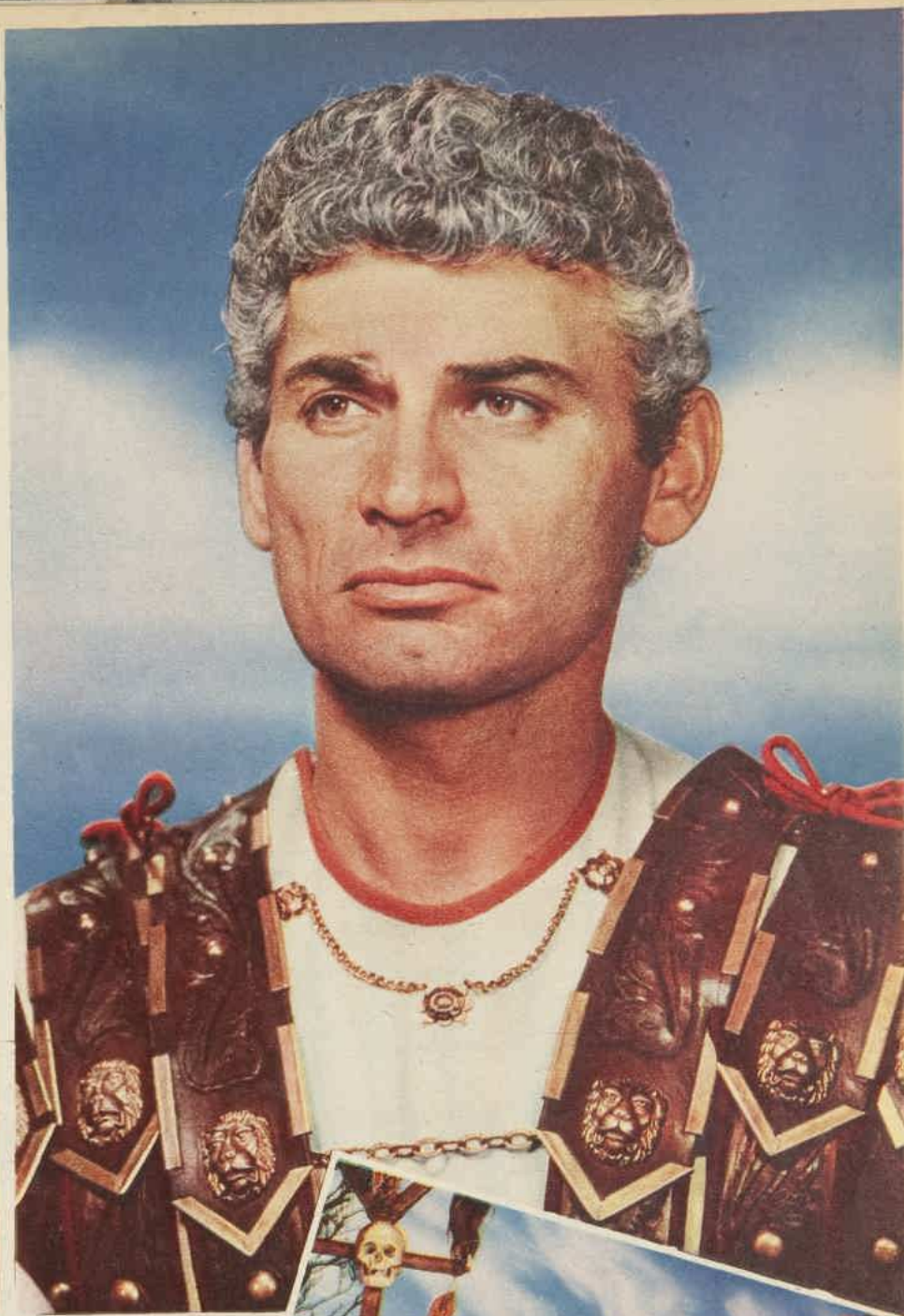
Serve your next pancakes Swedish style. Instead of rolling the pancakes in the usual way, stack them one on top of the other, with strips of greaseproof paper between to keep them separate. When all pancakes are made remove paper and put them together with warm dark jam—black currant, blackberry or dark plum. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve in meltingly tender wedges.

JAM IS AN ENERGY FOOD

The jam which satisfies your natural, wholesome desire for something sweet is a luscious combination of Nature's two chief sweetmeats—ripe fruit and pure cane sugar. Sugar is the world's most concentrated energy food. Fresh fruit, from which all jam is prepared, is a rich source of Vitamins A, B1, B2 and C, as well as the vital minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.



ATTILA, the barbarian warlord (Jack Palance), struggles with Princess Pulcheria (Ludmilla Tcherina) in a fit of rage in this scene from Hollywood's new epic drama "Sign of the Pagan."



SIGN OF THE PAGAN

Film Fan Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

● In the year 450 A.D. a shadow spread across the civilised world when out of Asia swept the most ruthless conqueror of all time—Attila the Hun.

WITH sword and flame Attila cut a wide path of destruction. Even the mighty Roman Empire was marked for his conquests.

Universal's "Sign of the Pagan" tells of the adventures of Attila the Hun in technicolor CinemaScope.

Jack Palance, who is noted for chilling screen performances, has a role of pure savagery as the superstitious Mongol leader.

By welding nomad barbarian tribes into a great fighting force, Attila plans to split the Roman Empire and conquer it in segments. His plot nearly succeeds.

He meets opposition, however, from Jeff Chandler's Marcian, a loyal captain of the Roman palace guard, who is both the friend and enemy of Attila.

On the romantic side there is French ballerina-actress Ludmilla Tcherina making her Hollywood screen debut as Princess Pulcheria.

In "Sign of the Pagan" Rita Gam enacts Kubra, Attila's daughter. Her unrequited love for Marcian and her conversion to Christianity combine to spike Attila's plot to destroy the Roman Empire.

TOP RIGHT: Jeff Chandler as Marcian, the ruggedly handsome centurion who becomes a Roman general and puts an end to the march of the power-mad Attila on the capitol.

RIGHT: Clutching a torch in one hand and a staff embellished with two skulls in the other, Attila the Hun (Jack Palance) prepares for battle.



Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Mr. Hulot's Holiday

TO get so many laughs out of a film that has no plot, almost no dialogue, and is, besides, hardly more than a collection of scrappy, mildly amusing incidents, is a tribute to French comedian Jacques Tati, who mimes the title role.

You may remember tall, large-eyed Tati as the bedevilled postman of "Jour de Fete." As Mr. Hulot, Tati dispenses with the moustache, but shoves a pipe in his mouth, claps a rag hat on his head, and stumbles through some absurd situations wearing a pair of white beach shoes.

His comic antics include such things as playing tennis with a trick service that he picks up from an elderly shopkeeper and fishing in a collapsible canoe. Hulot's attempts to ride a balky horse also bring a quota of laughs.

The sequence in which Hulot sets off with a picnic party and winds up instead as chief mourner at the funeral of a complete stranger is one of the best in the picture.

The scene of Mr. Hulot's holiday is a beach resort in Brittany. Arriving at the inevitable Hotel de la Plage in a crazy jolopy, it is not long before this well-intentioned guest has the place in a shambles.

The point of his carryings-on is that Mr. Hulot shouldn't happen to anybody's holiday. Once you are able to sort

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

out the other resort residents their activities have a humorous side, too. Among these recognisable bit players there's a sad-sack waiter, a businessman perpetually at the telephone, a formidable English wife and her hen-pecked little husband, as well as the usual bridge players.

★ Beachhead

"BEACHHEAD" (United Artists) returns to World War II with a few U.S. marines who are assigned to carry out a tricky patrol of a Japanese-held island.

The material is well enough handled, but the film seems repeatedly like a rehash of virtually every wartime adventure produced during the past five years.

When two of their four-man patrol are killed in skirmishes Sgt. Frank Lovejoy and Private Tony Curtis press on with the job of contacting an unknown French planter on a Jap-controlled island where American forces plan to make a landing.

They manage to locate the



ACTRESS Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell, her co-star in the comedy "The Seven-year Itch," rehearse before shooting a scene in the film. Ewell played the lead in the Broadway production of this hit play.

planter all right, but are unable to get a message back to headquarters and have to run the gauntlet of Japanese patrols through lush technicolor tropics back to the coast where they join up with the main body of troops.

To complicate things further, the planter has a young daughter, played with plain-

faced charm by Mary Murphy. Both the Americans take a shine to Mary.

However, it remains for a young medical orderly, glimpsing her at the end of the journey, to provide the punch line on Mary by uttering the words, "Wot a sou-venir!"

In Sydney—Esquire.

GLAMOR MUSICAL AT PINEWOOD

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

VISITORS to the baronial Pinewood Studios are rubbing their eyes this week. For Pinewood has gone all Hollywood with a fat and glossy musical on the set, rich in color, swarming with exotically clad chorines, and as big as a stairway to heaven.

The film is called "Value for Money" and enlists a cast of the most successful youngsters in recent color comedies—John Gregson, Susan Stephen, voluptuous Diana Dors, and also a new lovely mounting the rungs to stardom armed with a new Rank contract—blond Jill Adams. Jill, formerly a model, is elected pin-up of Her Majesty's forces—with Marilyn Monroe as her runner-up.

JOHN GREGSON tells me he has just finished a lead role—as an Aussie—which has given him his most satisfying acting chore so far. He plays an Australian naval hero in "Above Us The Waves," who gives his life to save his comrades. It is the story of Britain's "human torpedoes."

I'VE never seen anybody escape from the Press so fast as Diane Cilento on the set of the new circus film now called "The Woman for Joe." Perspiring publicists ushered in a great troop of international journalists—from Finland, France, Germany,

Scandinavia, United States, and Australia—while Diane was acting in a caravan scene with her new leading man, George Baker. "Cut!" cried director George More O'Ferrall. The caravan door shut. The set was empty. Diane Cilento had disappeared like a gazelle.

ANGELIC good looks and an air of indisputable gentility seem to be the current passport to stardom in British films. The latest wholesome young lady to step into a plum stellar role is fair-haired, wistful-looking June Thorburn, assigned her first star lead in the Ealing comedy "Touch and Go." In this she has the solidly respectable Jack Hawkins as her father.

MAUREEN O'HARA is gnashing her teeth over the loss of "The King and I" top musical role to Deborah Kerr. Maureen staged a terrific backstage campaign to win the part, according to Hollywood insiders. Chalk up a victory for Scotland over Ireland.

Road Check the

MORRIS OXFORD

SERIES II

for these BIG extras!



PRICE
£920

(Plus Sales Tax)

Ask your Local Dealer or Distributor to let you Road Check one—soon!

There's just one place to do justice to the Morris Oxford—in the driving seat! Try this energetic, exciting, extra value car and check for yourself all its BIG extra features.

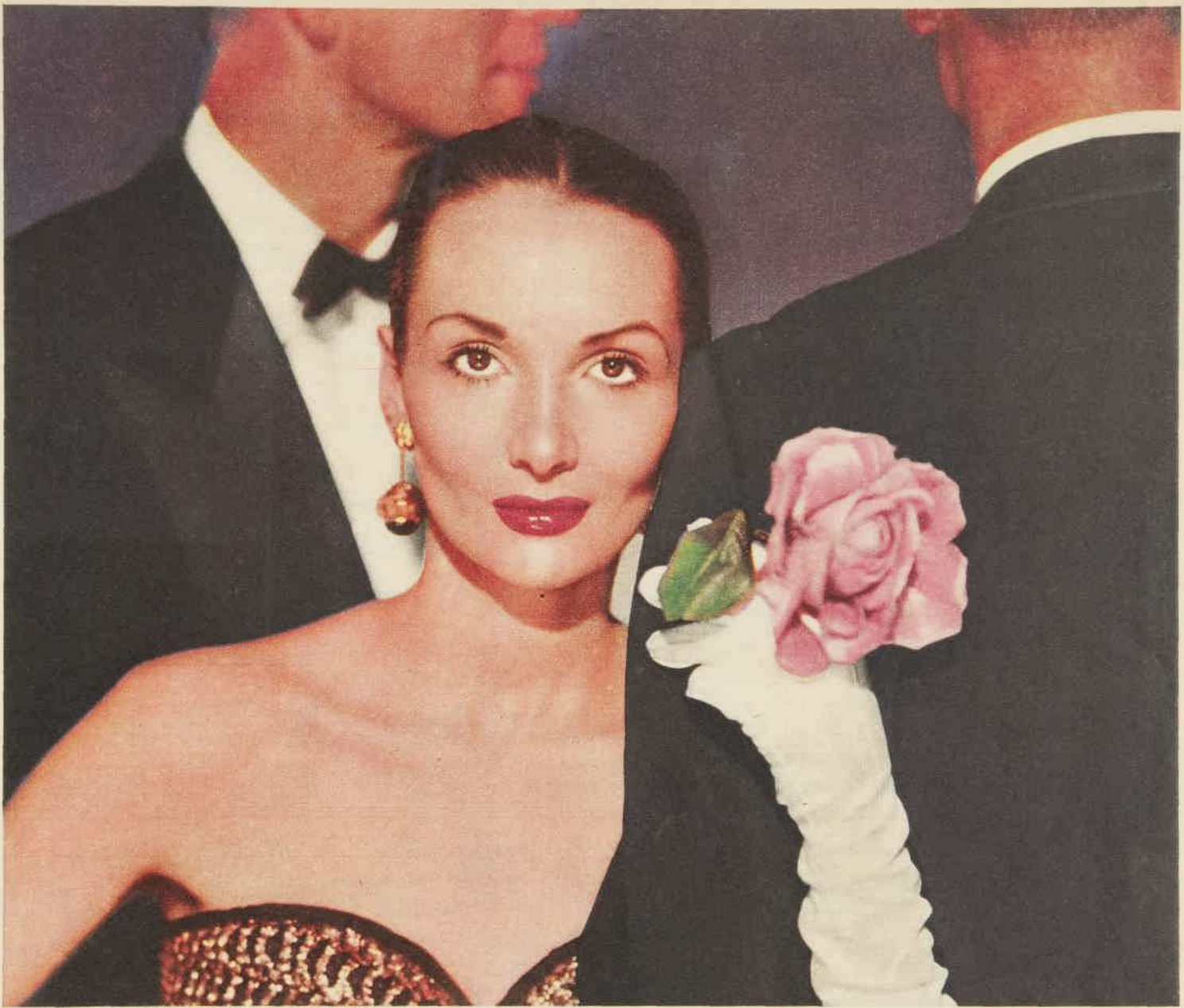
✓ **EXTRA POWER** The B.M.C. overhead valve engine provides "plus-power" for sustained cruising, snappy acceleration and extra zip for passing and hill-climbing—yet still with thrifty fuel economy.

✓ **EXTRA COMFORT** Superb suspension and scientifically sprung, soft upholstery ensure lounge-easy travel over the roughest roads at all speeds. Every mile is a revelation of carefree comfort.

✓ **EXTRA STYLE** Extra wide, modern-style body gives head, legs and elbows much more room—generous space for driver and passengers is an outstanding feature of the Oxford. The boot is bigger, too.

NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY AUTHORISED NUFFIELD DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE



PORTRAIT BY HELMUT NEWTON

pink spice



A colour to bewitch a man -

Pink Spice... a soft flattering coral pink warmed with the slightest hint of orange... a glorious adorable pink that men find irresistible.

Michel is the firmer lipstick that 'stays on longer' - keeps your lips petal soft and always sweetly inviting.

The exotic fragrance of Michel is an exciting invitation to romance. In ten glamorous colours...

*Michel Popular in the shell pink case 2/9
Michel D'or in the glamorous gold case 8/1. (refills 5/1)*

Michel

"stays on longer"

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days, February 24 and 27. Should you own a string of coral beads, or a truck of dusty-pink, your wish will be fulfilled.</p>	<p>★ Your job is behind the scenes this week. You may be doing the work of three, but you won't get any credit for it. You are learning what makes the wheels go round.</p>	<p>★ You may be glad to stay home and like it, whenever you are able, for recent emotional upsets may require peace and quiet in which to straighten them out. Relax.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved and you are likely to enjoy a period of quiet companionship, taken up with plans for the future. Parties and sleeping out with the crowd will be avoided.</p>	<p>★ It might be a good plan to see less of a person, or group, which has proved unsympathetic to your ideas. After a short interval, a compromise could adjust matters.</p>
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days, February 24 and 25. A blue-and-white striped cotton or a pale blue-and-green floral will attract romantic adventures.</p>	<p>★ Work and play may be all mixed up. Congenial associates, pleasant interruptions, with here and there a "tea break" will fill the day before you find it time to knock off.</p>	<p>★ Entertaining, or being entertained, not only helps friendship, but gives your home that atmosphere of a centre of hospitality so dear to the Taurus heart.</p>	<p>★ If in your teens, or early twenties, you may have recently met the one-and-only. Love affairs will blossom gradually in an atmosphere of social activity.</p>	<p>★ All kinds of sport are likely to be a prominent feature of your social activities. New hobbies, or pastimes, bringing new friendships, will be certain to give you a lift.</p>
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days, February 21 and 25. Lettuce-strewn in plain material, along simple lines, will help you in your employment world.</p>	<p>★ You're a regular go-getter just now. You're certain to be after something special, whether money, or kudos. Here's a chance to show you have what it takes.</p>	<p>★ You'll be out, more than in, and if you're a housewife that will suit you fine. If interested in community work, you may become engaged in a series of meetings.</p>	<p>★ If engaged, marriage bells will ring before long. If already married, you and your marriage partner may co-operate in a joint undertaking, with happy results.</p>	<p>★ Your popularity is at a high point and you may be asked to accept responsibilities, hold office, or assume leadership in some form, with a busy time ahead.</p>
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 21—JULY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days, February 22 and 25. Those small, amusing, modern designs featuring plenty of white bring happy holiday journeys.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to cover a great deal of ground, dashing about on a series of errands, which will add up to an important total. Don't get dithered under pressure.</p>	<p>★ Those returning from holidays or setting into a new groove may go for schedules, orderly methods, efficiency in a big way. Don't grow house proud.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps a week-end or a beach excursion has brought you a new boy, or girl, friend. You have similar tastes, and acquaintance will ripen by degrees.</p>	<p>★ You may take a day, or days, off, and go browsing into new places, where you can relax. A few lucky folk may take a cruise; the sight of water delights a Cancer heart.</p>
 LEO The Lion JULY 21—AUGUST 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days, February 22 and 28. If you're chasing the L. & D., wear a mauve hat, or pin a bunch of violets on that black outfit.</p>	<p>★ You are keeping a sharp lookout on the pounds, shillings, and pence. You might take on a bit of extra work on behalf of your savings campaign, but don't wear yourself out.</p>	<p>★ Home finances may be geared to long-term planning, or a bit of extra pay in the envelope may brighten the scene. Minor illness may keep a member of the family at home.</p>	<p>★ There may be a rift between you and one you love. This is likely to have been caused by high-handed ways on your part, and sulking will only make the situation worse.</p>	<p>★ Voluntary workers may be getting up steam for the year's effort. Younger subjects may find a social outlet and be helpful to others at the same time, earning much praise.</p>
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days, February 23 and 26. Wear that green-and-white print if you're looking for compliments from the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ You are one of a team, and you may be asked to help out because someone is sick or on holidays. This will be appreciated, and the reward in goodwill is worth having.</p>	<p>★ If young, you may invite the boy, or girl, friend to your home. If married, you and the marriage partner may be at work on a project for the benefit of your home.</p>	<p>★ If single, it won't be for long. Young natives are thinking of matrimony, and many are fixing their affections with that idea in view. Oldsters renew their romance.</p>	<p>★ It won't be a party unless the boys and girls are both there. Informal social events may be an important factor in your plans. Consult with your opposite number.</p>
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 21—OCTOBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days, February 23 and 27. Yellow ornaments help in business affairs, while brown accessories bring out the other side.</p>	<p>★ If in a new job, walk softly until you learn your way about. Fortune favors those who have recently left school. A new niche, if you're a voluntary worker.</p>	<p>★ That domestic upheaval, long talked about, may take place overnight. Whether you live in a large house or a small flat, many of your possessions get a face-lift.</p>	<p>★ Practical affairs appear to be tied up with love at present. Either you're saving money for a definite object, or you're making a gift for him, or her.</p>	<p>★ Staff clubs, workmates, or associates may be the chief organisers of your spare-time interests. A new activity could emerge, from modest beginnings, into a big attraction.</p>
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 21—NOVEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days, February 23 and 27. Silvery greys, which ripple with a rosy tinge, enhance your magnetic personality and bring luck.</p>	<p>★ Have you fallen for the handsome young fellow in "your" building? Don't let your feelings show, or you'll become the butt of office jokes. Otherwise, luck in business.</p>	<p>★ So you want to give a party and you want it different and original? Read the magazines for suggestions, put your own personal touches to ideas, and success is yours.</p>	<p>★ The new thrill may become the permanent thrill of your life, for the stars favor romance with a capital R. You may go around in a happy daze.</p>	<p>★ Too busy to think, you may dash next, from one occasion to the next, for you'll be cramming every variety of amusement into that twenty-four hours a day.</p>
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days, February 23 and 28. Wear a large red flower or a cocktail apron with red if you're entertaining at home.</p>	<p>★ Nobody can beat you once you get your powers of persuasion to top gear. Whatever you seek, you'll put heart and head into it, and hit the target without delay.</p>	<p>★ Newlyweds will be busy fixing up their new abode, older folk are under harmonious influences in home and family, while the spinster may be settling into her dot.</p>	<p>★ No love affair ever stands still. You'll have to make up your mind about how deep is your love. An understanding, or a parting of the ways, seems inevitable.</p>	<p>★ Fine for barbecues, tea on the lawn, or any simple entertaining at home. If in town, you may find your flat more agreeable than a crowded beach.</p>
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days, February 23 and 26. Black and white in bold designs should bring success on your trips to town and at home, too.</p>	<p>★ Make your head save your heels. Be sure you have collected all necessary information before plunging into an enterprise involving much time and effort.</p>	<p>★ Excitement caused by an unexpected visit, probably on the part of a relative, or news from a distance, may throw the household into a whirlwind of activity.</p>	<p>★ Arguments over trifles mean stormy weather and, although you may care for each other, continuing friction is unfortunate. Develop a less critical attitude.</p>	<p>★ Restlessness may drive you from one appointment to the next. You'll see and talk with a great many people, yet your interest in them is of a purely temporary character.</p>
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days, February 23 and 26. Wear navy or sage-blue if you wish to apply for a job or drive a shrewd business bargain.</p>	<p>★ Delay present spending with an eye to something bigger and better later. Many of you will decide to fatten your bank balance, and put yourself on a budget.</p>	<p>★ Practical details in connection with your home may be of present importance. Opportunities to let, sublet, or perhaps share your residence may occur.</p>	<p>★ You and your beloved might be lucky in a matter of chance, winning a prize in a competition, or raffle, or discovering lost property, with a consequent reward.</p>	<p>★ More concerned with people who can be of help, in regard to some scheme you have in mind, than with strictly social affairs, your contacts are likely to be useful.</p>
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days, February 23 and 25. Yellow, saffron, or languishing shades will bring good fortune in all departments of your life.</p>	<p>★ At least one wish will be realised, but you can't afford to rest on your laurels. Choose your next objective with care; it may be personal, as well as financial.</p>	<p>★ Your artistic gifts will find scope for small but effective changes in your surroundings, which will then bear, more definitely, the imprint of your personality.</p>	<p>★ Your romance benefits through a rainbow of dreams. You may not see much of each other, but your thoughts will be linked. In some cases an engagement is indicated.</p>	<p>★ Appreciation, the assurance that friends really like you, means that you will be urged to start out on a new tack, with dramatic results, overcoming your shyness.</p>

No Party for Patty

I'M SORRY, DEAR, PERHAPS NEXT YEAR.

BUT IT'S MY BIRTHDAY IN TWO WEEKS!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HER DOWN—ARE YOU?

I SIMPLY COULDN'T FACE THE EXTRA WORK.

THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE! DOSING YOURSELF AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE DOCTOR?

MRS LEWIS, YOU CAN'T GET AT THE CAUSE OF CONSTIPATION WITH HARSH LAXATIVES. BUT THERE IS A NATURAL WAY.

YOU NEED "BULK" FOR DAILY REGULARITY. ALL-BRAN NOT ONLY SUPPLIES THIS BULK BUT, BEING A FOOD, GIVES YOU STRENGTH AND ENERGY INSTEAD OF DRAINING IT AWAY AS HARSH PURGATIVES DO.

DID YOUR MOTHER REALLY MAKE THIS LOVELY CAKE?

SHE MADE MY PARTY FROCK, TOO!

AT THE DOCTOR'S

Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and

BE REGULAR WITHIN TEN DAYS!

All-Bran — made by Kellogg's — restores regularity the natural way by supplying the essential bulk lacking in modern foods. Made from the outer layers of wheat rich in Vitamins, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, it builds up energy instead of purging it away—as harsh laxatives do. Begin All-Bran now—be regular within ten days!

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER — COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Enjoy tasty, toasty All-Bran for ten days, sprinkled over your breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN WITH SUGAR, SALT AND VANILLA FLAVOURING

NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

AB54-1



1 INVESTIGATING a noise in the family garage, Linus Larrabee (Humphrey Bogart) rescues embarrassed Sabrina (Audrey Hepburn), the chauffeur's daughter, who has a secret crush on his brother, David.



2 ATTENDING a Paris cooking school to which she is promptly hustled by her father, gauche Sabrina is taken under the wing of Baron Saint Fontanelle (Marcel Dalio). Under his adroit guidance she blossoms into a charming, fashionable young lady.



3 SPOTTING a lovely girl waiting at the local station, engaging playboy David Larrabee (William Holden) is stunned to find it is Sabrina. He drives her to the estate.

SABRINA

THE stars of Paramount's romantic comedy "Sabrina" are Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, and William Holden. They are all Oscar winners.

Set against the luxury backgrounds of a Long Island estate, "Sabrina" tells the success story of a chauffeur's daughter who captivates two eligible brothers. The elder one is a serious business executive. The younger brother is a playboy.



4 THAT NIGHT at a big party at which his engagement to a wealthy girl is scheduled to be announced, David dances nearly every dance with enchanting Sabrina.



5 CONCERN of his parents, Oliver and Maude Larrabee (Walter Hampden, right, and Nella Walker), and the anger of his fuming fiancée fail to deter David in his happy-go-lucky pursuit of Sabrina.



6 INJURY sustained by David when he sits down on a glass during the party provides the Larrabees with the chance they want to send Linus to tell Sabrina to remember her station in life, and to think no more of David. Trustworthy Linus does better than that.



7 PRETENCE of romantic interest by Linus, who is determined David shall marry Elizabeth and consolidate the family fortune, fools Sabrina. She agrees to marry him aboard the Liberte and honeymoon in Europe. But his plot misfires. Linus realises he's fallen in love with the girl when David points it out to him.



8 TOGETHER aboard the Liberte, Sabrina and Linus go ahead with wedding plans. And David takes Elizabeth as his fourth, and perhaps his final, wife.



it's dead easy!

Killing flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests with MORTEIN PRESSURE * PAK is "dead easy."

It's the simplest way of destroying insect pests ever invented. It's the fastest and safest way as well; and 100% effective.

With MORTEIN PRESSURE * PAK no separate sprayer or apparatus is required. The container is entirely automatic. You simply press the button and a fine mist of highly concentrated Mortein immediately floats to every part of the room. This mist quickly kills every fly, every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings. Only 4 or 5 seconds spraying is required in each room.

To spray longer is unnecessary and wasteful. MORTEIN PRESSURE * PAK is highly economical if used as directed.



**MORTEIN
PRESSURE * PAK**

The most modern
insecticide in
Australia

Now available
in two sizes

9/6
15/11

(Slightly more in some
country areas)

ESQUIRE'S HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

By The Editors of "Esquire"

A superb collection of the famous journal's valuable articles on food, drink, and entertainment, chosen by experts and illustrated with subtle and amusing cartoons. Aspiring hosts need this book; the discerning will want it.

Price 34/9 From all Booksellers



GLAD GIRL

... attracts all eyes

with her lovely MARIGNY Cold Wave.



SAD GIRL

... badly needs professional treatment for her coarse, dry, unmanageable hair.

The MARIGNY Cold Wave revitalises as it curls

This cool, comfortable treatment is 100% successful on all types of hair—and is only given by thoroughly trained Marigny operators who diagnose the exact condition of the hair's porosity and elasticity, then process the wave accordingly.

It is a gentle process which actually restores vitality and lustre to the hair as it coaxes in natural, long-lasting waves and curls.

Marigny is the SAFE way to keep your precious hair lovely in all climatic conditions.

No two heads of hair are the same

Is your hair coarse, lank, dry, too oily, baby-fine?

Taking a strand of your hair in your fingers, can you tell its condition from the texture? Most probably you can't.

That's a job for an expert, and only an expert can judge how best to treat your hair condition. The condition of your hair is all important when it comes to the timing and processing of a permanent wave. Don't take chances. When you go to a

Marigny hairdresser you gain the double benefit of years of experience and the best of all cold wave processes.

PUT YOUR HAIR IN THE HANDS OF A TRAINED MARIGNY OPERATOR

Make sure you have a **MARIGNY**

The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers.

MARIGNY LABORATORIES PTY. LTD.

makers of Smart Set (setting lotion) and other Hair Cosmetics.

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 5

on the afternoon Vernon was killed.

She, Ellie, was the only one who had admitted to having come in at about that time.

Jenny!

But Jenny had gone out that morning in a white hat. She had knocked on the door, all smiles, looking so pretty, and had come in and tidied up the flat, and then had run down the stairs and hadn't come back from Watson's Bay till five-thirty.

Oh, yes, Jenny had been wearing a white hat. It must have been somebody else that Brian had seen. Did Selma Rickard have a green hat? Possibly. She had every kind of hat! Why, it could have been Miss Krause, or someone calling on Mrs. Livingstone. Or someone none of them had ever heard of. Someone coming up to meet Vernon, and perhaps to quarrel with him, to kill him.

But yesterday. Yesterday midday. Jenny coming into her room and positively insisting on her trying on the hat, on her keeping it, wearing it. Again—atrocity thought!—had she first even suggested the dress for her to wear that would be so right with this hat? "Wear that grey tie silk; I love you in that."

Then, she and Jenny in the hall below, and Jenny calling the inspector out of the Kanes' flat to say to him—what? Something or other, nothing at all, really—and putting up her hand and touching the hat she had just given her. Ellie had seen the inspector's eyes on her and—

A hot color flooded into her face, remembering how at that moment she had only felt pleased at the effect she was making on him in her new hat!

Suddenly she began to feel like one of those puppets that somebody out of sight is manipulating. Grotesquely, she saw her own limbs dancing, tweaked by a string this way and that, not knowing where she was stepping or why.

And Mick! Mick, are you safe, and is there something else being prepared for us? What else?

The way her thoughts were running filled her with horror. She beat them away from her. They weren't true; they couldn't be; it was simply out of the question. She was building up a case against Jenny on the flimsiest evidence. Facts seemed to convict her, but they could all be the purest chance.

Chance, not design. Jenny was generous; always wanted to give things away, and never jealous of anyone else's looks. This gift was a purely spontaneous act, surely it was.

All the affection and friendship that Ellie had felt for Jenny during these past lonely months came winging back, reproaching her for her doubts.

She walked to the edge of the pavement, hailed a taxi, got in, and told the driver the restaurant where she was going to meet Mick. They drove off, Ellie sitting firmly upright, her eyes straight ahead, not straying, as though she were trying to keep her thoughts from straying, too.

But stray they would.

Suppose Jenny had bought this hat while she was out on Wednesday?

But in the bedroom yesterday, what had her words been? "I never liked myself in it."

Never? That couldn't be, by the grossest misuse of speech, he said about a hat you'd only bought the day before.

But she had said so. The words rang in Ellie's ears: "I never liked myself in it." What could it possibly mean? Could anything really be as monstrous as what she was thinking?

Suddenly she snatched off the

hat and read the name of the milliner on the label inside the crown . . .

Leaning forward, she re-directed the driver.

As Ellie stepped into the hat-shop, she found herself almost sick with nervousness. What was it, she wondered, that made people rush on to know the worst? Because, she supposed, even the worst was better than this frightful doubt. To doubt someone you were fond of was surely the most painful thing in the world. She had to know.

Small and dim, the shop closed round her. One or two models lying about . . . the table with the glass and chair where Jenny had sat to try on this hat—when?

The salesgirl came towards her. "Yes, madam?"

"Please—would you put a stitch in this fold of ribbon? Just here at the back. See?"

"You want it joined to the other one?"

"Yes. It's inclined to catch the wind."

"Certainly, madam; that won't take a minute."

"Thank you so much." Ellie handed it to her.

The girl went to the back of the shop, to the table half hidden by the curtain. Ellie strolled after her, seeing her thread the needle with the bright green silk, hold the hat up under the lamp, and begin to stitch.

Ellie said: "It's such a dear little hat. I like it so much. Mrs. Fenton gave it to me yesterday."

"Did she? It does suit you wonderfully." The thread was snapped off.

"Yes. She said she didn't like herself in it."

"Oh, what a shame! And I sold it to her only the day before."

Grogan came out from lunch and stood on the steps of the restaurant looking across the street. The narrow pavements were packed to overflowing with lunch-time crowds, noise, movement, and color.

The inspector was interested just then in none of this. Pity, he was thinking, he couldn't agree with what Les had said about Anderson. It sounded very pretty—very pretty and neat. But he couldn't see it in that way, so there it was. He couldn't see Anderson as the bloke who had done these two killings.

There was someone he'd like to get up for questioning, and some people might do so, but for himself he thought that to show his hand yet awhile mightn't be too clever. Wait a bit; something would turn up. He had one or two lines of inquiry that could pay dividends.

One thing he'd like to know a bit more about was why Walsh had gone to Livingstone's hotel at two o'clock on the afternoon he was killed. Chasing up a book? Not he. Chasing up who? What? There was only one thing likely to be in Walsh's mind that day and that was money. Making a clean-up before he cleared out.

Was he chasing Tait-Smith's cheque that Mrs. Fenton said she'd given him the day before? Banks would still be shut when his plane left next morning. Had he reason to believe she was up in Livingstone's hotel suite? Not that there were any grounds, so far as he himself could see, for thinking there was anything between Fenton and Livingstone, except, maybe, him moving into Arlington Court to "look after" his mother.

Walsh might've known there was something, of course. Anyhow, he didn't send up his name

To page 47

Make richer Ice Cream this quicker, easier way...

WITH **KRAFT ICE CREAM MIX**



SIMPLY ADD TO WATER AND BLEND TILL SMOOTH



FREEZE UNTIL SET . . .



THEN BEAT THOROUGHLY AND RE-FREEZE



6 luscious serves of the richest ice cream you've ever tasted—from a 4 oz. tin! Kraft Ice Cream is the quick, easy, most economical way to give your family ice cream whenever they want it!

3 FLAVOURS

VANILLA . . . STRAWBERRY . . . CHOCOLATE

Vanilla also in 12 oz. family size tin.



MADE BY KRAFT FOODS

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

at the hotel—just went up quietly and knocked at the door, thinking, maybe, he might hear her voice, see some trace of her. Didn't get the chance. No. He was hustled downstairs into the bar, given a drink, and got rid of. Why didn't Livingstone ask him in . . . ?

The inspector ran down the steps, made his way to the hotel where Peter had stayed, and went up to the first-floor lounge. He had lunched late himself and most of the after-lunch coffee drinkers had left. The hour was a slack one.

He chose the table served by the old waiter, Albert. Everyone knew Albert. They passed the time of day and talked for a while, grumbling companionably, each about his job: crime and customers. Then Albert went away and brought the inspector's coffee.

As he put it down Grogan said: "On the day Walsh was killed, would you happen to recollect if Livingstone had lunch in the hotel?"

Albert straightened sugar and coffee-pot on the tray. His ancient, moist face showed a moment's struggle between discretion and a wish to aid the inspector. Then he conceded: "Yes; he must've. Because I served him with drinks before lunch and coffee after."

"Was he alone?"
"No, with a lady."

"Did you know who she was, Albert?"
"No. I didn't really notice her." Long, long ago had Albert ceased to notice what ladies gentlemen visitors brought to lunch, or dinner, or supper, when staying at the hotel without their wives.

"What was she like to look at?" Grogan asked. "Dark or fair?"

"I couldn't tell you that, sir. You see, I didn't see her face. I was behind her as I came up to take their order. Mr. Livingstone had a word with me. He knows me well. But the lady—no, she didn't turn her head or say anything."

"No," Grogan said. "No; I see," and put a lump of sugar into his cup. "They had coffee

after lunch as well as drinks before, you say?"

"Yes; and liqueurs. They weren't long over them. Not like some people that'll sit here all the afternoon over a pot of coffee."

"That's right. Some folks want a terrible lot of value for money, don't they?" He looked past Albert, through the archway to the landing; on the right, the lift; on the left, the stairway. "When they left, Albert, I suppose you didn't notice, by any chance, if they went down, or up to Livingstone's suite?"

Albert put in half a minute with his conscience, his face glum. "Yes . . . I was going towards the archway as they left. I did happen to see that they went up. Went by the stairway, they did, not the lift."

"And still you didn't see what she looked like, eh?"

A shake of the head. "No; she still had her back to me. All I seem to remember was she had on a bright green hat with ribbon all over the back of it." Albert scribbled the bill, placed it at Grogan's elbow and padded off.

Grogan sat stirring his coffee round and round, gazing into it. It didn't have to be a crystal ball for him to see standing in the doorway of Arlington Court a slender figure in a smoke-grey dress blown by the breeze and a bright green hat.

But he didn't believe much in crystal gazing. At least, he guessed there might be more than one way of interpreting what the crystal showed.

Grogan's next visit was to Nigel Tait-Smith's house in Darling Point.

It was odd that the house today should seem so mournfully empty when its now dead mistress had spent the last years as a complete invalid. But there is nothing that will so fill a house as the trappings that surround wealthy invalidism; the bright young nurses for day and night, the daily visits of doctors and masseurs, the solicitous, ever-attending friends, the

from page 46

tinkle of inquiring telephoners, the florists' boys.

The hushed-voiced parlor-maid who opened the door to Grogan looked doubtful about even sending in the inspector's name to her master, but at that moment, as she hesitated, Tait-Smith himself came down the stairs and led the way into the dining-room, a lofty room where Tait-Smith had eaten many a meal opposite a vacant chair. And picturing there Lillian? Restored to health, joining him again? . . . Or another? . . . A small, dark head, a laughing, enchanting, vital dinner partner? . . .

This afternoon it was hard to believe that Tait-Smith was looking forward to anything—anything pleasurable, that is.

THE inspector murmured condolences and apologies: "I won't keep you long, Mr. Tait-Smith. There's just one little matter I wanted to ask you about. Sorry to trouble you at a time like this, but you know we got a double murder on our hands, and the C.I.B.'s got to do its job in the face of all sorts of private griefs and worries."

Having said this, Grogan obligingly walked to the window and looked out across the smooth lawns and gardens, while Tait-Smith went to the sideboard and poured a large brandy and brought it back to the table. The inspector guessed it wasn't by any means his first that day.

Coming back from the window, Grogan said: "You heard about Mrs. Kane?"

"I have."

"Somebody telephoned you, I expect?"

"Yes."

"Yes, news like this gets around pretty quick. The medical opinion is that she was killed somewhere about three o'clock this morning. We got what we think pretty good corroborative evidence of that, too."

"Indeed?" said Tait-Smith, and lifted his glass and took a swallow of his drink, and not a flicker of interest passed over his grey, pulpy face.

"Yes. Well, now, a letter from you was delivered at Arlington Court during the night—a letter to Mrs. Fenton. It was in her box this morning without a stamp on it."

A quick lift of the eyes. "Yes, I—before I left the nursing home last night I scribbled Mrs. Fenton a note, telling her that my wife had just passed away." He turned and walked up and down the long span of green carpet, the glass grasped like a truncheon. Atop the stiff column of body, the head was still carefully balanced, carried like a vessel in danger of overflowing.

The inspector waited, confident of hearing him excuse this gesture towards his new love over his wife's hardly dead body; confident of hearing him say what a kind and sympathetic friend Mrs. Fenton had been throughout the last trying months, and that he had felt it his duty to let her know as soon as possible, etc., etc.

And Tait-Smith said it all, the sentences coming out in staccato bursts like machine-gun fire.

When the echoes had died away across the acres of polished table-top, Grogan said again: "Yes. Well, now, the thing I really want to know is, who delivered this letter, you or your chauffeur?"

"I didn't have my car with me last night."

"You didn't? Took a taxi, eh?"

"No. I walked. The nursing home is not far from here. On the way home I stepped into Arlington Court and dropped this letter into Mrs. Fenton's box."

"What time were you there? What time did you leave the nursing home?"

"Oh, time, time! On such a night the clock doesn't register. They tell me my poor wife died at two o'clock. I left soon after that."

"I see. Now, before you

Beauty in brief:

Eye grooming

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It's a short-sighted notion to refrain from using eye make-up simply because you happen to wear spectacles.

YOU can often improve the whole effect by arching your brows with light strokes of an eyebrow pencil to conform with the curve of the frames that you have chosen because they "go" with the shape of your face. Be sure, too, to tweeze all stray hairs from under the brow; quite often the stragglers are magnified to giant proportions by the spectacle lens.

And don't overlook a light touch of eyeshadow on eyelids to bring color and depth to your eyes.

Doing a smooth job with mascara or pomade may be tricky if you happen to be the lucky owner of a fringed or sweeping set of lashes which brush against the glass. But if you remember to remove the preparation from the tips of the mid-centre lashes only with a damp tissue, you will have no further bother.

Spectacle wearers are at liberty to break a rule of make-up, applying eyelash coloring sparingly to both upper and lower lids.

left Arlington Court, was it you, by any chance, that opened the gate into the back garden from the side street?"

Just for one moment Tait-Smith hunched a shoulder. Just for one moment it looked as though he weren't going to say yes or no to this question. Then he said: "It was."

"Could you tell me why?"

"I—yes. After putting the letter in the box it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps Mrs. Fenton might be still awake . . . She had told me she often reads far into the night. So—I thought if she was still awake I—might go up and—have a few words with her. As you know, the bedroom windows are visible from the back garden. I went round, opened the gate, and stepped in and looked up." He stopped.

"And?" Grogan inquired.

"The whole place was dark, except for one light in the flat below."

"The Rickards, they'd been to a night-club."

"There was no light in Mrs. Fenton's."

"Was there anyone about at all; did you see anything, anyone?"

"Nothing. No one. Nothing at all."

Perhaps it was true, as Tait-Smith had said, that for him, during that last night, the clock hadn't registered. It had, however, registered quite clearly for the matron of the nursing home, where Grogan dropped in on leaving Tait-Smith, and, according to her, he had left there not soon after two, but shortly before three.

Was that so? Shortly before three.

It was, indeed. Matron knew, because she'd been up the best part of the night herself, and had been with Mr. Tait-Smith for the half-hour before he left, had taken him to her own desk to write a letter, had gone to the front door with him.

Grogan's step was buoyant,

To page 48



INDIGESTION

Here's the Family Standby
so QUICK . . so SAFE . . so RELIABLE

YOU MUST EAT. But do you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, discomfort or pain? No wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that, life is a burden. But you can get relief—not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective medicine neutralises excess stomach acidity so quickly that the first dose gives relief.

WHEN AWAY FROM HOME—

At a restaurant or in the street, carry a few De WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS in their cellophane strip. Dissolve one or two on the tongue like a sweet—you will enjoy their peppermint flavour—you will get prompt relief from digestive discomfort. Price 1/6 or economy pack 2/9.

Speedy relief!

AT HOME—

A canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder, kept handy in the home, is the ever-ready answer to commonplace digestive disorders caused by too much acid in the stomach. A teaspoonful of this reliable family medicine taken in half a glass of water is an effective dose. De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER. Price 3/- or 2½ times the quantity 6/6. Sold by chemists and storekeepers everywhere.



De Witt's

ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

Homemaker

Running a home is no small job, even with the help of modern equipment. That is why so many young wives have a household cheque account. Paying the grocer, insurance, time payments, rent, and so on, is quickly and easily done in your own home when it is simply a matter of writing a cheque. What's more, a current account provides a permanent record of your expenditure.



See the Manager of your local branch of the

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

A5405C



**WHAT
KEEPS
ME
GOING?**

That "pep and personality" you have in mind was not inherited! That wonderful smile, was often as not a frown and my "fresh young look" wouldn't always be so fresh—if it wasn't for Cream of Yeast! Sometimes you may feel you have to burn the candle a little indiscriminately. Then your nerves get on edge, you are all tensed up and that could lead to trouble. You, too, need Cream of Yeast, the world's greatest pick-me-up tonic.

Modern living takes toll of the nerves!

Cream of Yeast, of course, contains yeast. It is the best of medicinal yeast, long noted for its vitamin and other virtues. Additionally (and importantly) Cream of Yeast contains other valuable agents—several of them. These help to keep overworked systems working smoothly, painlessly, efficiently. Cream of Yeast refreshes both body and brain; it keeps the system wholesome—without any upset or

inconvenience. The Chlorophyll Additive in Cream of Yeast offers you also the special breath and body deodorising properties for which the "Green Medicine" is world-famous. Cream of Yeast gives you the expensive MEDICINAL type of effective Chlorophyll. Never did this fine type of Chlorophyll rate higher in the medical world than it does today.

Cream of Yeast
is LIFE!

Try a package of Cream of Yeast. If not satisfied—money back! From chemists and stores at 1/11, 3/6, 6/3 and 9/4 Economy Size.

For these ills especially...

Try Cream of Yeast to combat headaches, nerve pains, disturbed sleep, dull depression, "anxiety spells," lethargy, lack of interest, coated tongue, skin troubles, "stomach jitters," joint and muscular stiffness, bad breath.

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 47

crisp on the gravel, as he walked down the path and got into the car.

Soon after this, Ellie answered a ring at her front door. Detective-Inspector Grogan stood outside, hat in hand, mopping his cheerful brow.

Ask him in or ask him what he wants? she questioned herself.

He settled the point for her. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Anderson. Busy?"

"Oh, no."

"Can I come in and have a few words with you?"

"Certainly. Come in." She led the way to the sitting-room. She hadn't been in long herself from her lunch with Mick, and she proceeded to do those small things a woman mostly does when she comes home: straightened the papers on a table, picked up a book, opened a window wider . . .

All this looked the most natural behaviour in the world, as it might be the prelude to a cup of tea and a cosy gossip over it. But, as a matter of fact, ever since this morning when the news of Mrs. Kane's death had burst on them all, Ellie had been feeling as though a key were turning in her heart. Turning, turning, winding her up to an almost unbearable tension.

And then—Jenny. That, too, was like a death. It was like losing someone you loved in the most painful way possible: by treachery.

At last she sat down in a chair by the window and reached for a cigarette and lighted it. She said: "Won't you sit down?"

"My word, I will!" He lowered himself into the chair opposite her. "Those stairs o' yours! Looks like I'm not getting any younger."

"It doesn't seem to inhibit your activities, Inspector," she said dryly.

He laughed jovially. "I don't know about that yet. Rather remains to be seen, doesn't it?"

Smiling politely, she glanced across at the darkly shaven, amiable mask, at those Irish blue-grey eyes that looked so candid and friendly and were so well able to hide the intentions behind them.

At the moment they looked particularly benevolent, as he leant forward, elbows on knees, and held her gaze. "Now, look, Mrs. Anderson, I thought we might have a real confidential little chat, you and me."

"Really? What about?"

"Well, you see, sometimes in a case like this, the people close to the happening have seen or heard some little thing that they didn't place any importance on at the time, didn't think it worth while to mention. But maybe later, if you get together with them, friendly like, and chat the whole thing over—well, sometimes something crops up that can throw a new light on the matter."

"I doubt if that can be so in my case," she murmured.

"Though, of course—"

"Why, I reckon you're the kind of girl that sees farther through a brick wall than most. Aren't you, now?"

"Well . . ." She lowered her eyes and flicked a morsel of ash into the ash-tray. Broad, low brow with glistening hair-line, chin almost child-like in its youthfulness but firm, face usually pale but faintly flushed now. She said: "I suppose everyone thinks they're specially wide awake. I suppose I think I am."

"Well, put it this way. While your husband's been away you haven't been running around to cocktail parties and dances and theatres."

"How do you know I haven't?"

"Oh, well, that's just my idea. Right, aren't I?"

"You are."

"And I suppose you've got

to know all the other folk in the building quite intimately. Being a little stick-at-home."

"Not particularly," she fenced. "There hasn't been a great deal of coming and going into each other's lives."

"You mean it was only you and Mrs. Fenton that were real 'close friends'?"

"Yes . . . you could say that . . . living opposite, and both alone."

"I see. What about Mr. Livingstone, now? Did you know him well?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were as steady as his. "No. I truly couldn't say I knew him well at all."

"You couldn't, eh?"

"No. I've met him a few times when he's come to see his mother. Once or twice, while my husband was away and he was down from the country. Mrs. Livingstone asked me to dinner and once or twice they've come up here for a drink. As a matter of fact, I don't think he's a very easy person to know; rather reserved and—formal."

"I know; I thought the same thing myself. Married, isn't he?"

"Married, with four children."

"Go on! Quite a family for these days. Know his wife?"

"I've met her—just."

"Livingstone was the last person, you know, that saw Walsh alive. The last person we can get hold of, anyhow."

"Was he?" Her voice was level. Sitting here in this window, she saw again, too vividly, so many other afternoons when Vernon had been sitting in that chair opposite her, the tea-tray between them, the hours of oddly passionless talk—plaintive, somewhat, each with a grouse—her life and his life, plain for the other to see—so she'd thought . . .

"Yes," Grogan was saying. "It was as late as a bit after two, Livingstone tells me, that Walsh went up to his hotel suite and knocked on the door. To ask about some book or other, so he says, and Livingstone took him down to the bar for a drink."

"Did he?" she said in the same level tone.

"Livingstone had lunched at his hotel with a lady, you see. You wouldn't have any idea who it was, would you?"

"No. I wouldn't. None."

She was cool, he thought. What could you see in her face? Nothing. Not, I know this fact you're telling me, or, I don't. Just a blankness. If she'd been in that room and heard Walsh's voice outside, she showed no sign of it now. You might as well try to get together with an iceberg! Melt this kid with a bit of palaver? No fear!

"What I'm getting around to," he went on, "is this: It looks like Walsh left Livingstone and came straight back here. Now, you told us you finished your shopping and came home. Can't you think back to any little thing you happened to notice, sort of subconsciously, even, at the time? Because it must've been within a quarter of an hour of the murder that you got in, crossed the hall down there, like the electrician happened to mention to me, in that green hat of yours."

Was there a hint of question rather than statement in Grogan's voice? In his steady gaze, too, resting on her face? . . .

This morning, when Ellie had rushed out of the hat shop, she had been filled with rage at the trick Jenny had played on her. Played on Mick, too, by letting him down this morning. Indignation had seethed in her. She had been burning to pour it all out to Mick. But that hadn't been possible. He had brought a friend to lunch—a man who'd been up north with him—and

the talk had been of far other things.

On her way home her indignation had burned all the stronger for being nursed to herself, and she had made up her mind to tell the inspector the whole incident at the first opportunity.

So, when Grogan had appeared at the door just now he had seemed to be the answer to her decision. His last words brought her right up to the point.

Then, all at once, before she even seemed to hesitate with her answer, a dozen—a hundred—instances of Jenny's comfort and kindness to her during the past months flashed into her mind. The time Mick had written to say he wouldn't be back for another two months and she'd gone to Jenny in tears with the letter, and before long Jenny had managed to make her almost forget her disappointment and anger with Mick . . .

The time, after some plane crash, when she'd got it firmly fixed in her mind that Mick had been on it and Jenny had spent almost the whole night with her, telegraphing, telephoning, tirelessly, a dozen people, until she had run to earth someone who could tell them that Mick was safe, hadn't been on the plane at all.

And other things—small, ridiculous things, but how they came back to her now! When the kitten got lost and Jenny had searched practically the whole of Darling Point in a taxi and come home with the dragged little thing in her arms.

What Jenny had come into the building for, at a quarter past three the day Vernon was killed, who could say? What had her errand been? What was she hiding? But give her away now? No. No.

So the words she had meant to say—"I didn't come into the

To page 49

**"Soaping" dulls hair—
HALO glorifies it!**



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.**

Halo—made with special ingredients—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvellously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

**HALO Bubbles for lovely hair
wherever you go! Spill-proof
plastic bubbles filled with
Halo. So light! So easy to
pack! Handy for week-ends and
holidays, and perfect for keeping
your hair shining clean.**



HALO BUBBLES . . . 11d
REGULAR SIZE . . . 4/3
SMALL SIZE . . . 2/5

**Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo**

K40

Continuing

Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 48

building on Wednesday in a green hat"—fell back unspoken. Instead, she heard her voice following quite pat on the inspector's: "So soon after? Yes, it must have been. And yet everything seemed quite normal, just the way it always does. I can't remember noticing the smallest thing that could be of any use to you."

Not long after Grogan had left, Bernie Rickard came ringing at Ellie's door. Bernie wanted comfort; Bernie wanted help.

After lunch, Selma had taken to her bed, demanding hysterically, if Mrs. Kane, why not her, too? Why not Bernie? Why not anybody else at Arlington Court, since this killer was obviously a maniac with no motive for killing?

This was what Selma kept shrilling as she lay on the bed, an ice-pack pressed to her forehead, till Bernie, tired of trying to soothe her—"No, look, Sel—now, listen, darling—you mustn't upset yourself like this"—went out of the room and shut the door with a bang and heard her bound from the bed and turn the key in the lock, as though, without his large male presence, she counted herself truly lost.

All day Bernie had taken refuge in alcohol, indulgence in small but frequent nips of the subtle alchemist—which hadn't apparently done much towards transmuting Bernie's leaden metal into gold. He filled Ellie's sitting-room like a heavy, dark cloud.

"It's only a hang-over she's suffering from," he mourned. "I've told her a hundred times. She drank champagne cocktails last night till they came out of her ears. It's pretty ghastly. I do wish you'd come down, Ellie, and cheer her up a bit."

"All right. Not that I think she'll want to see anyone, if she's feeling like that."

"She mightn't, but it'd do her good, all the same. She'd have to pull herself together for anyone but me."

"Poor Bernie! Badly used?"

"It'd give her a jolt, anyhow, to see you hadn't gone to pieces. I wish we'd never seen this place."

"I wouldn't be surprised if there's an entirely new set of tenants here next month," Ellie said grimly.

"They won't have to offer Sel-

and me a premium to clear out."

Ellie went down with Bernie. She spent half an hour sitting on Selma's bed talking to her, and left her a little calmer, so she thought.

That afternoon, Detective-Sergeant Manning had his way, and Mick was rung up at his office and invited to come to Police Headquarters to discuss more fully the details of his entry of the Bembergs' flat the night before.

There, in Grogan's office, a long, reiterative interrogation took place. Under the questioning of half a dozen detectives, some of whom he knew, some he didn't, Mick kept, for him, remarkably cool, never once giving rein to his high-horse manner or letting them guess at his annoyance at the occasion.

He, of all people, sitting here at Bathurst Street! He who had hardly more than seen the dead woman, had never met the dead man!

Ah! But Ellie had! Ellie had known Vernon! Had spent hours alone with him up there, consoling him and being consoled. And a man didn't need to know his supposed rival to have the will to kill him.

So Mick, like so many hair-trigger people, when the real need arose could be more controlled, more calmly circumspect, than those who manage always to maintain a moderate degree of composure.

He told his story again and again, taking pains in the telling to use as nearly as possible the same words; turning politely to each questioner, hearing him out, answering exactly, with sweet patience.

No; he'd never thought for a moment of anything but burglary when he'd heard that person in the Bembergs' bedroom.

No; when he'd peeped through the back window he'd never dreamt for a minute that Mrs. Kane was dead.

Obviously, yes, the murderer had had time to slip out and run off while he was hiding in the bush-house.

For an hour—two hours—it went on and all the time these stolid men strolled in and out,

asked questions, listened to his answers, and eyed him with appraising glances.

Mick hadn't rung Ellie to tell her that he had been commanded to appear at Bathurst Street, for a command was what it amounted to, for all their smooth talk of just wanting to ask him a few more questions, if he could spare a minute or two, etc.

When it was at an end and, released, he was walking along George Street, he made up his mind that he wouldn't tell her about it now, either. He was worried enough already about how pale and tenuous she had looked this morning, and he spent the next hour with a house agent, and went home with a list in his pocket of places for sale, all at least twenty—thirty—miles from Arlington Court.

His spirits began to rise at once, picturing a house with a garden round it, flowers, trees, and Ellie at least one stone heavier, that waiting, listening look wiped off her face and murder and all its baleful accompaniments faded into a well-forgotten past.

But he had hardly more than crossed the entrance hall than gloom descended on him once more. The figure of Kane standing at the far doorway, staring out into the square of back garden, the police seal on the Bembergs' door, and murder—very much present now—keeping pace with him, step by step, as he went up the stairs.

When he got in, he entered the sitting-room and skimmed his hat on to the sofa. Ellie was curled up in a chair, languidly playing with the kitten, running her slim fingers down the slim tail, stroking the velvet ears.

Before she could turn with her usual greeting, Mick said: "My word, you look grand, Ellie! Robust! Blooming!"

Her eyes searched his face. "What's wrong with you?"

"Me? Nothing. Nothing at all. I suppose it's just that I'm one of those fussy blokes that don't like to have quite so many murders around."

"Really? Selma Rickards says there's going to be another. They're coming up for a drink, by the way."

"What? Now?"

"Soon. Selma's rather going

To page 52



NEW IRON-ON TRANSFER MOTIFS

THE cute little puppies pictured above gambolling in a field of daisies show four of the five motifs available in No. 1007 color-fast iron-on transfer sheet.

The motifs are in green and yellow to simulate embroidery and are all ready to be ironed on to children's clothes and nursery items. No stitching is required.

These colorful iron-on transfers will stand up to washing and ironing. The transfer sheet measures about 10 1/2 in. x 5 in., contains 5 motifs, and costs 2/- from our Needlework Department.

You can also order the pattern of the little sun-suit shown here in sizes to fit 1, 2, 3, or 4-year-olds. Price, 1/6.

Iron-on transfer No. 1007 and pattern complete cost 3/6 from our Needlework Department. See address on page 61.



Win a holiday for two in breathtaking New Zealand

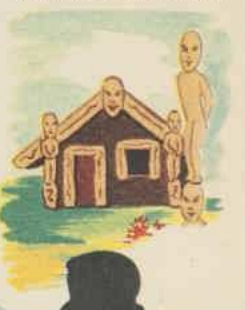
WIN A HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN BREATHTAKING NEW ZEALAND



WIN A HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN BREATHTAKING NEW ZEALAND



WIN A HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN BREATHTAKING NEW ZEALAND



it's easy!

All you have to do is to place these seven new Twinprufe designs in the order you favour, and write up to 50 words on why you prefer Twinprufe. You can see these lovely new designs in full Technicolour when the Twinprufe film "Busy Fingers" comes to your local Cinema. Watch for it. Every member of the family can enter. FREE.

Entry forms are obtainable from your nearest Twinprufe Retailer or direct from F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd.

If your vote is the same as that of all the other entries combined you may be the lucky winner of this wonderful holiday.

Twinprufe

MOTHPROOF, SHRINKPROOF KNITTING WOOLS

SEND COUPON FOR NEW STYLE GUIDE AND/OR ENTRY FORM

To F. W. HUGHES PTY. LTD. (Dept. W/W.15) 30 GROSVENOR ST., SYDNEY

Please send me your latest Style Guide, showing the designs available in all your new Knitting Books, and an Entry Form for your Holiday in New Zealand Competition. I enclose 5/- in return for postage.

Name

Address

W/W.15

You can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay

by using

New

white or green

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

with bacteria-destroyer
WD-9

in the way your
dentist recommends

**4 IMPORTANT NEW POINTS
ABOUT NEW IPANA**

THIS IS AN *ALL-NEW* IPANA. It is not a "miracle" toothpaste . . . but it does promise you far better performance in every way plus **positive anti-decay action**.

It is well known that the United States leads the world in dentifrice research and public awareness of oral hygiene. In America, Bristol-Myers—the makers of Ipana—are a recognised leader in the research field. It is not their object solely to make a good toothpaste "that sells by the million" (although Ipana does do that!) . . . but also to bring to the public, through their product, the means of helping to combat tooth decay and common mouth troubles.

It is the sincere belief of Bristol-Myers that their New Ipana with WD-9 can do much to help towards a higher standard of dental care and oral health. The overwhelming way in which the American public has responded to New Ipana stands to confirm that view.

EVERY TUBE OF IPANA YOU BUY IN AUSTRALIA TODAY IS MADE TO THE STANDARD OF THE NEW AMERICAN IPANA

Make your next tube of toothpaste **NEW IPANA**. Use it faithfully . . . and your teeth will certainly become cleaner and whiter . . . your mouth and breath will stay fresher . . . and you can be confident that every brushing with New Ipana is reducing the risk of tooth decay.



*New Ipana
Come and get it!*

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New Anti-Decay WD-9. WD-9 is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. American tests showed that brushing with New Ipana after eating can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay.

New Taste. Ipana's sparkling new flavour . . . topped all leading toothpastes in American "masked tube" taste tests! It's a taste-tingling combination of imported spearmint, cinnamon, clove and other costly spice-oils.

New Cleaning Power. New Ipana's super-charged foam penetrates the hardest-to-get-at places. Ipana's gentle new polishing agent makes teeth sparkle.

New Breath Protection. Using an odour-measuring osmometer, American experts found that New Ipana stopped bad breath (originating in the mouth) for up to 9 hours.

SCIENTISTS PROVE THAT NEW IPANA KEEPS TEETH CLEANER
Scientists at a leading U.S. University, in a study of brushing teeth in the morning and after meals, found that New Ipana made badly stained teeth 54% cleaner—the first day.

NEW IPANA IS AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY.



Every single brushing fights decay

To obtain utmost benefit from New Ipana, you should brush your teeth as soon as possible *after eating* . . . the way your dentist recommends. If you can't always do this, New Ipana with WD-9 still helps you fight tooth decay. Every single brushing checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth decay acids.

**Ipana with Chlorophyll
also contains WD-9**

People who want the extra breath-protection of chlorophyll will welcome the news that Ipana with Chlorophyll (Ipana "Green") has all the big new benefits . . . anti-decay WD-9 . . . new taste . . . new cleaning power!



Small bulbs pay big dividends



GRAPE HYACINTHS are easily grown in rich soil. Being dwarf in growth, they are useful for planting in borders and rockeries.



SPARAXIS needs a light sandy loam and not very much manure. Careful watering is essential until the leaves have died down.



FREESIAS are very hardy and can be planted right out in the open. They are excellent for borders and for window-boxes.



BABIANAS like sunny, almost dry situations and are easily naturalised on a grassy bank. They should be lifted every three years.



LACHENALIAS do best if lifted every year. They grow well in good, light, loamy soil. As they come into bloom, apply liquid manure.

For hardiness, charm, and color, few plants are better than the small flowering bulbs.

NOW is the time to plant small bulbs. They will multiply year by year until they become one of the joys of your garden.

Because they are small they do best when massed, but they can be planted in a variety of situations such as rock gardens, borders to garden beds and path edgings, or they may be naturalised in lawns or grassy banks.

Prepare the soil well to spade depth and ensure good drainage. Then add a generous supply of compost or animal manure, plus a couple of handfuls of complete fertiliser per square yard, digging them all well in.

It is especially important that concentrations of fertiliser do not come in direct contact with bulbs, or they may rot.

FREESIAS. Their fragrant flowers have been greatly improved in recent years and are now available in pink, mauve, and orange tonings. However, with the new glamor they have lost much of the glorious perfume which characterises the old-fashioned cream variety.

Freesias like to be left alone to multiply. They love sunshine. The old-fashioned type will naturalise itself anywhere, but the colored hybrids must have a fair quality soil and freedom from weeds.

The bulbs should be planted two to three inches deep, depending on size.

BABIANAS. These bulbs are not common, and they should be better known because their flowers are in deep rich purples and lilac shades, and give a beautiful contrast. The flower heads, which bear a number of individual flowers, grow to nine or ten inches.

Bulbs should be planted about three to four inches deep. They should be lifted and separated about every three years.

GRAPE HYACINTHS. They are dwarf-growing bulbs which send up their flower heads in August. They look like miniature inverted bunches of grapes.

There are a number of different varieties, the best being the rich blue, Heavenly Blue, which looks glorious planted under early flowering cherries or Forsythia. Full-sized bulbs should be planted three inches deep and about four inches apart. Reduce both measures for tiny bulbs.

LACHENALIAS. These little bulbs have stiff heads of waxy, bell-shaped flowers drooping from a spike. There are a number of varieties. *L. quadricolor* has flowers in red, yellow, green, and purple, and is the most common.

The bulbs need a sunny position and should be planted two-and-a-half to three inches deep and four inches apart.

SPARAXIS. This is called the harlequin flower because its cup-shaped flowers are vividly colored in red, orange, purple, and crimson. The short spikes reach a height of nine to 12 inches.

They are very hardy, provided the soil is well drained.

Plant three inches deep and three inches apart and lift when flower quality deteriorates.

BLUEBELLS. Their botanical name is *Scilla*. The bulbs come in all shapes and sizes and should be planted three to four inches deep. It is not necessary to lift them frequently.

SNOWDROPS. Flower stems grow 12 to 15 inches. Bulbs should be planted four to five inches deep and the same distance apart. Plant in groups to get a massed effect and lift only every three or four years.



SNOWDROP is a great favorite. Its dainty white bell flower with a green spot on each petal is well known. Also called snowflake.



BLUEBELLS grow well in sun or shade. They multiply rapidly, and delve down deeply into the soil. The flowers are blue, white.



HYACINTHS are a larger bulb and more demanding in their needs than the smaller ones. They are susceptible to attack by mites.

GARDENING

to pieces. I made her promise to dress and come up."

Mick swore. "Anyone else?"

"Mrs. Livingstone and Peter. I tried to get hold of Jenny, but she's out."

"Are we never going to have a quiet evening alone together? Just when I thought we might have a few minutes to discuss our future plans—"

"Sit down; cool off."

But, instead, he went into the bathroom and turned on all the taps and showers. Only everything there was, he felt, could wash away the unpleasantness — understatement! — of Bathurst Street.

Ellie got up and went out to the kitchen and started to prepare some savories. She felt as though she had been blown about in a high wind, by the gale of his irritation.

That settles that! she thought grimly. She couldn't tell him now about Jenny and the hat. Not in the mood he was in. For the most part he was so even-tempered, going along with her wherever she wanted to go. But there would be other times when he would take the bit between his teeth and dash off on his own course, no matter what she said or did; and this, she knew, would be one of those occasions. He wouldn't stop to wait and see. She pictured him going straight to the telephone, to the police.

So Ellie kept silent, kept to herself the facts that might have arrested the course of the night's events.

It was an address for Selma Rickard that precipitated Ellie's discovery on going to the drawer in the table in the hall. A woman who made lampshades — Selma couldn't find just what she wanted in the shops. The ready-made thing was never quite right, she said; and Ellie said she knew the very woman — an Austrian — you had only to explain what you had in mind — wonderfully clever. She lived — where was it?

Never mind; she thought she had the address in her book, and she put down her glass and ran out into the hall.

The past hour had done quite a lot to restore an appearance of everyday calm, both to the Andersons and to their four

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 49

guests. Selma had pulled herself together quite astonishingly and had floated in, all smiles and scent and sociability, in a black cocktail dress, with diamonds in her ears and on her round, white wrists.

Mrs. Livingstone, already enthroned, turned on her a long, thoughtful stare, as though seeing her for the first time; and, under it, Selma's smile vanished for a fleeting second before she turned to bathe Mick in its rays and say a cocktail for her, thanks, Mick.

Mrs. Livingstone had demanded, not very tactfully: "Where's Jenny Fenton?" the implication being that Jenny's absence marred any occasion for her.

"I tried to get her," Ellie told her, "but she's out. She'll probably look in if she comes back."

"I hope so."

Two or three times in the next hour she said: "Pity Jenny doesn't come." Twice, Peter, seated near the window, craned forward quickly and looked down at the sound of a car stopping below. Bernie took frequent furtive glances at his wrist-watch, as though to measure the minutes that might still bring her.

So, an hour later, when Selma and Ellie had got together on interior decorating, Ellie ran out to the hall and pulled open the drawer in the table on which the telephone stood. She took out the address book and turned its pages. Yes, here it was.

Then something else struck her, and in the open drawer she searched briefly among the papers and bits of string and gloves and oddments.

She said, casually, to Mick, who was standing only a few paces from her in the sitting-room doorway: "Mick, I'm glad you got rid of that beastly thing."

He turned towards her. "What beastly thing?"

"Your revolver. Did you take it away and sell it as you said you were going to?"

"No. No. I haven't done anything with it."

"It's not here."

"Of course it's there."

"It's not. I've just been looking." Once again she ran her hands over the contents of the shallow drawer.

Cigarette in mouth, head tilted back from the smoke, cocktail-shaker suspended between his two hands, Mick looked out at her where she stood, the low table-lamp flood-lighting her face and gleaming whitely on her bare arms. As yet, there was no apprehension in the glances they exchanged.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I stuck it in there when I unpacked." He put down the shaker and came out into the hall.

Ellie said gaily: "Don't say this is going to be the kitchen window all over again and both of us right!"

"It is!" he muttered, hastily making the same search. "It is the kitchen window! Because I know I put it here and . . . and you're right; it's not here now. Funny . . ."

"Was it loaded?"

"No. Of course it wasn't. Do you think I'd leave a loaded revolver lying about? But anyone can buy bullets."

"Anyone?" she said.

FOR a moment now, their eyes meeting did hold a measure of uneasiness.

"Are you sure you didn't tidy it away?" he asked.

"No. Of course I didn't. Never mind; leave it now," she murmured, and turned back to the sitting-room.

Mick followed her, took up the shaker, and poured more drinks.

There had been a silence in the room while Mick and Ellie were out of it, and Mrs. Livingstone's probing curiosity broke it with a frank comment: "Isn't it shameful how one keeps an ear cocked to anyone on the telephone? Or if they're trying to talk behind a door or somewhere. Have you lost something? What is it?"

Mick answered, and he might not have done so if there hadn't

already been three circulations of the shaker: "Yes. My revolver's disappeared!"

"Good heavens!"

"It's nothing," Ellie put in quickly. "One of us must have mislaid it, that's all"; for already a warning chill in her blood was making the subject taboo.

"What do you keep firearms for?" Selma asked, lifting out her olive and twirling it on its stick. Selma had pretty hands and they were always flashing about conspicuously.

"I don't know," Mick said. "I had it up north with me."

"And brought it back?"

"Yes . . . that for certain." Bernie drained his glass.

"The Killer Strikes Again!" he said thickly.

Selma gave him a wifely laugh. "Or let's hope someone took it to shoot that speed-hound on the motor-cycle that comes up this hill at five a.m."

Ellie said: "No one's taken it. Don't be so foolish. Unless, of course, the police came across it and took it away."

"Darling! Impossible!" Mick told her. "They can't go walking off with people's private property. They can't do things like that."

"Can't they? They're just like everyone else, I expect. There are all sort of things they can't do, but do if they can get away with it. Mrs. Livingstone, do try one of these cheese straws. I made them this afternoon and I think they might be one of my infrequent successes."

Something in her was feverish to have the subject dropped. Every reference to it found her wondering if one of these people was acting a part. Every face, at this moment, seemed to her to be stamped with a more than natural innocence. That, or her nerves were at breaking-point and nothing could look natural this evening. Would it ever any more?

She caught up the plate of cheese straws and skimmed across the room with it; two of them shot to the floor and Mick and Peter stooped at the same instant to retrieve them.

As they came up, Peter said: "Did you have a licence to own a revolver?"

"No. I suppose I should've got one before I left, but I didn't bother about it."

"Pity. If you want to report the loss they'll probably turn round and charge you with carrying unlicensed firearms and fine you fifty quid."

"Serve him right!" Mrs. Livingstone cackled. She took a cheese straw from the plate, squinted at it, murmured: "Delicious!" and finished her cocktail. Her speech, like Bernie's, was more than a little blurred. "Revolvers! Hateful things. I'd make it a crime to sell them, buy them, carry them. Godfrey, my poor husband, always carted one about with him when we were travelling in the East. To throw at cats on the roof. Cats on the roof — on moonlight nights — on the equator! Optimistic! I remember once in Singapore at Raffles Hotel—"

"Mother, do you think you ought to drink any more?" Peter murmured.

"Of course I ought. Thanks, Mick. Don't be such a spoilsport, Peter. After all, one's only old once"; and Ellie saw with relief that the talk was drifting far from the subject of Mick's lost revolver.

When the four had gone, as go they finally did—though to Ellie, whose undercurrent of thought had begun to take definite shape, their stay seemed endless—she and Mick came back to the topic without preface.

"All right," he demanded, returning to the sitting-room and facing her squarely: "All right, who did take it?"

"How can one possibly say? The door's often open; people come in and out."

"Yes; but this wasn't lying about. Who could have known it was there? That's what I mean. Do people go rooting among our things the minute our backs are turned?"

He clutched at his hair and stared wildly about him, as though seeking an answer, since she

Ballet for children

EUGEN UTASSY, who conducts a ballet school in Melbourne, believes that children need discipline with a capital D when they are learning.

"Young children are apt to take things easy and in fun all the time," he explains. "You have to be their pal and master, both at once."

But he also believes that modern children instinctively like dancing and that it is unnecessary for mothers to force the issue if they want their children to learn this art.

This advice to mothers is contained in an article about this ballet school and its pupils in this week's issue of A.M., the Australian Magazine.

couldn't give one, from everything his eye lighted on.

Bewildered, they stood in the room, empty still now, yet full of the signs which even the smallest drinking occasion leaves in its wake: glasses and laden ash-trays, melted ice, crumpled canapés, rumpled covers, cigarette ends sending up their dying smoke spirals in the fume of air.

Mick said: "Have you any idea when you last saw the thing?"

In the dim light her eyes were pools of blackness, looking back to the so distant, so present, past of two days ago. "Yes . . . the night"—she didn't need to particularise—"after the detectives had gone, when they first mentioned the two hundred pounds . . . and I went to look for mine . . . in the drawer in the hall . . . and it was gone—the revolver was there then."

"You'd swear to that?" She gave a small shrug. "You begin to wonder whether it's

To page 53

NEW! Inside and Out

Ansell "Silver Lined" RUBBER GLOVES

are your surest hand protection.



Inside

The Magic Silver Lining—found only in Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. This means you can slip them on and off like lightning—and without dusting powder.

Outside

The Sure-Grip Crepe Surface . . . gives you bare hand touch—even with delicate china pieces, in the hottest soapy water. They fit comfortably . . . give plenty of freedom of movement.

PRICE 2/11

2/11 a pair at stores, chemists, hardware, chain and rubber stores. (Slightly dearer in country areas).

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves are the simplest, safest, surest way to protect feminine hands from cracked skin, ingrained dirt, chipped nails. They're made from long-lasting top-quality latex. No other rubber gloves slip on and off so easily—or are better fitted to keep your hands as you like them . . . soft and lovely.

SIZES 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.

ANSELL "SILVER LINED" RUBBER GLOVES ARE A "MUST" FOR THESE JOBS.



Washing dishes. You can use hotter water . . . this means cleaner dishes.

Painting. Now! Paint to your heart's content with this sure hand protection.

Gardening. No more torn fingers, scratches or blisters.

Washing the car. You need protection for your hands the minute you touch your car.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING
ASK FOR THE NEW

Ansell "Silver Lined" RUBBER GLOVES

Ansell—the household name in Rubber.

safe to swear to anything. But I would. To that. I pushed it aside as I turned everything over looking for my envelope of money."

"Of course," he said slowly, "we must admit that the past two days have been something in the nature of a nightmare. It's just possible that one of us, in some utterly haywire, absent-minded moment—"

"The one of us being me, you mean?"

"No, I don't; it could just as easily have been me—picked it up, not liking the look of the thing—you afraid of it, or me guilty at having it without a licence—and stowed it away in some mad hiding hole."

"Only if one of us has had a blackout," she said calmly. "But, assuming that we have—"

She crossed the room, jerked open the desk drawers one after the other, looked in, and slid them shut again.

Mick followed in her wake. They went from room to room, looking in cupboards, boxes, and bureaus. It was little more than a token search, for each knew that the object searched

for was not going to be found.

Finishing up in the spare room, to Ellie, Jenny's occupancy of the night before last cried aloud the answer. Jenny had sat at the telephone table; she had telephoned there that night. In the morning she had quite possibly opened that drawer to put something away or take out a clothes brush or—

She cut short her thoughts as, standing in the middle of the room, she looked up to find Mick's eyes on her. This was part of the whole that Mick mustn't hear anything about until she had seen Jenny. Seen her alone. How was she going to manage that? she wondered.

She said: "Oh, isn't it awful? Anyhow, it's completely useless to go on looking. I feel as though I had cheese straws in my hair and that at any moment I might start to scream or faint."

He pulled her to him and covered her face with kisses.

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 52

her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth. "Don't do either. Please! Unless your heart's absolutely set on it."

"Selma Rickard's been doing both all day."

"Well, hang on a bit longer. I give you my word, this is definitely the last night of all this."

She rested against him. "How so, Mick?"

"Because I've made up my mind. Tomorrow we're going away. I don't know where . . . somewhere. We'll get on a ship, on a plane, and go to some perfectly empty beach and lie in the sun all day and talk about all the things we've never really had time to talk about yet."

"Perfect!" she breathed. "Of whether we'll buy a house in town or country, and whether we'll rear boxer dogs or babies."

"That's the idea. Nice, safe, cosy topics. And whether your eyes are blue or grey and my hair titian or ginger."

"And whether I'll choose your ties for you."

"Or whether you won't!"

"And how madly I love you, Mick."

"And how absolutely intoxicated I am about you."

As his arms tightened round her, there came to Ellie the sound of the click of the door across the landing. Jenny's door; Jenny coming home . . . her key in the lock . . . the door shutting sharply behind her . . .

Ellie drew away from him. "Talking of intoxication, I don't know about you, but I feel I've had far too much to eat and drink. Not dinner yet, eh?"

"No. A snack of something later."

"What I'd like would be lots of fruit. A really juicy ripe pineapple—papaws—boxes of strawberries."

"Right. I'll hop into the car and go and get some. That Greek at the Cross has the best."

Mick had hardly left and Ellie was just crossing the hall to go over to Jenny when the telephone rang.

It was the last voice she wanted to hear.

"That you, Mrs. Anderson? Inspector Grogan here."

Her heart sank. Had he not believed her this afternoon? Was he coming at all that again? Just at this moment when she was doubting her ability to stand firm under further questioning?

"Yes," she said, her voice little more than a sigh.

But he didn't revert to the subjects of this afternoon. It was just a going over and over of the old points, it seemed; the money she'd drawn to give Vernon. The kitchen window. The sale of the Tang horse. That wretched white rug. The disposition of the furniture in the flat. Why, why all this again?

She put back the receiver and stood dispiritedly by the table. Where did these questions lead? Had they more meaning than she could see?

As she still stood, Jenny's door opened and Jenny came across and tapped, the little scratching noise she always made with her nails on the wood.

"It's me, Ellie," she called; and Ellie opened the door and let her in.

Taking her into the sitting-room, Ellie said, trying to strike a natural note—postpone, postpone the awful moment approaching!—"You've just missed a party of sorts."

"Bad luck! I love a party, of any sort."

"Everyone was asking for you. Have a drink?"

"No, not now." Her eyes swept the array of bottles and came back to Ellie, absently.

Jenny seemed to be looking

different tonight, Ellie thought. What was the difference? Worried? Cold? Stressful? Her hair hadn't been combed into those pretty, short curls since she'd taken off her hat, and her mouth was almost bare of paint, the lips looked blurred, dry. She didn't sit down or indulge in any of those gay extravagances that usually marked her entrance—the telling of some absurd anecdote, a comic type she'd seen in a bus. Nothing tonight. Only an absent eye and a distant air . . .

Ellie said: "I was just coming over to you. I wanted to see you about something, alone. I got rid of Mick on purpose."

"Were you? I've only got a minute. I must get back. I expect Nigel'll be along tonight. I only popped over to ask if he rang for me here while I was out?"

"No. I haven't heard from him."

Jenny lighted a cigarette and tossed the match down on a table. "All right, what did you want to see me about? What's the mystery? Shoot!"

She took it at a rush: "Jenny, why did you come into the building at three-fifteen—in



"I've had any amount of experience. My wife makes all her own clothes."

your green hat—on the afternoon Vernon was killed?"

Jenny drew deeply on her cigarette. She didn't look at Ellie. There was no vestige of change in the expression on her face. Then she blew out the smoke in a long, straight jet. "Oh! . . . So you know that, do you?"

"I do."

"How?"

"I had to take my radio down to the shop, and the boy there—he'd been up a ladder in the hall and saw you—or, rather, I mean, saw the hat."

"Well, well!"

"And then I went to the hat shop and found you'd only bought it that very day."

"Quite the little detective!" It was Ellie who looked guilty, Ellie who felt it, standing there accusing the other, a situation unbearably embarrassing.

Jenny herself wore a look of immovable non-surprise. She looked armored against anything she could be accused of. She asked: "Have you told any of this to the police?"

"No. I wanted to ask you what it all meant before I said a word to anyone else."

"Thank goodness for that," she said coolly. "You might have landed me in a nasty fix."

"That's what I thought. But you admit it was you the electrician boy saw?"

"It was." She rubbed out her cigarette, went across to the table and poured a couple of fingers of whisky and drank it and came back. "Yes, it was me, all right."

"Oh, Jenny!" On a note of regret the exclamation fell from Ellie. Up to that instant she had hoped that something would prove it not to be so.

"Now, listen, Ellie. I knew it couldn't do you any harm. You were in the clear, always have been, always will be." Her voice took a harsh ring: "You can afford it! I heard you tell the police when they first questioned us, in here, in this very

room, that you'd come home between three and half past. So afterwards, when I suddenly remembered that wretched boy up the ladder . . ."

"You decided to work the little hat trick on me?"

Jenny shrugged. "Harmless, wasn't it?"

"Why didn't you tell me, ask me to work in with you?"

"Not my way, Ellie. The fewer people you take into your confidence, the surer you are to have your secrets safe."

"I'm pretty safe."

"I dare say. Till Mick came home. Anyway, there it was. I gave it to you, and you wore it, and very pretty you looked in it."

Ellie nodded; she saw it all. But the rest? Could she dare to go on, to ask the next question?

Jenny's eyes had an oblique glint as they dropped to her wrist-watch.

Ellie said quickly: "Don't bother about the time for a minute. If Nigel comes he'll look for you here before he goes away again. There's something else I've got to ask."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Why did you come in here at that time at all? All the way from Watson's Bay?"

Suddenly Jenny burst out laughing. She came across and took Ellie by the shoulders and gave her a playful shake, pushed her on to the sofa and sat down, too. "Watson's Bay nothing!" she said.

Ellie stared. What more was coming? "What do you mean? You weren't there?"

"No, of course I wasn't there. I don't know how I ever had the cheek to say I was. But I was desperate; I had to say something."

"Where were you, then?"

"Oh, Ellie, Ellie, Ellie! . . ."

The expressive hands rose and flapped in comic despair. "If you must know, if everything's got to come out between you and me—I was with Peter Livingstone."

"Peter?" Ellie echoed, trying to fit Peter, his reserve, the iciness of his eyes, into the picture.

"Yes. I had lunch with him, spent the afternoon with him."

"Peter as well? Is he in love with you, too?"

"It seems so. Poor Peter! His own wife is incomparably dull. All men's wives are incomparably dull when they fall for another woman, of course. We all know that!"

"So you and he—?"

"Me and him. Him and me. That's right. Look, Ellie, it was like this. We were upstairs in his hotel suite when Vernon came knocking at the door. Peter didn't ask him in. Naturally, we didn't want him to know I was there. So he got rid of him by taking him down to the bar for a drink and then came back. Well, my dear, after a while the thought of Vernon straying around here loose and my latch-key lying on the window-sill—I began to be in a real panic. I simply couldn't keep my mind on what Peter was saying: I was like a cat on hot bricks."

"But why? Why?"

"Why! That shows you didn't really know Vernon. I know he had a kind of wan charm that fitted in with your mood these last months, but he was utterly upscrupulous. And a liar! I knew that if he felt like it nothing would stop him from taking my key and going in and looking through everything I possess. My letters, my private papers. Well, nobody likes that, do they? Now, do they?"

"No, of course not; but if you were afraid of that, how did you ever come to make this

To page 54

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



for colours



for smartness



for price



insist on
NILE
COLOURFAST
HANDKERCHIEFS

NILE DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.
125 YORK ST., SYDNEY

First Favourite
with housewives



for 60 years—
genuine

PHILIPS



**STOP KIDNEY
POISONING TODAY**

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Disincline, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cytex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cytex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

Page 53

Feather Foundation

A light non-drying liquid cream—to give the skin a radiant underglow and a lasting matt finish. 9/6



Yardley Lipstick

Blended to cling lastingly, flatter sweetly. Choose your colour from nine lovely tones. 8/6

Yardley Powder

There's a new soft brilliance about the longer-lasting Yardley lipsticks. Nine fascinating colours. 10/11; refills, 5/5



enhance
your loveliness with
YARDLEY
make-up

YARDLEY • LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • TORONTO • SYDNEY

You get most for your money
with **MYNOR**
Fruit juices & Jellies

COSTS LESS THAN 2d A GLASS

Mynor is the most economical way to keep those thirsty children happy... and to be wonderfully hospitable. And Mynor is so easy to make—just add iced water or soda and you have the finest drink you've ever tasted.

MORE DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

ALL THE FLAVOUR... ALL THE GOODNESS OF FINEST QUALITY FRUIT

No wonder Mynor is famous for flavour... for into Mynor goes the fresh pure juice of oranges, lemons, pineapple, passionfruit picked at the peak of perfection. No wonder Mynor is good for you... it's made from fruit rich in essential health-giving vitamins.

MORE FRUIT JUICE... MORE FLAVOUR

CHOICE OF 11 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

Some like this... some like that... but in Mynor there's a flavour to suit everybody. Choose from FRUIT CUP—TOPS—ORANGE—LEMON—PINEAPPLE—RASPBERRY—STRAWBERRY—LIME JUICE—PASITO—G.I. CORDIAL—MILVAN MILKSHAKE CORDIAL.

MORE DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE



MYNOR...
the jelly
with the
UNIQUE
FLAVOUR BUD

Contains concentrated fruit
keeps it fresh until used

Inside every packet of Mynor Fruit Jelly you will find the unique Mynor flavour bud—real liquid fruit sealed in a sugar coating. No matter how long Mynor Jellies stay on the grocer's shelf or in your pantry they remain as fresh, delicious and full of flavour as the day they were made. You will find, too, that Mynor Jellies dissolve in a minute and give you a good firm set always. Ask for Mynor Jellies today—they're tops for flavour.

IN 6 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

DISSOLVES IN
60 SECONDS



MYNOR IS
GOOD FOR YOU
because MYNOR MEANS
FRUIT JUICE



Murder and Poor Jenny

[from page 53]

arrangement with Campbell in the first place?"

"I don't know. An impulsive moment. I didn't think of Vernon then, and, as for Campbell—well, that type of man-servant, of course you trust him. Anyhow, once the idea got into my head I was in a dither. So I had to put it over Peter somehow. I suddenly sprang up and said I'd forgotten about a woman who'd arranged to make me some nightdresses and who was waiting for me at that very moment at the entrance to the Imperial Arcade—a foreigner, a Swiss, terribly poor. I said I couldn't leave the poor soul standing there and that I wouldn't be more than half an hour, and I rushed out."

"And Peter didn't suspect anything?"

"Oh, no!" Jenny laughed again. "Peter took it like a lamb. He was sitting there, patiently waiting for me—hadn't moved—when I got back. I wasn't long, not much more than half an hour. I jumped into a taxi and made the man speed. I ran in—saw the boy up the ladder, of course—flew upstairs, and there was my key. I thought, Good old Campbell, he's done the job; and grabbed it and ran down again."

"Risky," Ellie said in a dry, little controlled voice.

"Oh, risks! I take risks as you might take your breakfast. Where'd I be if I hadn't? But," she added, "I hope the future will be safer. A lot safer! No more mental trapeze acts. And only a bankroll a cat couldn't jump over can fix that."

"Nigel...?"

"Yes...?" She pushed the things back into her bag and shut it with a final click, as though she already had Nigel safely stowed away in it. Then she came over and stood close to Ellie.

"Now, darling Ellie," she said, "are you quite satisfied? You see it all, don't you? You forgive me?"

Ellie said, "Yes," and thought: What did forgiveness mean? She wasn't indignant any more; it was just that friendship was impossible with someone to whom facts were only so much putty to be moulded into whatever shape the situation demanded.

Jenny was watching her closely. "And you'll keep all this to yourself, won't you?"

Again Ellie said: "Yes," and paused. "That is—"

"What? Are you going to bargain?"

"I am. That is, if you'll tell me—did you take Mick's revolver?"

Jenny looked back at her, and her eyes didn't flicker. Her glance was so steady, so unwinking, that in a flash Ellie thought: Oh, if only I could separate the truth from the lie now—now!—in whatever answer she's going to give me!

Then a sudden gleam of anger came into Jenny's eyes. Ellie thought she had never seen her look angry before. No. Never.

"Did I take it?" Jenny cried. No; of course I didn't take it."

"But, Jenny, it's gone!"

"What's that got to do with me?"

"From the drawer in the hall since the night before last... and you were the only one who could have known it was there. We just discovered it, Mick and I. You must tell me; really you must."

"I've told you!"

They stood confronted, battling with their eyes, all pretence or believing or expecting to be believed dropping away...

"Because," Ellie said slowly, "I'm afraid that if it doesn't turn up, Mick's pretty sure to ring the police and inform them."

Her eyes still fixed on Ellie,

Jenny took a step back. The cigarette dropped from her fingers. She drew in a deep breath, as though she were the diver now, then turned sharply and hurried, almost ran, out of the room.

Inspector Grogan, still in his office, picked up the receiver when the telephone rang. "Yes?"

"Yes, that's right, speaking... Who is it? ... Yes, right..."

The strong, unshaded light that beat down on the inspector showed his listening face, receiver to his ear, elbow on desk. Listening, saying at intervals: "Yes... yes... yes..." and once: "Sure? Quite sure? ... and again: "Yes... yes..." and: "Is that so? ... and finally: "O.K."

The expression on his face—and since he was alone the expression was able to declare itself—was one of plain smugness at being right.

When the voice at the other end ceased, he dropped the receiver into place, took up his hat and walked briskly down the passage to Manning's room.

The sergeant was on the point of leaving. "Well?" he queried, a conspicuous lack of welcome in his voice.

Grogan said: "Sorry to say I told you so, Les, but you were wrong."

"Yeah, you look sorry. What about?"

"You were on the wrong track this time about the Anderson pair making use of Fenton for their own wicked ends! It wasn't the Anderson girl that went into Arlington Court at three-fifteen that day in the green hat. It was Mrs. Cutie Fenton herself."

"How'd you make that out?"

"Come on, son, I'll tell you as we go."

When Jenny had gone, Ellie went out to the kitchen with the tray of glasses. Standing at the sink with sombre inward face, she washed them, polished them slowly and ranged them back in their row in the cupboard. Then she emptied ash-trays and washed them, hung up the tea-towel, and went back to the sitting-room, folded papers, straightened rugs and cushions, any number of trivial acts to keep herself occupied till Mick came back.

She picked up the bowl of flowers that had started to droop and took them out to the dustbin that stood on the leaded balcony on to which gave her own back door and Jenny's. Over her shoulder she noticed that Jenny's door was standing wide. Ten minutes ago when she had emptied the ash-trays it had been shut. On this little balcony, through these two kitchen doors, a lot of friendly morning visits and small domestic exchanges had taken place between them.

The sight now of that gaping door, darkness inside, woke in Ellie a sharp pang. Had she been too censorious? What had she brought about, perhaps, by mentioning that revolver? By letting Jenny know she thought she had it, had she precipitated the act Jenny may have been contemplating?

Jenny's face when she heard those words: "If it doesn't turn up Mick's pretty certain to tell the police"—what a horror had been stamped on it! Instantly, she had hurried away, with a kind of desperation written all over her.

Ellie tip-toed along and listened at the doorway. There wasn't a sound inside. Beyond the balcony rail was Jenny's bedroom window.

Then, as Ellie hesitated, a light sprang up in the bedroom

and all at once a picture as vivid as that square of light flashed before her mind's eye: Jenny and her air of desperation alone in there with that revolver.

Drawn by the image, Ellie stepped into the kitchen, groped her way across it in the dark and through the hall.

Before she reached the shut bedroom door, a deafening noise from in there almost hurled her backwards—a revolver shot!

She screamed: "Jenny! Jenny!" Paralyzed, unable to take another step forward, for one dreadful moment she stood rooted, while the sound of the shot went shuddering through her every nerve...

Then Mick's voice at the front door, his fist pounding on the wood.

She rushed and flung it open. He was there, and Grogan and Manning were on his heels. Mick darted in, his eyes staring with the shock of her scream that had met him on the stairs; Mick, white-faced, fruit spilling from his arms in a bright cascade...

Grogan pushed them aside and threw open the bedroom door.

Jenny was lying face downwards beside the bed, full length along the carpet, her arms flung wide, the revolver at her hand.

But while the words rose to Ellie's lips: "Dead!... she's dead!" Jenny moved, turned her head.

The two detectives were leaning over her. Grogan asked: "Where is he? Where's Rickard?"

She scrambled to her feet and stood swaying, leaning against the bed end.

"Through there," she whispered. "He jumped through the window." She lifted a shaking hand and pointed to the wide open window with its three-story drop to the garden below.

Grogan picked up the revolver, and the detectives hurried out, through the kitchen, towards the back stairway.

As they ran, Jenny twitched aside the heavy curtain, and Bernie stepped from behind it.

Jenny glanced from him to the window... back to him... to the window again. Her eyes spoke as plainly as words: There, Bernie, there's your escape... the only escape left you now.

As though Jenny had spoken aloud, Ellie cried shrilly: "Oh, no, no! No, Bernie, no!"

Bernie, outlined against the darkness, hesitated, turned his face for one second towards Ellie. She never forgot the look stamped there: everything lost—love, hope, revenge, even life itself. It seemed in that split second, the face of someone already dead. Which was the more memorably horrible: that expression on Bernie's face or the look in Jenny's eyes that bade him jump?

Mick sprang forward and clutched at Bernie's arm. Briefly they struggled, but Bernie, the heavier and with his choice already made, the end in his mind already achieved, flung him off, sent him staggering back...

Bernie dived out.

Later, downstairs in Kane's office, Grogan was talking to Mick.

"There wasn't much left for Rickard but suicide, after he'd done two killings and attempted a third. It was Mrs. Fenton's."

To page 55

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

split-second timing that saved her life. She saw the movement of his hand to his pocket, and as he fired she dropped, shamming dead.

"My word, she had the lot of us on, not excepting the sergeant and myself, when she sent us tumbling down those back stairs to pick up the body of a man that hadn't yet jumped! He struck the stones below a second before we got there. 'Course we could charge her with obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. But she'd get away with that. Lord, yes! On the plea that she was too soft-hearted to see her friend arrested!"

"I guess so," Mick said. "I guess so indeed!"

"As I see it, she wanted this feller dead so that he couldn't have his revenge on her by writing to Mr. Tait-Smith and letting him know what he knew about her.

"Early on, I was pretty sure Rickard was our man, but I didn't have enough evidence. Why was I sure? I'll tell you. Knowing the person that killed Walsh had tried to frame Mrs. Fenton by putting the body in her bedroom, I was on the look-out for someone to make another move against her, let her down some way or other. My word, I didn't have to wait long! Rickard deliberately bust their alibis by not knowing a single thing about that film they were supposed to have gone to together.

"Now I knew any bloke would've made a point of hopping along there to that show—there'd been two performances since—so he'd know everything about it if questioned. He took up my mention of dancing as quick as he could, as quick as he should've skated away from the subject, if you see what I mean. Looking for his chance to let her down, he actually led me on to talk about dancing and musicals like that show! It's my belief, when he arranged that alibi with her, it was with the express purpose of breaking it and putting her

under suspicion, knowing his own alibi with a former girlfriend could be made watertight by a phone call.

"Then there was another thing in that same talk the sergeant and I had with him, and he didn't do that on purpose! A fatal slip, you might call it. In the middle of my talk he interrupted me with the words: 'Yes, yes, I know, white hairs from hall rug.' Well, those words stuck in my mind, subconsciously, you might say. They came back to me this evening when I was going over my notes of the case, and I thought, 'That's funny! That rug was in your sitting-room. Why did he say the hall?'"

"But the motive?" Mick queried. "What in the world did Rickard kill Walsh for?"

"Rage, I reckon. Like in the old days they used to kill the bearer of bad news. At a loose end, Rickard wandered back here at three o'clock and spotted Walsh getting in your back window and followed him in. He must've come upon him in your front hall just after he'd put your wife's money in his pocket. Not that Rickard could've known that or he'd have put it back."

"That must've been when he saw my revolver in that drawer," Mick said. "And this afternoon when he came in to see Ellie he slipped it into his pocket."

"That's right. Well, he must've accused the little spiv of breaking in and threatened to call the police. So Walsh must've let him know he knew all about his affair with Mrs. Fenton, threatened to tell his wife, maybe. I reckon Walsh told him plenty! Probably laughed in his face at a feller that was busting up his own comfortable marriage for a woman who was planning to land a rich old man . . . who was spending that very afternoon with Livingstone up in his hotel suite . . . and about the key-money. What could be worse to hear, do you reckon, than that the woman you loved

from page 54

and thought had encouraged you to live under the same roof with her because she loved you had really got a nice little slice of the key-money on the deal?"

"That's so!" Mick said.

"Yeah, that must've been the last straw for Rickard, and he landed him a swipe across the side of the head with something—could've been one of your golf-clubs. When he found that he was dead—maybe he never meant to kill him—he must've thought: She thinks she can get away with anything, we'll see if she can get away with this! And he opened her door and took the body across. Probably overheard her make the arrangement with Campbell and knew the key was there. Then he pops into his car and hares off to this old girl-friend of his."

Mick asked: "But had Jenny taken a share of this key-money; do you really think she had?"

"Look, Mr. Anderson, if Walsh didn't have something on her, do you think she'd have helped him with the sale of that Tang horse to her rich friend?—a thing she must've thought, at least, was a fake or Walsh wouldn't be owning it. See? Even so, she was a bit scared afterwards and held back Tait-Smith's cheque, wondering, thinking it over. She put it in Walsh's pocket when she found his body there at five-thirty because she thought if the deal hadn't gone through it would have made the Tang horse legally still Walsh's, and if it turned out to be a fake it might get around to Tait-Smith, who might've thought she was in the swindle."

"Then she went downstairs and hung around till somebody appeared—it just happened to be Rickard—and took a heavy parcel off the desk—anybody's parcel—so he'd volunteer to carry it up and she'd have someone with her when she

'discovered' the body. Rickard mentioned this parcel to the sergeant, but she didn't, and I wondered why. So last thing that night I ran up and searched her flat for the wrappings. Not a trace of anything. Next morning I knew why."

Briefly he told Mick of the stolen book and its reappearance in the bookroom. "She slipped it back during the fuss-up of the evening, and Campbell, who'd sold it, must've unwrapped it and put it back and destroyed the wrapping."

"Tonight, sitting in my office, thinking it over, the mystery of Rickard saying 'white rug in the hall' kept nagging at me, so I rang up your wife and slipped the question in among a lot of other talk—the disposition of the furniture, and so on—and she told me that on the afternoon of Walsh's murder the white bearskin rug was in your hall, for the first and only time. Mrs. Fenton that morning, when she was giving her a hand, had carelessly reversed the hall and sitting-room rugs, and your wife hadn't put them back in their right places again till she got home after three-twenty that afternoon."

"Another pointer to Rickard was that Tait-Smith had seen a light in Rickard's flat this morning just before three, though they'd said they were in bed and asleep soon after two. Well, Mrs. Rickard might've been. I don't reckon she was in any state to know what was happening. But after he put the car away he must've met Mrs. Kane coming out to see about that flapping door, then both go into the Bembergs' flat to see what was up."

"What happens then? He tackles her about that key-money and she comes back at him with something she's seen, some evidence of him being there at three when Walsh was killed. Drunk and desperate as he was, well, he grabs her by the throat and squeezes too hard."

"Well, tonight I was just deciding to get Rickard along to

Delightful new novel as our next serial

ONCE again we are pleased to announce that as our new serial, to open next week, we have secured an outstanding new novel by one of today's most popular authors. This time it is "AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY," by Charles Terrot.

Readers were delighted with Charles Terrot's whimsical comedy-romance, "THE ANGEL WHO PAWNED HER HARP," which was published as one of our recent free novel supplements and has now been filmed. "AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY," which is published in book form by Messrs. William Collins, will give them as much or even more delight.

Packed with fun and romance, it is the story of an aspiring young composer who finds himself saddled with a pet alligator—to the vast dismay of himself, his family, and the girl he is courting, and to the joy of the attractive Irish colleen who decides to take him and Daisy under her wing.

Watch for the opening instalment of this most entertaining serial in next week's issue.

headquarters for further questioning when my phone rings. It was Mrs. Fenton to tell me your gun was missing. She was in a state, because she guessed whoever had taken it was after her. Hate had planted that body in her room, she said, and the same hate was going to do for her now. Who? Who?

"I said, 'Look, your alibi was purposely bust. Can you think of any reason why?' 'If Vernon talked to him!'" she said. And then she came clean about her part in the set-up from start to finish. Very frank, she was. Everyone for themselves! she said. Yes, she's a tough little lady, all right. But she was scared stiff when she phoned tonight. I told her we'd be right along."

"So she sits there in the hall waiting for us to come, so quiet that Rickard, who was already hiding in the kitchen waiting for her to come back—he must've slipped in her front door, left ajar when she went across to your wife—can't've known she was there. After a while she got up and went into her bedroom. He heard her then and followed her, first opening the kitchen door for a quick getaway, meaning to shoot her and be down those back stairs and in his own flat

again almost as soon as the shot was heard. But that wasn't to be. Your wife was on his heels, crying out at the bedroom door. No escape that way."

Mick thought, No, only the window. That hypnotic glance of hers was his death warrant. Murder, no less than his.

He said: "I imagine what made Rickard decide to shoot her tonight was the death of Tait-Smith's wife. Jenny's way was clear at last to what she'd been working for from the start, and Rickard wasn't going to see her triumph."

At that moment Tait-Smith lifted his telephone. He said: "Yes? . . . Yes, Jenny . . . No, I haven't rung you all day. I'm very busy, very busy indeed. I'm leaving to join my daughter in England almost at once, so I'm afraid we shan't meet again . . . An explanation? Certainly—if you want one. Unfortunately, I happened to be below in your garden in the small hours this morning, and, looking up, saw you at your kitchen door—in your negligee—taking a tender farewell of your lover—young Livingstone—before he crept down the stairway to his own flat."

(Copyright)



A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

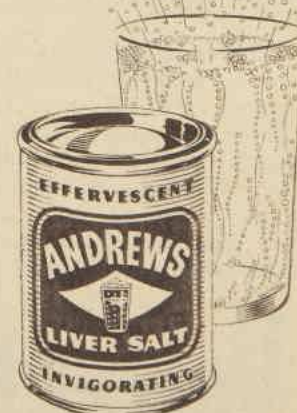
Here's why: Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives; gently clears your system of harmful impurities thus promoting inner cleanliness.

For Inner Cleanliness!

1/4 lb. tin 2/9 . Family Size 4/3





Doctors know it



All mothers should

Only **Velveeta** gives
you all Milk's goodness!



HEARTY BREAKFAST

Pop Velveeta under your griller and you'll watch it toast into mouth-watering, golden goodness. Perfect as a hasty, tasty breakfast, or for lunch, snacks and suppers. Remember, too — Velveeta gives you *all* milk's goodness and is digestible as milk itself! So good for all your family at any time.



DELICIOUS SAUCE

Velveeta melts into the smoothest, most delicious sauce you ever tasted. Simply melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler (or ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk — and pour over vegetables for *extra* flavour and *extra* nourishment.

In making ordinary cheese some of the precious food elements are lost. They are run off in the whey. These are: milk sugars, milk minerals and Vitamin B₂. But Velveeta puts them back. Never before has this been done!

Yes! Velveeta adds *all* those precious food elements to the other vitamins,

protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health. Velveeta gives you all milk's goodness. So you see, Velveeta offers you *extra* value — because of its *extra* food values. Remember, too, Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves butter, too, because you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta!

Velveeta

Made by

KRAFT



DIGESTIBLE AS
MILK ITSELF.
KFL54

Talk about SPONGES

BY OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS

Whenever keen cooks get together their talk is sure to turn to the making of perfect sponges.

THE next time sponges are discussed, check your cake-making with the following points — they make all the difference between a mediocre sponge and a really good one.

Use tins recommended in the recipe. If tins are too small the mixture will rise above the edge and the appearance will be spoiled. If tins are too large the sponge will be too shallow.

Castor sugar gives the finest texture, but crystal sugar may be used, provided the beating is continued until all the sugar is dissolved.

If the oven (either gas or electric) is average size, two sponge sandwich tins should fit diagonally on one shelf. If both tins will not fit on one shelf use two shelves, placing one tin on each. Reverse them for the last five minutes' cooking time.

Once the sponge is in the oven do not open the door for at least ten minutes. Even then do not attempt to move the sponges until the last five minutes, and be sure to close the oven door gently.

Sponges come out of the tins much more easily if they are allowed to stay one minute in tins after taking out of the oven. A gentle shake should be sufficient to loosen them before turning out.

A small square of greased paper placed in the centre of the greased sandwich tin helps a sponge to turn out easily.

Plain flour with bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar or self-raising flour can be used for sponges.

For each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour allow 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda and sift the three ingredients thoroughly together before using.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

STRAWBERRY BASKETS

Three eggs, pinch salt, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornflour, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 or 2 dessertspoons water, desiccated coconut, green coloring, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, strawberries and angelica.

Separate egg-whites and egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved and mixture stands in peaks. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and cornflour, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into greased 7in. x 10in. slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, cut into shapes with 2in. scone cutter. Scoop out centres slightly, brush sides with apricot jam warmed with the water. Coat sides with coconut colored pale green. Whip the cream lightly, flavor and sweeten to taste. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped strawberries, spoon into scooped out cakes. Top each with a strawberry. Soften angelica in hot water, cut into narrow strips about 4in. long. Bend into horse-



STRAWBERRY BASKETS, golden sponge with cream and toffee wedges, and raspberry cream roll are three delicious ways of dressing up a simple sponge mixture. See recipes below.

shoe shapes and press lightly into the cakes to make handles.

GOLDEN TOFFEE SPONGE

Four eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons boiling milk, whipped cream or mock cream, toffee, cherries.

Separate egg-whites from egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth, gradually beat in the sugar and continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Add egg-yolks one at a time, then golden syrup, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, corn-

flour, cinnamon, and cocoa. Lastly fold in butter melted in hot milk and mixed with coffee essence. Bake in two greased 7in. sandwich tins in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, sandwich with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or mock cream. Top with extra cream and decorate with toffee and cherries.

To Prepare Toffee: Dissolve 1 cup sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, stirring over gentle heat. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vinegar and boil until mixture bubbles slowly and thickly, and changes to a honey color, or when a little hardens if dropped into cold water. Pour into greased 7in. sandwich tin, making a thin layer over

the base of the tin. (Pour balance into greased tray and break up when set for the children to eat). Quickly mark toffee into wedges with the back of a greased knife, repeating the marking process while the toffee cools and sets. Finally break the toffee into wedges.

RASPBERRY CREAM ROLL

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons hot milk, raspberry jam, whipped sweetened cream flavored with vanilla, desiccated coconut.

Separate egg-whites and egg-yolks. Beat the egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved and mixture will

hold its shape. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, then hot milk. Grease a Swiss roll tin, line base with greased paper. Pour mixture in, tilt tin to spread mixture evenly. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out on to paper lightly coated with castor sugar. Quickly cut off crusts at ends and sides and roll up with the paper. Leave to cool on cake cooler. Unroll carefully, remove paper, spread with jam and cream, re-roll. Cover the roll completely with cream, pipe or spoon diagonal strips of jam over roll. Sprinkle jam with coconut. To serve, cut in diagonal slices either parallel to jam strips or across them.

The crispest
cereal that ever
came out of an
oven



So crisp they just have to sing out:
"Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour
out the milk! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles
—the happy golden-toasted breakfast cereal
that bubbles over with the joy of good living
— good eating!



RB54-3R



**FREE! COLOURED CUT-OUT
SPORTS CARS**
see back Kellogg's Rice Bubbles packets.

Sensational Paris Skin Discovery!

New HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT brings radiant, natural loveliness to your complexion in just 15 minutes!

"BIODERMA"

—neither a Cream nor a Lotion—tones up facial tissues, closes dilated pores, clears away spots, blackheads, wrinkles, and restores youthful freshness and vitality to your skin.
A LOT OF BEAUTY FOR A LITTLE MONEY! Prove it for yourself—we will forward a trial treatment for 2/6, or a full three weeks' Course for 9/6, post free. Money back immediately if not delighted.

"BIODERMA" Laboratories (Dept. A.21), Box 1476V, G.P.O., BRISBANE.

Sole Distributors for Australasia:
STANLEY DUTHIE & CO., 236 Elizabeth St., Brisbane.

Best Recipes

• A rich butter cake encased in a crunchy chocolate meringue wins the main prize of £5 this week.

If you have a plentiful supply of eggs an additional yolk gives a finer texture to the cake. Spoon measurements are level.

MYSTERY NUT CAKE

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 oz. chopped walnuts, 1oz. grated dark chocolate.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Prepare meringue. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Fold in nuts and chocolate. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ in. layer of meringue over sides and base of well-greased 10in. tube-tin.

FOR a special occasion, serve this unusual cake. It does not require icing because it has its own chocolate frosting when turned out of the tin. See the main prizewinning recipe.

Fill cake mixture into meringue-lined tin. Bake in very moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Allow to stand in tin 20 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Counsell, 33 Hawthorne St., New Farm, Brisbane.

BLACKBERRY MARSH-MALLOW TART

One 8in. cooked and cooled pastry case, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 cups blackberries (slightly mashed), 1 tablespoon custard powder and 2

tablespoons cornflour blended with a little extra water.

Topping: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring, chopped nuts.

Cook sugar, water, butter, and blackberries over low heat until blackberries are soft. Thicken with blended cornflour and custard powder, cook 3 minutes longer. Cool slightly, pour into pastry case. Boil sugar, water and gelatine steadily 10 minutes. Allow to cool, add lemon juice and vanilla. Color pale pink. Beat until thick. Pour over fruit, sprinkle with nuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kavanagh, Penola Rd., Millicent, S.A.

Family dish

A SEASONED lamb loaf to serve cold with salad makes a grand meal.

This loaf costs approximately four shillings and ninepence and serves four.

LAYERED LAMB LOAF

Two and a half cups minced cold cooked lamb or tinned meat - loaf, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread seasoning flavored with chopped shallot and mint and grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Place meat, onion, parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and breadcrumbs in large bowl. Bind with half beaten egg and milk. Place half in greased loaf-tin, cover with prepared bread seasoning, then balance of meat mixture. Pour remaining egg and milk mixture over top and dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to become cold in tin, unmould, then serve sliced.

causes saliva to flow, which cleanses the mouth and teeth.

Tropical fruits—papaw and pineapples—are rich in vitamins, while sun-dried fruits such as raisins, dried apricots, and prunes are very valuable for the iron they contain.

Bananas should be sound and ripe and should always be well mashed.

Stone fruits and the berry fruits are liable to cause diarrhoea if given too liberally, so careful introduction of these into a small child's diet is necessary.

stituted for apples when only cold-storage supplies of these are available.

Most fruits are taken well by the toddler, as long as only a small portion of any new fruit is given at first, and the amount gradually increased.

The citrus fruits and tomatoes are richest in vitamin C, and the juice of these is the first to be given to very young babies. Fresh fruits are body cleansers as they also contain a large amount of water.

Every meal of a babe or toddler should end with a piece of raw ripe apple, as the acid

Tony's luxury dish

Oxtail Parisienne

• "This dish of oxtails is very popular in England and France," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"It also has the advantage of being not too costly. It is a favorite with my wife and myself. We often serve it as a luncheon dish."

This recipe is sufficient for four to six people.

Two ox tails cut in 2in. to 3in. pieces, 1 chopped carrot, 2 onions, chopped, 1 bunch of parsley, celery, thyme, and a bay leaf, 1 glass sherry, 2 glasses sauterne, 10 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 12 small onions, 12 small carrots, 3 fresh tomatoes, 3 cups of beef stock, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups small button mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 clove of garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Mix together the chopped carrot, onion, bunch of herbs, sherry, sauterne, whole peppercorns, and salt, and marinate the ox tail overnight in the mixture. Remove ox tails, carrot, and onions, and save the liquid and herbs. Brown the oxtail in a little butter, add the whole carrots and onions and cook until they are brown. Drain off the fat, add the garlic, and sprinkle with flour. When the flour is brown, add the liquid and herbs of the marinade and the tomatoes. Cover well with the beef stock and cook slowly about 3 hours.

Remove ox tails to heat-proof casserole dish and add the garnishing of cooked carrots, cooked onions, and small mushrooms sauteed in butter and some diced fat salt pork cooked until crisp.

Strain the liquid in which the ox tails were cooked through a fine sieve, allow the fat to rise to the top, then remove it all. Correct the seasoning, and if the sauce is not thick enough add a little arrowroot mixed with sherry. Pour over the ox tail and vegetables. Re-heat all together and serve with chopped parsley.

Seasonal fruits

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A WELL-BALANCED diet for both children and adults should be rich in vitamin and mineral elements. The human body cannot make use of mineral salts necessary for good nutrition without a plentiful supply of vitamins.

Fresh fruits and fruit juices supply both minerals and vitamins.

Fruits that are given to toddlers should be sound and ripe (not over-ripe) and well washed.

Ripe, sound, fresh peaches, apricots, and pears can be sub-

BABY CLOTHES
THAT Snap CLOSED
AND STAY SNUG



Sleepy-Nite Toddlers
In Easy with Gripper
Fasteners—so easy to
snap and un-snap for a
quick change.



Buy
Baby Clothes
with
LAUNDRY PROOF
Gripper
FASTENERS

Modern Gripper
Fasteners are made
to last the life of the garment
they're built into and unlike
buttons they cannot pop off...
chip and break. Right now you
can escape button bother for-
ever by buying clothes with
Grippers for your children,
your husband and yourself.

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH
Grippers ON THE
CLOTHES YOU WEAR
AND FOR HOME SEWING
BUY A GRIPPER CARD



"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under licence
by CARR FASTENER Company
of Australia Limited.
Australian Dist.: "J.S." Products, Victoria.
STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING
SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES
CGP 1914

**You will be really proud
of your kitchen** (and of your cooking, too)

when you own a

**Sunbeam
MIXMASTER**



Old-fashioned, unscientific food-mixing methods have no place in today's kitchens. Mixmaster is the "MUST" for every kitchen . . . Because: (1) It takes the guesswork out of food-mixing, making everyone an expert cook . . . (2) Because it ends forever tiring, time-wasting armwork . . . (3) Because it's easy to operate, easy to keep clean, and is always on the job, helpful and useful from breakfast to supper . . . And its modern, streamlined beauty adds to the appearance of any kitchen; its gleaming black-and-white finish tones in perfectly with any colour scheme.

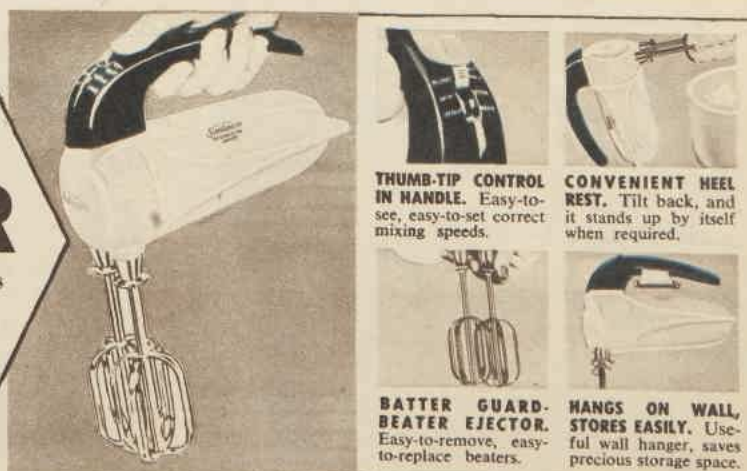
**ONLY SUNBEAM MIXMASTER
HAS ALL THESE ADVANTAGES**

The special Sunbeam Nylon Button turns the bowl automatically, maintaining essential uniformity of bowl-speed and beater-speed. The Sunbeam Mixfinder Dial "tunes in" the correct beating speed for all food-mixing tasks. The Sunbeam Beater Ejector automatically ejects the glistening Sunbeam full-mix beaters for easy cleaning. The Sunbeam Juice Extractor gets all the juice automatically, faster. The powerful, governor-controlled Sunbeam Motor, with power to spare, gives smooth running and even mixing on every speed.

*And now... for small kitchenettes where
space saving is essential—here's the*
Sunbeam MIXMASTER JUNIOR

For small flats, week-end cottages, and all kitchenettes where space is very limited, Sunbeam now makes it possible to have the benefits of scientifically correct food mixing. The Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior

takes up very little space and hangs on the wall out of the way. It is portable, convenient and efficient. Ask your nearest Sunbeam Dealer to show it to you.



**THUMB-TIP CONTROL
IN HANDLE.** Easy-to-see, easy-to-set correct mixing speeds.

**CONVENIENT HEEL
REST.** Tilt back, and it stands up by itself when required.

**BATTER GUARD,
BEATER EJECTOR.** Easy-to-remove, easy-to-replace beaters.

**HANGS ON WALL,
STORES EASILY.** Useful wall hanger, saves precious storage space.

Just that much!

(ONE TEASPOONFUL)



that's all the

Trix

you need

for a whole big wash-up



When you use
TRIX you can
forget
drying up

MONEY-SAVING?... YES!

TIME-SAVING?... YES!

MONEY-SAVING... because there's enough TRIX in every bottle for over a hundred big wash-ups... a whole month's supply! (Doesn't that work out far cheaper than if you used soaps or powders?)

WORK-SAVING... because TRIX dissolves grease like magic... dishes "come clean" with no effort... and you simply "soak" burnt pots and pans.

TIME-SAVING... because TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING UP! You just stack the Trix-washed dishes in a rack, and they dry sparkling

WORK-SAVING?... YES!

clean... far, far cleaner than if you washed them in suds and dried them with a towel in the old way.

Don't waste another precious day... buy TRIX now... and start washing-up the money-saving, work-saving, time-saving way! You'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps and powders.

3/3

Prices slightly higher in some country districts

BIG BOTTLE!
MIRACLE DETERGENT!
CONCENTRATED!

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd., makers of famous MORTEN



COUCH INTO COT

This week two readers win prizes in our popular homemakers' contest with their ideas for converting disused articles into useful equipment for children.

MRS. G. Cruickshank, 13 Brunei Crescent, West Heidelberg, Victoria, wins the major cash prize of £3/3/- for the nursery bed that her husband made from an old couch.

"We have two baby sons," she writes, "When the younger one outgrew his bassinet we had no second cot, so my husband decided to make a nursery bed out of a well-sprung couch that was not being used.

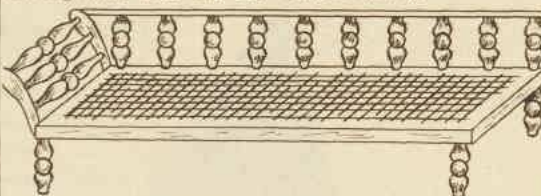
"The old-fashioned legs, head, and back railing on the couch were taken off. These were replaced by a plywood head and two sideboards half the length of the couch. New low legs were fitted and the

bed was then painted and decorated with colored transfers. It is an ideal nursery bed. The sideboards stop falls and the low legs allow my son to climb in and out easily."

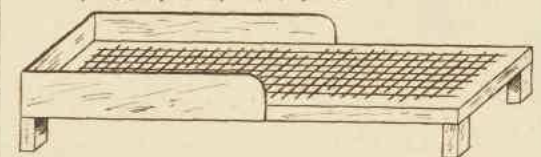
If you or a member of your family has made something from some discarded article, send the idea in—it may win you a cash prize.

With each entry send a full description of the article or articles as they were and what was done with them. Rough sketches or a snapshot to show the "before" and "after" idea should be supplied.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



OLD-STYLE COUCH (above) which was turned into the useful nursery bed shown below. Only minor alterations were necessary for this practical conversion, which wins the major cash prize of £3/3/- for a Victorian reader.



Home-made hurdy-gurdy

Mrs. B. R. Clarke, 11 Eleventh St., Renmark, S.A., wins a consolation prize of £1/1/- for the conversion of a pair of buggy wheels, found on a farm, into a hurdy-gurdy for her children.

"THE children's grandfather actually made the conversion, and this is how he did it," writes Mrs. Clarke.

"He simply upended a pair of buggy wheels, still attached to their axle, and embedded one wheel and part of the hub into the children's sand-pit. The base wheel could be firmly fixed into a lawn or

even earth but a sand-pit affords softer landings if the children should fall.

"Two swing seats were made from narrow planks of wood, sandpapered to prevent splinters and then painted. Holes were then drilled at each end of both seats, lengths of strong rope were threaded through the holes, and these were tied to the spokes of the top rotating wheel.

"The children have had many hours' enjoyment on this gaily painted swing, which spins around with the slightest kick on the ground."



LEFT: Children's hurdy-gurdy which was made from the axle and wheels of a discarded buggy. This idea won a consolation prize of £1/1/-.

£200 TO BE WON!

Tintex Dye COMPETITION

It's so simple!

Anyone may enter and win a cash prize!

1st All Australian Prize	£75
2nd All Australian Prize	£20
3rd All Australian Prize	£15
4th All Australian Prize	£10
6 State Prizes (£5 to each State)	£30
50 Consolation prizes of £1 each	£50

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

- 1 On a sheet of paper briefly describe in your own words how you have used Tintex Dyes to economise and save money. For example: "I wanted a set of colored serviettes and matching table cloth but instead of buying them I simply dyed my old white ones a pale green with 'Tintex Dye' and saved myself pounds."
- 2 Send as many entries as you wish, each entry on a separate sheet of paper, and attach to it the printed dyeing instructions enclosed in every Tintex, Dyetex or Princess Dye packet. Be sure and include your name and address on each entry.
- 3 Mail entry to Tintex Dye Competition, Dept. W.W.2 Box 1476V, G.P.O., Brisbane, before February 28, 1955.
- 4 Entries will be judged on originality and suitability. The judges' decision will be final. Winners will be notified by mail and results published in this magazine.
- 5 The attachment of the printed dyeing instructions from a Tintex, Dyetex or Princess Dye packet is not required from competitors living in any State where this would contravene State laws.

IMPORTANT REMINDER!

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY MONDAY FEBRUARY 28TH.

Positively your last chance to win a CASH PRIZE—ACT NOW!

Tintex Dyes are obtainable at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Never say "Dye"—say **TINTEX!**

TIBS now even better for your cat
(IN HANDY TABLETS)



WATCH YOUR CAT relish his food when you sprinkle one of the new Tibs tablets into it. See how he shows the benefit. That 'one Tibs a day' gives him a balanced supply of vitamins A and B plus all the vitamins of concentrated liver for glowing eyes and silky coat.



KEEP CATS KITTENISH
TIBS TABLETS FOR CATS
A Bob Martin Product

Australian Agents: SALMOND & SPRAGGON (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 1 Turk St. North, Sydney

Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3552.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make half-petticoat. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 6yds. 6in. embroidered edging. Price, 2/-.

F3548.—Slender-line sheath dress with wrapped cummerbund waistline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3548

F3549.—Beltless princess dress styled with a high bosom-line and belled-out skirt. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



F3550.—Late-day dress designed with a low-cut neckline, three-quarter sleeves, and belled-out skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3551.—One-piece designed on form-moulding body lines and finished with a flounced skirt. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3553.—Suit designed with a boxy, hip-length jacket and slender skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 850.—LUNCHEON SET

Luncheon set with matching table napkins is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. x 17in., plate mat 11in. x 11in., cup and saucer mat 5in. x 5in., table napkins 11in. x 11in. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats. Price, Irish linen 22/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Sheer linen 16/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Nine-piece set including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats. Price, Irish linen 19/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Sheer linen 15/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Table napkins, Irish linen 1/6 each, sheer linen 10d each. Postage 3d extra.

No. 851.—PINAFORE DRESS

The pinafore is obtainable cut out and ready to make in velveteen. The color choice includes royal-blue, American beauty, mid-brown, forest-green, and red. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust 68/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

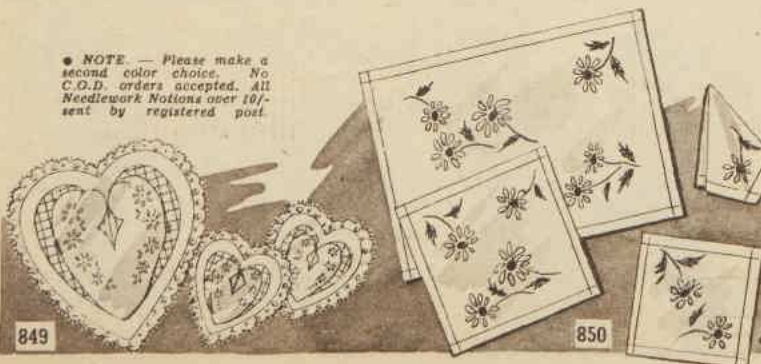
No. 852.—BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable cut out and ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, blue, and pink. Sizes 32in. and 24in. bust 30/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. 36in. and 38in. bust 31/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 849.—HEART-SHAPED DUCHESSE SET

Attractively designed set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material choice is cream and white Irish linen and organdie in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 15in. x 15in., small mats 8in. x 8in. Price, linen 8/11, postage 8d extra; organdie 7/3, postage 8d extra.

• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



849

850

851

852

Make jewels of your fingertips

Peggy Sage

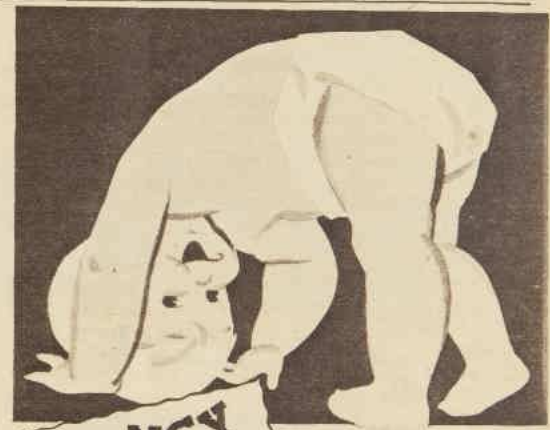
IN 20 ENCHANTING COLOURS

The smooth-flowing witchery of Peggy Sage polish with hard-wearing, crystalline finish adds a gem-like glow to your nails. A glow that just lasts and lasts. This fashion leader in polishes is all yours in a glamorous, glittering variety of discreetly lovely colours... one to flatter your every whim and for any occasion.



Peggy Sage

NONE LOVELIER TO BUY



FANCY PANTS!

- Super soft for baby skins
- Greater absorbency for perfect cleaning
- Hygienically packed in "Cellophane"
- Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

ALSO MAKERS OF SHEETS • PILLOW CASES and "FASCO" The All Purpose Fabric

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambers.

The author of best seller "The Twenty Thousand Thieves" has gone on to write another tremendous story of the Australian Digger. Here are the seasoned soldiers we saw swarming through wartime Sydney in that brief pause they took between their fighting in the Middle East and the new, more horrible war in New Guinea.

Don't miss this great novel.

Price 12/3 From all Booksellers.

The best Self-Raising
Flours and Baking
Powders contain
Cream of Tartar.
Be sure to look for
the words "contains
Cream of Tartar" on
the pack.



ALL GOOD COOKS PREFER CREAM OF TARTAR the modern rising ingredient ...AND NATURE'S VERY OWN!

Good cakes and pastries inspire
pride. Good cooks have
always looked to Cream of
Tartar—the modern, natural rising
ingredient—to give their bakings
better texture, better colour, higher
rising and, because of its
perfect balance, purity of flavour
without unpleasant after-taste.

Take greater pride in your cook-
ing—for best results, use Baking
Powders or Self-Raising Flours con-
taining Cream of Tartar.



Buy a 4 oz.
packet of Pure
Cream of Tartar
from your
grocer. It has
dozens of
wonderful uses!

Foods prepared with Cream of Tartar
retain more body-building vitamin
B₁—thanks to its unique properties.

HERE ARE SOME WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR COOKING WITH CREAM OF TARTAR NOW!

Ice Cream—deliciously smooth!
Warm one pint of milk and two teaspoons of butter.
Dissolve two teaspoons gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot
water, add warm milk to gelatine liquid. Add four
heaped tablespoons powdered full cream milk. 4
tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, vanilla
to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Cream of Tartar.
Beat till smooth, place in refrigerator
till firm. Then remove from trays and
beat again. Freeze. Makes 2 large
trays of delicious ice cream.

CREAM OF TARTAR is essential
to make a good meringue.
It gives body or firmness to egg white.
Prevents discolouration, ensures true
whiteness.
Improves flavour and volume.

Cleaming granular rice—
white as snow! When cooking
your next rice dish, add a pinch
of Cream of Tartar.

Mashed Potatoes—Feathery—
light mashed potatoes, white as
snow... it's easy with a pinch of Cream of Tartar.

EVERY DAY SOME RECIPE IS
IMPROVED BY USING CREAM OF TARTAR
—made from sun-ripened grapes!

Coconut Macaroons
Ingredients: 4 ozs.
sugar; pinch Cream of
Tartar; 1 egg white;
4 ozs. desiccated
coconut.

Method: Dissolve sugar in two tablespoons of
water and boil to 225 deg. F. Add pinch of
Cream of Tartar, dissolve in one teaspoon of
water. Whip egg white with pinch of Cream of
Tartar until stiff. Heat sugar and water to 250
deg. F. Gradually pour into egg white, beating
well. Add coconut, mix well. Place in heaped
slide; bake in moderate oven, 350 deg. F., gas,
400 deg. F., electric, until light golden brown
and crisp. Makes about 24 macaroons.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magi-
cian, meets Ted, a shy young
singer, at a theatre where he
is giving a performance of
magic. Ted loses his job and
is too bashful to ask Marilyn,
a pretty showgirl, to marry
him. Mandrake sets about

building up the young man's
self-confidence by demon-
strating to him the powers of
magic. He gives him a magic
potion, made from an ancient
recipe, which will give Ted
courage. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in
your pocket - use



**AH-AH HANKIES FOR SHOW
KLEENEX FOR BLOW**
NOW MY BOY FRIEND
USES KLEENEX - 'CAUSE
IT SOOTHES A SORE
NOSE DURING COLDS
AND IT'S A WINNER
FOR WIPING OFF
LIPSTICK.

EVER TRY TO STUFF
A THICK BATH TOWEL
INSIDE YOUR EARS AFTER A SURF
OR SHOWER? USE KLEENEX!



HOLIDAY CAMP

CAMPERS! WEEK ENDERS!
DON'T FORGET KLEENEX DISPOSABLE
TISSUES SAVE PACKING HANKIES,
TEATOWELS, SERVIETTES, WIPES OFF
SAND AND SUN-TAN OIL. SAVES DIRTY
LAUNDRY. P.S. MAKES FISHING TACKLE
SHINE LIKE NEW.



**BRINGING UP
BABY**
LOTS LESS WORK SINCE I STARTED USING
WONDROUS SOFT KLEENEX FOR
WIPING BABY'S SMEARED FACE
AND AFTER NAPPY CHANGING.

NOW SOLD EVERYWHERE
IN 3 SIZES. 9" 1 1/2 2"

**Pages & Pages of FUN,
ADVENTURE, PRIZES
and SURPRISES
for
BOYS & GIRLS
in**



CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

EVERY THURSDAY
**Australia's greatest
Children's Magazine**

The "HEIRLOOM" Classics

Four new titles in this well-known popular series:
KING ARTHUR, by Antonia Pakenham.
PINOCCHIO, by Carlo Collodi.
MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY, by Captain Marryat.
WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL, by Susan Collidge.

Price 11/6. From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 23, 1955

TEENA by Linda Terry



IT'S THIS EQUALITY OF THE SEXES
BUSINESS THAT'S REALLY KILLED
CHIVALRY... AFTER ALL, CHIVALRY WAS
JUST A COMPENSATING GESTURE ON
THE PART OF THE MEN IN THOSE
DAYS... A GIP TOSSED TO WOMEN
TO CONSOLE THEM FOR THEIR
INFERIOR POSITION.



WELL, IT'S SURE DEAD NOW... IMAGINE
ANY FELLOW IN THIS DAY AND AGE
TAKING OFF HIS COAT, LIKE SIR
WALTER RALEIGH, AND LAYING
IT ON A PUDDLE FOR ONE
OF US TO WALK ON!



YOU MEAN... IT'S
THE SUPERIOR SEX
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO
PRACTICE CHIVALRY?



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"RINA."—Maternity slip styled
with an expanding waistline and
pretty lace trim. The material is
rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in
blue, pink, and white.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 51/6. Postage and registra-
tion, 1/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in.
bust, 39/6; 36in. and 38in. bust,
41/11. Postage and registration,
2/9 extra.
"AIDRE."—One-piece maternity
dress has a chic white trim. The
material is novelty check cambric
obtainable in red and white, green
and white, blue and white, and
yellow and white.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 61/6. Postage and registra-
tion, 2/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in.
bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust,
51/6. Postage and registration, 2/9
extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice.
No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by
mail, send to address given on page 61.
Fashion Frocks may be inspected or ob-
tained at Fashion Patterns Pty Ltd, 645
Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



• Fashion Frocks are
available for only six
weeks from date of
publication.



PIFCO HEAD & BODY HEALTH & BEAUTY Massager

THE PIFCO VIBRATORY MASSAGER gives
you a vitality and zest for living, what-
ever your age! Just ten minutes daily
just tones you up, relieves fast nerves,
aching limbs... promotes healthy skin
and scalp. Special fittings for facial,
body, head and muscle massage.
Beautifully styled in ivory plastic—
complete with 4 applicators. £9/17/6
From all good stores everywhere or
write for illustrated literature to—
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
Box 46, P.O., Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W.

Be in the swim with TAMPAX (The original internal sanitary protection)

Yes, you can go swimming even on
"those" days, for Tampax does
away with bulky pads, belts and
pins. This internally worn sanitary
protection was designed by a physi-
cian as the most comfortable
hygienic method for all women who
are normal and fully grown and
are looking for a modern solution
to the age-old problem of monthly
sanitary protection. Millions of
women all over the world have
discovered the benefits of Tampax.
Have you?

CUT OUT
THIS
COUPON
↓
Dept. T.A.
World Agencies Pty. Ltd.
Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.
(Enclose 3/6d. in stamps for
postage.)
Name _____
Address _____
I would like a sample of regular
super Tampax.
(Please mark absorbency.)

Quick, sure relief from HÆMORRHOIDS

Enjoy quick, lasting relief from pain
and discomfort of Haemorrhoids
(Piles). Trouble-causing locally
distended veins quickly respond to
treatment. ManZan promptly eases
pain, soothes irritation and tones
up swollen congested parts. Get
ManZan now for lasting relief.

ManZan
With special nozzle applicator 3/6
a tube at Chemists everywhere.

Staisweet Stay as sweet as you are with Staisweet The Deodorant you can trust Staisweet

*Munch them with
cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
Or serve them with
jam.*



*Often buttered
never bettered -*

Only
Arnott's make
Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality